





"Tis Christmas time,  
Therefore, warm greetings take."

## Compliments of the Season to All

**Victoria Gas Company, Ltd.**

Corner Fort and Langley Streets.

**Wishing Our Many Custom-  
ers a Very Merry and  
Joyous Xmas**

**The Family Cash Grocery**

Cor. Yates and Douglas Sts. Phone 312.

**Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Co.**

## CLEARED LANDS

The Cleared Lots at Qualicum Beach, Newcastle District, are now on the market in tracts of from thirty to forty acres.

For plans and prices apply to L. H. Solly, Land Agent, Victoria, or L. E. Allin, Local Agent, Parksville.

Advertise in THE COLONIST Subscribe for THE COLONIST

## CHRISTMAS HERE AT LAST

(Continued from Page One)

the way of toys, this Christmas, if Santa Claus were to ask you?"

Another long silence preceded the information that the little chup had dreamed of an engine that ran and a train of cars and perhaps, too, a rocking horse. At this the elder boy reproved his brother. He was greedy to even think of so many things. The older boy had his eye on some water-color paints and brushes.

### Dreams Fulfilled.

All this was vouchsafed to the interested stranger as one might tell of one's castles in Spain, without the least intimation of expectancy of realization. One dreamed of things impossible for amusement and when one entertained a stranger with descriptions of them one took it for granted that he understood that dreams are dreams.

The man strolled about with the two boys for some time before he spoke and when he did speak it was in a new tone:

"I've got a secret to tell you chaps. Santa Claus has deputed me to look after some of his work for him this year because he is very busy. I had you boys down on my list and that is why I asked you what you would like. Now, if you will come with me and pick out your toys I shall be much obliged to you because it will save Santa the trip out to your place tomorrow morning."

The two lads courteously agreed to save Santa the extra trip and five minutes later they walked wonderingly out of the store, their young eyes glistening, their faith in Santa Claus revived an hundredfold.

Thousands and thousands of dollars were spent for Christmas gifts last week. To many the festival is, unfortunately irrevocable. The strain their purses beyond their endurance for pride's sake and when this is done much of the spirit of the giving departs from the gift. There are, however, many excellent precedents. I met a man than Swift, in his Journal to Stella, December 26, 1710, wrote:

Swift to Stella

"By the Lord Harry, I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues at the coffee house have raised their tax, everyone giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great men's porters."

However, of the thousands of dollars spent it may be promised that many more thousands of hearts will be made to beat a little faster and givers and recipients will be made glad. Christmas time is the time of the giving and receiving of gifts. It is more blessed to give than to receive. The receiving will take care of itself. There are many ways of giving. Some people give only with the hope of receiving. They invest their money in Christmas gifts and trust to Providence for the percentage of return. Others give to themselves by way of someone else thus hoping to accomplish selfishness without the necessity for departing from selfishness. Among these are the women who give their loving husbands having-room lamps and another good instance of it is the incident of the lad who gave his revered grandmother a bicycle. But, nevertheless, Christmas is the time for giving. The giving is essential of the spirit that lies behind Christmas for the festival is

Christ's mass, a holy day. It has been so since time immemorial.

By some ancient customs it was the habit of certain servants of the people to demand Christmas boxes and the custom prevails to this day. In 1712, in The Spectator, Steele said: "The beards and officers have the impudence, at Christmas, to ask for their box." By other customs those in high places appointed revels for the Christmas season, and entertained all and sundry. According to Grafton's Chronicles, "King Henry did, in honor of Christ's birth on Christmas Day, refresh all the poor people with viands." This was not uncommon and it is safe to say that many an empty stomach was well lined and many a wayward, purposeless traveler became highly illuminated at Henry's expense.

### Christmas Stockings

In hundreds of Victoria homes last night little stockings were strung from the mantelpieces. At midnight, when the scores and scores of children slept, the bells of Santa Claus and his reindeer rang out over the city roofs and mingled their tones with the peals from the city's bells that called to one another that Christmas Day was come again. Down the many chimneys the Old Boy slid with a spryness that belied his white beard and his wrinkled face, just as he has done on Christmas Eve for so many, many years. And by the time Papa or Mama is reading this, this fine Christmas morning, the stockings will have been emptied again and hundreds of little eyes will be more than ordinarily bright.

For some there will be the Christmas tree, tonight. Tonight the Christmas Block will blaze in earnest from the back of the fireplace. The Christmas tree—brought by us many years ago from the Germans—will glint and glisten with its wealth of gifts, and the flex Aquilum, the red-bellied holly, will make bright the walls. It will be thus throughout Christendom for, although the celebration of Christmas was forbidden once by the Puritans, it has now been observed throughout Christendom in public and social festivals. In days gone by, in England and Scotland, this would have been the time for the appointing of the Christmas Lord—"The Lord of Mis-rule" or, as he was called in Scotland, "The Abbot of Unreason." This figure led the revels, but in 1555 by act of parliament the "Abbot" was forbidden in Scotland.

### No Boar's Head

The Christmas turkey will rule the table today throughout Canada. In other days its place would have been taken by a boar's head with orange or apple in mouth and set off with rosemary. There would be plum pudding too and mince pie. It was such a pie that Little Jack Horner found prodigal of plums. There will be much eating of good things today even though the character of the meal has changed in some part. It would not be too much to say that there are yet boys who have, as other boys have done before, "saved their appetites" for days past against this day. However, in this regard, one Mr. Swan, a gentleman of letters who wrote many years ago, once observed in print: "They also say that a hot Christmas maketh a fat churchyard."

As for tomorrow night, the old customs will prevail. The mistletoe will hang from the door and perform its good offices as it did in the days when Washington Irving wrote, in The Sketchbook: "The mistletoe is still hung up at Christmas and the young men have the privilege of

kissing the girls under it, plucking each time, a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases."

Christmas has come once more. The old customs shall prevail. Let the Yule-log blaze; let Christmas carols of the birth of Christ ring out; let the Christmas rose blossom and let us all "go Christmasing." The mother shall play her part, the father his part, sisters and brothers their parts. As for the grandfather, of him Lamb has said: "Christmas, at night, hath he, doth he, shall he tell, after supper, the story."

Now, with bright holly, all your temples strew, with laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

## RUSSIAN ROBBER

Forces Two Countrymen to Give Up Money at Point of Revolver in Hotel in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, Dec. 24.—A Russian hold-up man on Wednesday night succeeded in forcing two of his countrymen to give him \$80. He met the two Russians on the street and offered them work. Then he took them to the New Fountain hotel, and there at the point of a gun forced them to give him their money.

The men were walking along Cordova street when they met the strange Russian, who claimed to be an employment agent who would get them work. He asked them to go to his room and sign the papers. They agreed, and the three went to a room in the New Fountain hotel, and the transaction had proceeded about halfway when the alleged employment agent, whipping a revolver from his pocket, demanded that the two men give him their money or he would kill them. They obeyed the command, and were then ordered out of the room.

They immediately appealed to the police but the holdupman was not captured. He had packed up and left the hotel. The police have a good description of him, but now believe he has gone from the city.

## TRADE FLOURISHING

Holiday Business in Canada Exceptionally Brisk—Heavy Increases in Bank Clearings.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Bradstreet's state of trade tomorrow will say: In Canada holiday trade has been of very heavy proportions, not only in the city but in the country districts. It is probable that a record volume has been done everywhere. Business failures for the week ending with Thursday number 23, which is compared with 23 for last week, and 23 for the like week in 1938.

Bank clearings for the week:  
Montreal—\$45,356,000, increase 29.1.  
Toronto—\$31,633,000, increase 11.6.  
Winnipeg—\$29,799,000, increase 18.1.  
Vancouver—\$7,924,000, increase 80.0.  
Ottawa—\$3,756,000, increase 30.2.  
Quebec—\$2,838,000, increase 28.8.  
Halifax—\$1,186,000, increase 13.4.  
Hamilton—\$2,042,000, increase 24.6.  
St. John—\$1,622,000, increase 15.6.  
Calgary—\$2,783,000, increase 52.7.  
London—\$1,390,000, increase 24.4.  
Victoria—\$1,320,000, increase 67.8.  
Edmonton—\$1,114,000, increase 5.

## The Best Equipped Men's Store in Victoria

"Let every heart be joyous and every eye bright, for if the merriest portion of one year will soon pass away, it will leave behind the assurance that the revolution of time cannot fail to bring it back again."

**A Merry Christmas and Happy  
New Year To All  
Our Friends and Patrons**

**W. & J. WILSON**

MEN'S FURNISHERS.

1221 Government St., and Trousne Av.

## DEAD IN MINE

Searchers Recover Bodies of Six Men Who Were Killed Through Careless Use of Open Lamps.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—Messages from Herrin, Ill., tell of the recovery early today of the bodies of the six men whose open lamps caused a gas explosion in the colliery last night, eight deaths resulting. The bodies are those of W. T. Pierce, his two helpers, Eugene Barrett and Gordon Schaffer and Thomas Williams, one of the assistant managers of the mine. Pierce, it was stated today, ventured into mine A of the Chicago & Carterville Coal company without a guide, with unprotected lamps and against the orders of the mine managers and the advice of the miners. It is thought that he reached the gaseous entry and was waiting for a "straw boss" to come and pilot him out when the gas ignited.

Schaffer was a stranger to the mine officials. He had been taken into the mine by Pierce as an emergency helper and his identity was not known until his body was recovered. Pierce had charge of 30 mines in the Herrin district. He was making a survey of an abandoned section where there had been a "squeeze" to determine the feasibility of retimbering.

### Winnipeg Bank Clearings.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—With a three million dollar increase in the second last week of the year the bank clear-

ings continue to increase in record fashion, and the total at the end of the year will be over a hundred million dollars greater than last year. The figures for the week ending yesterday are within a million of being as great as the total for the entire month of December in 1932, when the clearing house was first started.

## BIG PORTLAND DEAL

Options on Property Worth Two Millions Secured By Hill Group of Railways.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 24.—Options on North Portland property to the value of practically \$2,000,000, have been secured by the James J. Hill interests according to an article in the Oregonian today. The deal has been in progress for a week past, the paper says. The options were secured, the Oregonian says, by Jerome B. Gossage, and include 14 blocks, or about 12 acres of land.

The property abuts on the West land, secured some weeks ago by the Northern Pacific. The total of the purchase price if the sale matures, the paper says, will be \$1,962,500. Additional terminal facilities are gained by the acquisition of this large piece of land. Gossage, the Oregonian says, denied the connection of any railroad with the deal, but during a general discussion of the purchase, the paper states Gossage made a slip, in which he definitely placed the Northern Pacific as the buyer of the tract.

## Challoner & Mitchell

THE JEWELLERS

# NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

IN THANKING our fellow-citizens of both sexes for the magnificent Christmas business so spontaneously given to our store and merchandise—business which easily eclipses all our previous records—we beg to advise them that in the few short days between now and New Year's Day we shall maintain the same low special prices and give the same 10 per cent discount for cash on purchases from one dollar up, in order to give those who prefer to donate New year gifts the same price advantages as the multitude of Christmas gift givers who have honoured us with their patronage.

REMEMBER

From 25c up to \$1,000. We offer you a choice of New Year's Gifts supreme in quantity, quality and economy. It matters not what amount you desire to expend, we can, and always do, give you the greatest value in the West, carefully packed and promptly delivered.

## Challoner & Mitchell

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

1017 Government Street, Victoria, B. C.

DON'T FORGET

Our Gift Trade this season has been huge, but our systematic method of day-to-day replenishing of stock keeps our showcases filled with beautiful gifts right up to the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. Simple engraving on New Year's Gifts FREE!



"The old, old wish once more" we send you here:  
A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year."

Compliments of the Season to All

**F. A. GOWEN**

Amalgamated with T. B. Cuthbertson & Co.,  
The Gentlemen's Store. 1114 Government Street.

THE STORK CHILDREN'S STORE

**Xmas Gifts**  
FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Our stock is full of dainty, useful and pretty articles that make a handsome present for the baby.  
Infants' Wool Coats, up from ..... 65c  
Infants' Hand Crocheted Sets, beautifully made, pure wool and silk trimmings, comprising hood, coat, booties and mitts. A splendid gift ..... \$5.00  
Children's Fur Sets, from ..... 95c  
Children's Fur Muffs, from ..... 45c  
We have on view the best selection of popularly priced dolls in the city. Call and see our stock and prices. You will be pleased.

R. TUNNICLIFFE & CO., 643 FORT STREET

"Christmas Chimes break o'er the land,  
Goodwill and love—goodwill—good cheer."  
—Durbin.

A Merry Christmas to Friends and Patrons

**CYRUS H. BOWES,**

Chemist.

1228 Government St.

**Christmas Cheer**

OF THE MOST  
WELCOME SORT

TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, FOWLS AND  
SPRING CHICKENS of that rare quality you have often longed for, but which can only be obtained at

**The Big  
Meat Market**

A Treat Victorians Will Relish.

SMOKED BACON BACKS, SMOKED BACONS, PICNIC HAMS, made right on our own premises, and which are vastly superior to anything yet produced. They are bound to become more famous every day, as improvements on the best you have ever tasted meet with spontaneous approval. Undoubtedly we have the goods which cannot be excelled anywhere. Just watch the demand for our Smoked Goods immediately they are known.

**EVERYBODY  
WANTS MORE**

Here you are—the Sausages you can't get at any other place than just here.  
Home-made—All Pork Cambridge Sausages—the most delightful Breakfast Meat you can get.

**THE VICTORIA MEAT MARKET**  
586 JOHNSON ST. TEL. 1923.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE HOSPITALS

Enjoyable Time for Patients  
and Nurses at Local Institutions

This Christmas is proving a happy time in the local hospitals. All the human endeavor can do to lighten the lot of the patients, to instill into their lives the happiness which is always inseparable from this season of the year is being done by the authorities governing both the Royal Jubilee and St. Joseph's hospitals. In both institutions decorations are profuse. Flags, bunting, holly, elaborate Christmas trees and entertainments of different kinds have marked the anniversary of the Nativity.

Much of the sadness which is the almost invariable concomitant of sick wards has been dispelled by the gladness introduced. The metamorphosis of Scrooge is a mere incident compared with the joy introduced by the festivities which have been prepared with elaborate care, and are being carried out with scrupulous exactitude.

An incident of peculiar value, as illustrating the gratitude of a former patient, is forthcoming in the decorations at St. Joseph's hospital which have been carried out by the sailors of H. M. S. Egeria by the orders of Captain Parry. Captain Parry has done a great deal to lighten the festivities, and has shown his appreciation of the solicitude which was bestowed on him during his sojourn in the hospital.

In St. Joseph's the evening was both unique and enjoyable. A character play, illustrating many nations and characters, was introduced, the audience being furnished with a list of names and being called upon to guess who was who. Following this entertainment dancing and singing was indulged in by the nurses, who subsequently did ample justice to the supper which the kindness of Captain Parry had provided.

### The Cast

The list of nurses, with the characters which they personated, follows:  
Miss Kennedy, holly; Miss Saunders, ghost; Miss Hagan, Grecian lady; Miss Dodd, sis Hopkins; Miss Davidson, Highland costume; Miss Campbell, Dolly Varden; Miss Whitney, gypsy; Miss Horne, Japanese lady; Miss Blomquist, Dutch girl; Miss O'Keefe, black pierrot; Miss Braines, Topsy; Miss Graves, Irish girl; Miss B. Mellon, Bo-Peep; Miss Sinclair, baby; Miss Downey, Spanish lady; Miss M. M. Mellon, Chinese lady; Miss of large Mary Jane; Miss Locke, Dutch girl; Miss Hubie, athletic girl; Miss Gillis, fencing girl; Miss Thompson, Poudre; Miss Feker, white pierrot; Miss McBride, college girl; Miss Allan, witch; Miss Silverides, Daisy Colonist; Miss Dale, millmaid; Miss Leonard, bathing girl; Miss Creech peasant; Miss Conlin, Chinese priest; Baby Gibbs, Santa Claus.

At the Royal Jubilee Hospital a Christmas tree was held last afternoon, the occasion being one of hilarity and enjoyment. The tree was of large proportions, the nurses and patients being interested spectators and participants in the festivities. The corridors and wards of the hospital were profusely decorated with evergreens and bunting, and a feast of the evening's enjoyment was a large musical box, lent for the occasion by Dr. Ernest Hall, which discoursed a number of popular melodies, to the great delight of the sufferers in the different wards.

Today at both hospitals the usual Christmas fare will be provided to those of the patients who are able to partake of it, and no effort is being spared to make the occasion one of rejoicing.

### Pleasure for Prisoners.

To those unfortunate whose lot it is to spend the Christmas holiday behind the bars at the Provincial Jail, out from their merry-making fellow beings today will be a day of days in the entire twelve months. The rigid discipline always enforced will, for this great occasion, be relaxed and the forty-nine prisoners will be made to feel as happy and contented as it is possible to do so. The daily bill of fare will be conspicuous by its absence and in its place will be spread all the dainties so customary at Yule tide. The breakfast will include articles which do not on other days of the year figure while the dinner, with roast beef and plum pudding, and all the trimmings, will gladden the hearts of those held in durance.

The dining hall will be prettily decorated by the prisoners themselves who take a keen delight in making this one ray of their enforced incarceration as much different from the ordinary routine as possible. During the afternoon Mr. Tranter, who for years has been the fairy Godfather of the unfortunate on Christmas Day, with other local talent, give an entertainment of vocal and instrumental numbers. As several of the inmates of the jail have talent in this direction they will doubtless find a place on the programme. Fruit and given by Hon. Dr. Holmeken, a yearly gift, will be distributed and everything possible done to make Christmas Day a day of brightness and gladness.

In the evening the inmates will have it all to themselves and with tobacco supplied by the provincial authorities and fruit and other dainties, a sing-song and general free and easy time will be had. The forty-nine inmates, of whom four are women, will assuredly welcome the day of rest from prison discipline and enjoy the long day without a touch of their good-fellowship shared in by their more fortunate brethren on the outside. For these some recompense will be made in the way of a more substantial and appropriate bill of fare than that usually served. A first class dinner of roast beef and plum pudding and other dainties will be served and the weed may be indulged in at all times during the day.

### In the City Jail.

Special attention will also be paid to the inmates of the local jail. While many of those whose celebration of the Yule Tide may land behind the bars will doubtless secure the assistance of friends and gain their freedom under bonds there will be some whose fate it will be to drag through the long day without a touch of their good-fellowship shared in by their more fortunate brethren on the outside. For these some recompense will be made in the way of a more substantial and appropriate bill of fare than that usually served. A first class dinner of roast beef and plum pudding and other dainties will be served and the weed may be indulged in at all times during the day.

### Orphans Remembered

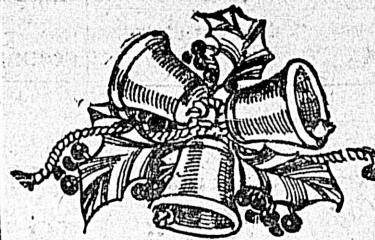
While the big annual event at the B.



**Campbell's**

FASHION CENTRE

We ourselves are better served by serving others best.



## A Word of Thanks

A WORD of sincere thanks is due this day to all who have helped to make this Xmas season the most prosperous we have ever had. It has reached far beyond our greatest expectation, and it is with a feeling of the highest gratitude that we tender you one and all an earnest wish for a joyous Xmas day and prosperity for the New Year

The  
Ladies'  
Store

**ANGUS CAMPBELL & CO.,**

1010  
Gov't  
St.

## HOME FURNITURE

Xmas, 1909.

WE WISH everybody A MERRY CHRISTMAS and desire also to thank our numerous friends for their generous patronage which has made our December sales create a new record in our business history.

SMITH & CHAMPION.

**SMITH & CHAMPION**

1420 Douglas Street.

Near City Hall.

Phone 718.

Protestant Orphans' Home, the Christmas tree laden with gifts from the many friends of the home, will not be held until the evening of December 29, as is usually the case, the hearts of the forty-eight little parentless inmates will be gladdened this evening when a Christmas dinner donated by Mr. Britton, a Seattle friend of the home, will be given. This is the first year anything of the kind has been given and the event will be a red-letter day in the lives of the children. A special cook has been engaged by Mr. Britton and every dainty the market affords will be served, while a store of candles and other dainties will be relished by the youthful guests of the kind Seattle friend, Mr. Britton. Also sent to the matron, assistant matron and others of the staff at the home a practical gift of \$5 each.

The ladies' committee is making extensive preparations for the annual Christmas tree and on every hand practical sympathy with the work of the Home and for the enjoyment of the children has been evidenced.

### MARK TWAIN AFFLICTED

His Daughter Found Drowned in Bath-tub at His Home—Death Caused By Epilepsy.

REDDING, Conn., Dec. 24.—Miss Jean Clemens, daughter of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), was found drowned in a bathtub in Mr. Clemens' home here today.

It is believed that Miss Clemens suffered from an attack of epilepsy while in the bath, and was drowned while in a convulsion. She had been suffering from epilepsy for a number of years. Speaking of his daughter's death, Mr. Clemens said: "My daughter, Jean Clemens, passed from this life suddenly this morning at 7:30 o'clock. All the last half of her life she was an epileptic, but for the last two years we considered her practically well. Her mind was always with her when she went to New York on shopping excursions and such things. She had a few convulsions in the last two years and those were not violent."

At 7:30 this morning a maid went to her room to see why she did not come down to breakfast, and found her in the bathtub drowned. It means that she had a convulsion and could not get out. She had been leading a very active life. She spent the greater part of her life looking after the farm which I bought for her, and she did much of my secretarial work. "Last night she and I chatted later than usual in the library, and she told me of all her plans about house-keeping. I said I thought I would make another trip to Bermuda in February and she said to put it off till March and she would go with me. But she is gone, poor child. She was all I had left except Clara, who married Mr. Gabriellowitch lately, and has just arrived in Europe."

### WEATHER VAGARIES

Sudden Advent of Warm Weather in Europe Brings Temperature to Summer Level.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—A meteorological phenomenon, which it is stated has not been known in 150 years is being experienced in parts of Western and Southern Europe. The temperature has risen with astonishing suddenness under the influence of a southerly wind to a summer level. The contrast has been most marked in Spain, France and Switzerland. Concurrently with a gale on the coast of Great Britain yesterday the mercury in London rose in the course of a few hours from 27 to 55 degrees. Even last night the temperature was

above 50 degrees. In Paris the thermometer registered 60 degrees.

**Destruction by Night Riders**  
EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 24.—A dozen tobacco barns in Spencer and Warrick counties, containing many thousand pounds of old tobacco, have been destroyed by fire in the last few days, supposedly by night riders.

**Farmer's Buy Autos**  
DETROIT, Dec. 24.—J. C. Coe, a Saskatchewan farmer, dropped into Detroit Sunday, and by the time he had finished his errand he had bought thirty automobiles for his farmer friends of the far northwest. He is not an agent. He told his neighbors he was going east and they gave him their orders, accompanied by bank drafts. The deals were mostly cash, and aggregated nearly \$100,000. Coe paid \$4,500 for his own machine. The cars were all high grade, several being in the \$4,000 and \$5,000 classes. Bumper wheat crops in the north-west were the cause of so much prosperity.

**Beyond the Limit**  
BERLIN, Dec. 24.—The general

manager of a manufacturing firm, an American, has been fined \$37.50 by the court of Rostok for having sent an advertisement through the mails heavily bordered with black, as though the communication were a death notice. The court held that such an advertisement was a gross misdemeanor, and stated that the punishment would have been more severe had the court not taken into account the fact that the accused was an American and had brought with him to Germany the advertising customs of his country.

**King of Spain III.**  
PARIS, Dec. 24.—The Gil Blas today prints a private communication from Madrid stating that the condition of King Alfonso has created the gravest anxiety in court circles. Another operation is imperative.

**On Her Way to Be Married.**  
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Miss Constance Goulet, who as maid-in-waiting to Queen Helena of Italy, accompanied her through the Messina earthquake tour, arrived here late last night on the steamer Princess Irene from Genoa. She was met by a represen-

tative of the Italian embassy from Washington and left today for the west. She is on her way to San Francisco to be married.

**Fire at Winnipeg.**  
WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—Fire which broke out at noon in the premises in the Velco Publishing company, 211 Rupert street, gutted that building and adjoining premises of the Steel Mitchell company, photographic supplies. The loss will be \$25,000 and possibly more.

**One German's View.**  
BERLIN, Dec. 24.—Writing to the Kpfeutzel Zeitung, Prof. Theodore Schlemann, says that in the British colonies very little attention is paid to the antagonism of Great Britain and Germany. Never has the matter been more clearly demonstrated than that Great Britain is a country standing by herself and that the colonies have grown into separate nations with their own interests. Canada's wish was becoming felt more and more that there should be a Canadian diplomatic corps to represent Canada throughout the world.



# The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing and Publishing Company, Limited Liability.  
27 Broad Street, Victoria, B.C.

J. S. H. Matson.

## The Daily Colonist

Delivered by carrier at 55 cents per month, or 75 cents, if paid in advance. Mailed, postpaid, to any part of Canada, except the city or suburban districts, which are covered by our carriers, or the United Kingdom at the following rates:

One year.....\$5.00  
Six months.....2.50  
Three months.....1.25

London Office, 90-92 Fleet Street

Saturday, December 25, 1909.

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

'And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

"And, lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the Angel said: 'Fear not; for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and upon earth peace, goodwill to men."

For nearly two thousand years this story has been told. It is old, yet ever new. To people in these practical days, when we test everything by our own experience or the demonstrations of physical science, the story has an impossible sound. We ask all manner of questions about it which no one can answer very satisfactorily. And yet the story stands, and the likelihood is that it will stand forever. Perhaps we may understand it better by and bye.

The story, as we have it, was told by Luke the Evangelist, who wrote it perhaps two score years after the event therein referred to was alleged to have occurred. It has, therefore, come down to our times hand in hand with Christianity. To the early adherents of that faith it was one of the evidences of the divinity of Jesus. It would be profitless to speculate as to the inherent probabilities of the story. There it stands, and for nearly twenty centuries it has been a source of strength and comfort to human hearts.

The anthem of the Angel Choir has echoed down the corridor of the years, and it is stronger today than ever before. Possibly poetic fancy has dressed it up in simple sublimity; but this we all know: that the Babe, which lay in the stable in the city of David, set on foot the mightiest movement for the regeneration of humanity that the world has ever seen. Even those to whom the story of Jesus, His birth, life, death, and resurrection seem to be only a cunningly devised fable, cannot escape from the influence of that life. They may shut their hearts against His influence; but it is everywhere around them, making the world better and happier, so that they must admit that if there was no Angel Choir, there might well have been one, for the mission of Jesus and its effects upon individuals and mankind at large were worthy of being heralded by angels.

One thought for Christmas Day is the tremendous reality of Christ's influence in the world. We may deny every detail in the account of His life; we may dispute every item in His doctrines; but we cannot get away from Christianity. That stands to challenge all criticism. Doubtless it has not accomplished as much as it might have done; but we must remember that even divine powers are only partially efficient when they work through human instruments. To borrow a simile from the electrical world, we are not good conductors of the divine element. But with all that is wrong in the world, and all that is mean and unworthy, there is a steady upward advance. Mankind is emerging from its low estate into a stage that is more noble, steadily progressing towards that perfection when peace and goodwill shall be the keynote of our lives and of the progress of nations.

### SEASONABLE THOUGHTS

The Colonist feels pretty well towards all the world this morning. It has had a splendid Christmas season, and it has come near the close of an exceedingly prosperous year. In wishing those who purchase the paper and those who advertise in its columns, all the good things appropriate to the season, we want to thank them for the exceedingly generous support they have given us. Especially do we take pleasure in acknowledging the manner in which the merchants have stood by us, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that they have reaped a benefit from the free expenditure of money in printers' ink. The hearty patronage extended to the Colonist from all sides leads us to realize the importance of the work for the community that has fallen to our lot, and we hope to demonstrate in the year that is so soon to open that a newspaper, which places the public interest above all else can serve its community well and enjoy a fairly share

of the prosperity which it will strive to bring about.

We extend hearty Christmas greetings to Premier McBride and his colleagues. The admirable statesmanship which Mr. McBride has exhibited has already brought forth fruit. It is just a month since the electors of British Columbia ratified his railway policy, so we may look upon that as his Christmas gift to British Columbia. Victoria has already felt its vivifying effect. We ask the owners of real estate if ever they have known in the history of the city when there was such a demand for property at good prices. This is the first effect of the new railway policy, and the future holds much greater things in store.

Speaking of the business aspect of Christmas and while extending to the merchants the season's greetings, we must also send a like message to the army of clerks and attendants, who have, during the rushing days of the past few weeks, exhibited towards customers a courtesy and consideration that is beyond all praise. They have done much to render the work of shopping as little onerous as possible, and we know we voice the sentiments of the whole community when we say that we hope this Christmas may be the happiest in their lives.

We might have money in our purses and the stores might be full of goods, and yet without the street cars Christmas shoppers would find their labor of love pretty tiring. It has been rendered easy by the great kindness exhibited by the men in charge of the street cars, who, always courteous, have during the holiday season shown even more consideration than usual to the patrons of the street railway. As not many people have an opportunity, as they leave the cars, to wish the Conductors a Merry Christmas, and as you must not talk to the Man on the Front end of the car, we are going to speak for every one and wish them all the pleasures that go with the day.

We have all come and gone through the streets as we wished, none daring to make us afraid. We have known that our homes and our property were secure, and so it is right to wish Chief Langley and the Force under him all the good things which they so richly deserve. The absence of crime, which removes some of the unhappy features attending the holidays in other places, is largely due to the excellent work done by the Victoria Police.

And last but not least there are the Letter Carriers. Surely they, who have for days past been bringing to our homes so many tokens of love and esteem, ought not to be forgotten on this festive day, and to them we extend the old time greeting.

And that no one may be forgotten, we send out the same message to all efforts and conditions of men and women, and add, "God, bless us, every one."

### A Merry Christmas.

The Colonist will not be issued tomorrow morning.

We devote some space this morning to a reference to the University School, an institution that is rapidly gaining in usefulness and popularity.

The boys have prepared a good programme of sports for today, and those who look for pleasure out of doors will, if the weather is propitious, have a good field to choose from.

Winnipeg has been offered \$2,000,000 by the railways if she will agree to postpone her big exposition until 1914. That's a good deal of money and it may be well worth waiting for.

Mr. G. H. Barnard's speech on harbor appropriations, which was to have appeared in yesterday's Colonist and for which at the last moment there was found to be no room, is reproduced this morning.

The compliments of the season to the Clerk of the Weather. He has certainly made up during the last week or two for all the tricks he played upon us during the latter part of November or thereabouts.

Victoria has been one great smile for the last ten days. We do not say that there were no pessimists in town; but if there were they must have crawled into holes and pulled the holes in after them.

Things are beginning to look as if all Vancouver Island were going to experience a general advance in prosperity. This fair Island will be properly discovered after a while, and then you will not be able to keep people out of it.

Mr. Bonar Law is unfortunate in his smiles. He says that if shouting can win a political victory, the Liberals have already won; but he adds that never was a great citadel won by shouting. He forgets Jericho, which by the way is the place to which the Liberals seem disposed to send the Lords.

We invite attention to the Supplement which accompanies this morning's issue. The Colonist does not follow the usual custom of newspapers and use syndicate matter in its Supplements; but depends upon its regular staff for contributions to accompany such miscellany as may be reprinted from other papers. We think today's Supplement will compare favorably with any that will appear this Christmas morning.

A little question has arisen over the Wharf street paving. We refer to it, not to comment upon it in any way, but solely to emphasize what we think is a very important matter with which the incoming City Council will have

to deal. That is the appointment of a successor to Mr. Topp. Victoria has grown greatly since Mr. Topp was given the office of City Engineer, and it is going to grow yet more rapidly. The duties of the Engineer will be more diverse and more onerous in the future than in the past, and the city needs as good a man as can be got. The matter of salary must not stand in the way. We want a man who will not put up with aldermanic dictation for a single moment. The Fire Chief, to whom we extend the season's greetings, has shown us what the right man can do in office. He came here and became Chief in reality as well as in name, and the result is that we have one of the best fire departments in Canada for its size, and it is big enough for the size of the city. We need a City Engineer who will take hold of things in the same spirit as Chief Davis took hold of the Fire Department.

Verses by Dudley H. Anderson of Victoria:

### A Simple Earnest Word.

It was but a tiny seed interred  
In a dark brown clod apart;  
It was but a simple earnest word  
Dropped into a wayward heart.

And the tiny seed sunkissed did start  
To grow in the dark brown clod;  
And the earnest word in the wayward heart  
Bloomed forth 'neath the smile of God.

And the dark brown clod was soon all dressed  
With blossoms of tender hue;  
And the wayward heart was robed and blessed  
With a spirit sweet and true.

Thus as beauty fills the dark brown clod  
Because of the seed interred,  
A wayward heart may be filled with God  
By a simple, earnest word.

### The Lighthouse.

Out where the breakers roll and leap,  
Fenceful or wild the night,  
Forth, from the lighthouse o'er the deep,  
The light burns clear and bright.

When stars steal forth in evening skies,  
And, edged with silvery white,  
The languid waves sing lullabies,  
The light burns clear and bright.

When stormy hangs the midnight cloud,  
And winds blow in their might,  
And deep-voiced waves roar fierce and loud,  
The light burns clear and bright.

Some men like ships that toss and roll  
May, steer their course aright,  
If, from the lighthouse of some soul,  
The light burns clear and bright.

May shun the rocks, which waves in strife  
Half cover from the sight,  
If, from some strong and steadfast life,  
The light burns clear and bright.

May reach those happy blissful shores  
Where storms do never blight,  
If, from some heart, from mine, from yours,  
The light burns clear and bright.

### The Question.

Who is it lights the tiny gleams  
Of glow-worms in the night?  
Who trims the golden lamp whose beams  
Give to the world its light?

Who tints the fragile egg that lies  
Upon its downy nest,  
Or blends the blue and purple skies  
As sinks the sun to rest?

Who is it trains the nightingale  
To sing his matchless song?  
And makes the glad and sounding vale  
The melody prolong?

Who tunes the brooklet's treble splash  
Along its pebbly floor?  
The deeper note of waves that dash  
Upon the ocean shore?

Who carves and shapes the tiny shell  
Of every lagging snail?  
Who moulds and swings the bright blue-bell  
That silent tolls the vail?

One voice from nature do we hear,  
From sky and sea and sod,  
A voice emphatic, sweet and clear,  
That speaks to us of God.

### Homeless.

One Christmas Eve in a crowded street,  
Crouched a little, childlike form,  
Faint, footsore, hungry, pale and cold,  
All drenched by the wintry storm.  
"Move on! Move on!" thus a rough voice  
Spoke, calling forth a weary sigh  
From the child's sad heart, who bent  
His steps passing on afar to die.  
But the God who cares for the homeless  
Looked down with his eye of love  
And the holy angels hovered near  
From their heavenly home above.

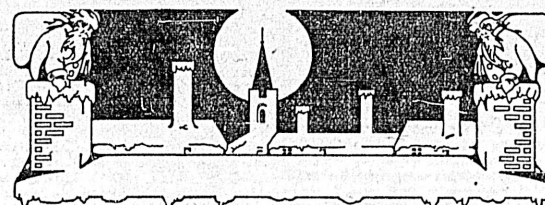
And the little wandering, orphan waif,  
Who roamed through the drifting snow  
Was guided at last to a window, lit up  
By a fire's bright glow.  
He thought of his former happy home,  
Of his mother's tender care,  
And the tears fell from his azure eyes  
As he breathed a simple prayer,  
To the God who cares for the homeless,  
Who listened with ear of love,  
And the holy angels hovered near  
From their heavenly home above.

The glad some mirth from the room  
Within came to his heart like a dream,  
His mother's face in the pure snow-  
flakes as an angel seemed to beam,  
And he heard the distant Christmas bells,  
Heavenly chimed that did not cease  
E'en when shadowed o'er by balmy wings,  
As he slept at last in peace;  
For the God who cares for the homeless  
Looked down with His eye of love,  
While the holy angels hovering near  
Bore him to their home above.  
—Nora Laughier.

### Salut Du Soir.

A wayward sunset shower weeps its last;  
Each cloud-frown of its passion now has past,  
Through swift transfigurations of the mist,  
Into vast sheaves of gold and amethyst.

Night comes, with dusky sandals  
treading slow;  
She falters, grieves to dim the wondrous glow;  
She waits, before such beauty she durst mar,  
The silver clarion of the Evening Star.  
WILLIAM STRUTHERS



## XMAS WISHES

WE extend to all Victorians and British Columbians, irrespective of party, creed or purchasing power, our heartiest good wishes for a most enjoyable Christmas—for the happiest Christmas you have ever known.

—And we thank you for having given us the greatest Christmas business we have known during the forty-seven years we have been doing business in Victoria

The "First" Furniture Store of the "Last" West



WEILER BROS. VICTORIA B. C.



## WEILER BROS., HOME FURNISHING CO., VICTORIA, B.C.

IN all our forty-seven years of business in this city, we have never had a holiday season to equal the one just closed. This season's business has exceeded any we have ever enjoyed.

Of course "times" are good—prosperity smiles upon this grand Western Land—but there was another reason: Months ago, careful planning and expert buying laid the foundations. We never had such magnificent stock as this year, and it is gratifying to us that Victorians should show such a generous appreciation of our efforts to please.

The heavy buying has left many broken assortments, and during the last three days several shipments arrived which we were unable to place on display. All these lines must be cleared, so look for interesting values this coming week.

If you have received a gift from some unexpected source, or if you have forgotten some friend, why not send a New Year's gift? Here's the place to save on the purchase. Five floors of gifts at Victoria's fairest prices—always.

# WEILER'S



## FOR MAYOR

To the Electors of the City of Victoria

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I beg to announce that I am a candidate for Mayor at the approaching election. After having served as Alderman for three years I now respectfully solicit your vote and influence for the more important position, and promise to do my utmost for the progress and betterment of our city. My views have already been published, and will be more fully explained from the platform. My principal objects are:

The securing of Sooke as a water supply.

The introduction of more efficient management of the public works department.

The stricter guarding of public morals.

A systematic improvement in making and beautifying our streets and parks.

A. HENDERSON.



Boys' Best English Football Boots

Special price for the Holiday. Sizes 1 to 5. Price

\$2.50

Per Pair

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THE SHOEMAN  
1008 GOVERNMENT ST.  
(Next to Campbell's)  
Phone L1953.

Lever's Y-2 (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

## BUSY SERVITORS OF SANTA CLAUS

Post Office Staff Work All Night on the Christmas Mails

Of all the busy servitors of Santa Claus few are more hard pressed to assist the kindly old saint than the staff of the post office, who have been swamped with parcels, letters and mail matter galore. The largest parcel mail brought into Victoria, about 1,500 packages, was received from England last night, in addition to the local parcels, letters, etc., and those from Eastern Canada and other points. Five express wagons have been secured, and in order to facilitate delivery an arrangement was made in the post office to place racks of bags, each bag marked with a street name into which the parcels were placed and loads apportioned for each of the five express wagons which will go forth in the early morn to deliver the mails, parcels, etc.

The post office staff has been literally overwhelmed, the receipts of mails being from a third to a half more than received at any previous season. Several remembrances have been received by the postal clerks. E. P. Knight and J. J. Shalleross sent boxes of cigars.

### AT THE CHURCHES

#### ANGLICAN

##### Christ Church Cathedral.

Christmas morning—Organ, Hallelujah Chorus; processional, hymn 66; Venite, Dr. Croft; special psalms, 19, 46, 88; Cathedral psalter; to deum, Henry Smart in F; benedictus, Dr. Garrett; anthem, "Blessed Be the Lord God," Simpson; kyrie and gloria, Smart; hymn, 59; organ, Communion Interludes, Marz. Sunday Services—Morning: Organ, Pastoral, Guilman; Venite, Reinagle; to deum, Henry Smart in F; jubilate, Henry Smart in F; kyrie and gloria, Smart; hymns, 65, 59, 313; organ, Andante, Batsie. Evening—Organ, Noel, Guilman; processional, hymn 66; psalms as set, Cathedral psalter; magnificent, Henry Smart; nunc dimittis, Goss; anthem, "Worship Him and Sing of Him," Simpson; carols, Stainer; hymn, 58; organ, Christmas Offertoire, Diemel.

##### St. Barnabas Church.

Corner of Cook street and Caledonia avenues. The services at this church commenced on Christmas eve. On Christmas day there will be a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m.; choral matins at 10:30 a. m.; Choral Eucharist with sermon at 11 a. m. Evenson at 5 p. m. Christmas morning at 10:30 a. m., organ, "The Silver Trumpets," Winant; Venite-psalms, Ca-

thedral psalter; to deum, Woodward; benedictus, Dr. Garrett; Athanasian creed, Gregorian. At 11 a. m.—Processional, hymn 60; communion service from Simpson in D and Maund in G; hymns, 65, 59 and 61; offertory anthem, "God From on High," Hatch Heard. Rev. E. N. Hall; tenor solo, Mr. Barker; soprano solo, choir boys, in unison; nunc dimittis, St. John; organ, "For Unto Us a Child is Born," Handel.

On Sunday there will be a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m.; choral matins and litany at 11 a. m.; choral evenson, procession and carols at 7 p. m. The rector, Rev. E. G. Miller will be the preacher at all the services. The musical arrangements are: Morning—Organ, "There Were Shepherds," Handel; Venite-psalms, Cathedral psalter; to deum, Macpherson in E flat; benedictus, Rev. J. Troutbeck; anthem, "God from on High," Hatch Heard. Rev. E. N. Hall; hymns, 65 and 59; organ, "Gloria to God in the Highest," Handel. Evening—Organ, "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel; psalms, Cathedral psalter; magnificent, H. Smart; nunc dimittis, Foster; anthem, "God from on High," Hatch Heard. Rev. E. W. Hall; hymns, 59 and 62; offertory anthem, Fitzguald; procession; carols, "Ring Out," "Whit Hand-Bell in Terludes," "The Plains of Bethlehem," "Sing O Ye People," "Christmas Morn," "A Merry Noel," "The Star Divine."

St. James.

In St. James church on Sunday evening special Christmas carols will be sung by the choir, taking the place of the usual sermon. All the seats are free.

##### St. Paul's, Esquimalt.

Rector, Rev. W. Baugh Allen. Saturday, Christmas day services as follows: Holy communion at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. Sunday services as usual: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; matins at 10:30 a. m.; evenson and carols at 7 p. m. The rector will preach at services on Christmas day and Sunday.

#### PRESBYTERIAN

##### First Presbyterian.

Corner of Pandora and Blanchard streets. Rev. Dr. Campbell, minister. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Sunday school at 2:30. Club meeting on Monday evening. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Sunday services will be largely song, with short sermons appropriate to the season, by the pastor. In the forenoon, besides the congregational hymn the choir will sing an anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," Stainer; a trio by Misses Saxmuth and Cameron, and Mr. R. Morrison, and a baritone solo by Mr. Morrison. In the evening an anthem by the choir, "The Star That Now is Shining," Smith; solos by Mrs. Warburton, Miss Cameron and Mr. R. Morrison. Strangers are always cordially made welcome to all the services of the church on Sunday and week evenings.

#### METHODIST

##### Metropolitan Church.

Sunday evening, Christmas Song service. Doxology and Invocation. Hymn; prayer; Recit, "And the Angel Said," Handel, Miss Palmer; chorus, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," Goss, the choir; reading; solo, "Holy Night," A. Adams, J. H. Griffith; chorus, "The Poor Be the Chamber," Gounod, the choir; reading; solos, "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "Come Unto Me," Handel, Misses Parfitt and Palmer; hymn; quartette, "O Little Babe of Bethlehem," Misses Palmer and Jones, Messrs Dunford and Blakeway; address; collection; solo, "Star of Bethlehem," A. Adams, J. O. Dunford; chorus, "Blessed is the Nation," Stainer, the choir; hymn, benediction. An organ recital will be given from 7:10 to 7:30 when the following programme will be rendered: (a) March in F, Wallis; (b) Pastoral Symphony, Handel.

##### Victoria West.

Victoria West, corner of Catherine and Wilson streets. Special Christmas services will be held on Sunday, December 26th. The choir will render special musical services. In the morning, the choir will sing, "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices," Bissell, and "Praise to God, Immortal Praise," The programme for the evening services, commencing at 7 p. m., will be as follows: Anthem, "Fear Not," C. H. Gabriel; opening hymn and prayer; anthem, "The Birth of Our Savior," A. Colson-Rich; scripture lesson; hymn; male quartette, "That Song of Old," C. D. Emerson, Messrs. A. J. and S. G. Daniels, A. Webb and Greenwood; sermon, Rev. A. E. Roberts; anthem, "Sing O Heavens," L. O. Emerson; closing hymn and benediction. Sunday school and adult Bible class at the usual hour. A hearty welcome to all.

#### CONGREGATIONAL

##### First Congregational.

Corner Pandora and Blanchard avenues. Public worship at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The pastor, Rev. Herman A. Carson, B. A., will preach. The theme of the morning address appropriate to the Christmas anniversary, "The sovereign Prince Worthy of Many Crowns." In the evening when the Sunday school and adult Bible classes in co-operation with the choir will give "The First Christmas" carol service, the pastor's theme will be "A Wonderful Story and True." Sunday school and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Y. P. S. of W. W.'s will join in a decorating social Monday at 8 p. m. Tuesday at 6 p. m. the Sunday school supper; Christmas tree and concert at 8 p. m.; Thursday at 8 p. m. prayer and business meeting. The parents are especially invited with their children to the evening service on Sunday. Strangers and visitors are always cordially welcomed. The music for the following: Morning—Organ, "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel; organist, Mr. J. Scott Ross; anthem, "Peace the Welcome Sound," F. A. Fillmore; anthem, "Hail to the King of Light," Carry R. Adams, soprano solo, Miss Howell; organ, "Behold the Lamb of God," Handel. Evening—All the old carol hymns by the children and adults, also the following by the choir: "Nazareth, Gounod; solo, Confronted by Mr. Brown, Tenor; carols; anthem, "Rejoice O Daughter of Zion," selected; anthem, "Joy to the World," C. B. Adams, solo, Mr. J. Barton; organ, Hallelujah Chorus," Handel.

##### Church of Our Lord.

Christmas day, service at 11 a. m., sermon by Rev. Thos. W. Gladstone; subject, "Great Joy," sacrament of the Lord's supper. The offertory will be in aid of the clergy and widow and orphans fund; singing services: Pastoral Symphony, Handel; hymn 91; Venite and psalms as set, Cathedral psalter; to deum No. 2; benedictus, 13 Mercer; anthem, "Behold I Bring You Good Tidings," kyrie, VI Mercer; hymn 64; carol, "Once in Bethlehem," Maund; hymn, 87.

Lever's Y-2 (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

# We Wish You One And All A Merry Christmas

## Henry Young & Co.

1123 Government Street  
Victoria, B. C.

#### LUTHERAN

##### Grace English Church.

Services on Christmas day at 10:30 in the forenoon at the R. of P. hall. In connection with this service the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Public confession and absolution will also be in connection with the Holy Communion. The services commence promptly at 10:30 and it is much desired that all should bear in mind this change to half an hour earlier than usual. The children's Christmas service will be held on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The children have prepared themselves for this Christmas programme for more than three weeks and real Christmas joy will characterize this celebration of the Savior's birth. The older members of the church will also take part in the programme. Preparations are being made for a Christmas tree and the ladies have provided the external tokens of Christmas cheer to gladden the hearts of the little ones.

##### St. Paul's Lutheran.

931 Mears street. Christmas day—Divine service in German at 11 a. m., theme, "God is With Us." Sunday morning: Sunday school at 10 a. m.; German divine service and Holy Communion at 11 o'clock. Sunday evening: Christmas exercises of the Sunday school, assisted by the choral society, at 7:30 o'clock. Friday evening: Sylvester eve divine service and solemn prayer at 7:30. A hearty welcome.

#### BAPTIST

##### Emmanuel.

Christmas Entertainment—The children in the Sunday school will hold their Christmas entertainment in the church on Thursday evening commencing at 8 p. m., when they will present the well known spirited cantata entitled "Kris Kringle and His Crew." At the close the Christmas tree will be stripped by Father Christmas. The meeting is open to all.

Christmas Services—There will be special sermons and special music at the services on Sunday. In the morning the pastor will preach on "The Meaning of Christmas," and in the evening service on "The Re-incarnation of Christ." At the close of the evening which will be a short musical service consisting of solos and anthems.

##### Friar Lands on Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Attorney General Wickersham has rendered an opinion for the war department to the effect that the Philippine government has the power to sell the Friar Lands in the Philippines, in any number of acres desirable, notwithstanding the organization of the Philippine government which limited the sale of the unappropriated public land obtained by treaty with Spain to forty acres.

##### Scheme Failed to Work.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—John A. Dempsey, who came here from New Orleans with a scheme for reaching Berlin, so as to present a claim for \$100,000 to the Kaiser for losses sustained during the Boer war, believing that the German consulate, in a downtown office building, was diplomatically German territory, went yesterday and smashed several large plate glass windows, hoping that he would be sent to Berlin for trial. Instead, he was sent to the Bellevue Hospital for an examination as to his mental condition.

##### Met Death in Darkness.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—At the

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN  
WISHING OUR MANY : :  
CUSTOMERS and FRIENDS

# A Very Merry Xmas

811-813 GOVERNMENT STREET, OPP. POST OFFICE

coroner's inquest here it was found that the five girls who were burned to death in the fire which destroyed the casket manufacturing plant of Shreck and Sherwood last Thursday night met their death while groping in the darkness among coffins which filled the room in which they were at work. A minute after the fire was discovered the electric lights in the building went out, and the girls lost their way in the smoke and darkness in trying to reach an exit. A fireman was burned to death trying to reach the girls.

##### Sir Thomas Denies

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, interviewed here yesterday, denied that the C. P. R. had acquired the Allan line or that he was here placing orders for new ocean steamers.

**Strike Settled**  
SCHENECTADY, Dec. 24.—Following a conference this afternoon between J. F. McNaughton, Vice-President of the American Locomotive Company, and delegates from the local boilermakers' and cranimens' union, it was announced that the strike called here on December 17th would be settled. The strike in this city involved between \$50 and 900 men. F. L. Franklin, President of the boilermakers' union, called a strike in the plants at Montreal, Dunkirk, Richmond and Pittsburg this morning, before knowing of the action taken here. The meeting at which the details of the settlement will be arranged will be held here on Monday.

**New Japanese Ambassador**  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Baron

Uchida, the new Japanese ambassador to the United States, was formally received by President Taft today in the blue room of the White House, and presented his credentials. The usual exchange of congratulations of goodwill were gone through.

##### Death Farm to Be Sold

LAPORTE, Ind., Dec. 24.—Judge Richter, in the circuit court today ordered the famous death farm of Mrs. Belle Guinness sold in order that the estate may be settled. The farm contains fifty-nine acres, and is valued at \$15,000. The personal estate left by Mrs. Guinness amounted to \$3,500.

##### Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day, 25c.



## A BARGAIN

Two Extra Large Lots on Linden Avenue, between Richardson and Fairfield Roads, only, each \$1,550

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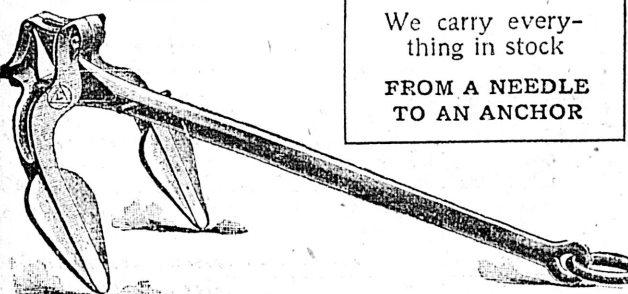
Cor. Broad and View Sts., Victoria, B. C.

The Compliments of the Season  
To All

## ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO.

510 Cormorant Street  
Opp. E. & N. Depot

## Shipchandlery

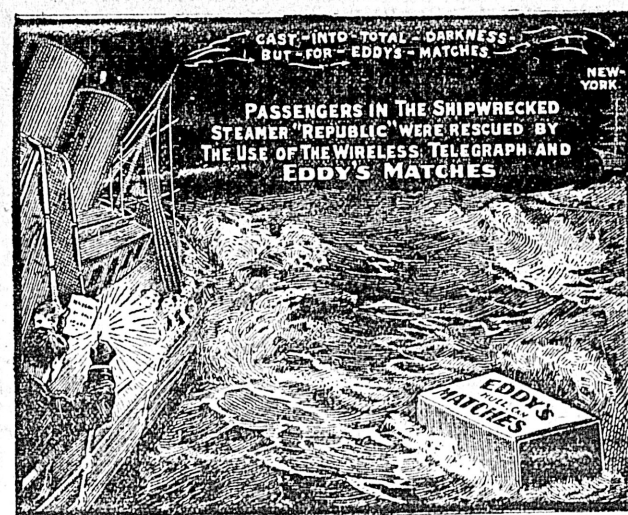


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**EDDY'S MATCHES**

## FRESH EGGS FRESH EGGS

You can get them by using Sylvester Excelsior Meal, being a ground mixture of Corn, Grits and Egg Producer which is the ideal morning food. Try a sack and watch results. Per sack, \$1.75  
SYLVESTER FEED CO. Tel. 413, 709 Yates Street

I TAKE this opportunity of thanking my many customers and the citizens of Victoria for their very liberal patronage and support during the past year, and extend to one and all the Compliments of the Season.

**GILBERT D. CHRISTIE**  
CORNER GOVERNMENT AND JOHNSON STREETS

Advertise in the Colonist

## NEWS OF THE CITY

### No Socialist Meeting.

Tomorrow and next Sunday being holidays, the Socialist party have decided to hold no propaganda meetings.

### Donation to Home.

William Scowcroft, secretary of the B. C. Protestant Orphans' Home, acknowledges with thanks the donation of \$21, the proceeds of a concert recently held at Sidney by the Sidney Basketball club.

### More Permits Issued.

Building permits were issued yesterday by the building inspector to E. E. Jones, for a butcher shop to be erected on North Park street, at a cost of \$600, and to Robert Hetherington for a dwelling to be erected on Bank street to cost \$1,550.

### H. Young & Co., New Premises.

The alterations to the premises at present occupied by T. N. Hibben & Co., on Government street will be undertaken within a short time, the contract having been awarded to W. P. Drysdale. When the premises are renovated they will be occupied by Henry Young & Co.

### One Little Inconvenience

Since the new telephone exchange has been established at the Provincial government buildings, only one objectionable feature appears to present itself: the exchange closes too early. At 5:30 the operator departs, and communication with or from the offices is impossible, although as a rule there are workers busily engaged in the offices until evening. An extra operator will no doubt be employed to meet the real necessities of public and departmental convenience.

### Want Road Improvements

Premier McBride and Works Minister Thomas Taylor were waited upon on Thursday by Professor Christiansen, of Quatsino Sound, who represents an important colony of Norsemen established on the northern end of the island, in requesting certain road improvements and alterations in educational arrangements at the settlement. Professor Christiansen spends Christmas over the Sound, and will again meet the ministers on Monday.

### For Fire Purposes Only.

A special telephone has been installed at the headquarters station of the fire brigade which will hereafter be used for fire purposes only. The phone, the number of which is 1286, will be the one used by anyone sending a telephone alarm, and the numbers now in use will not be used for any purpose other than for merely daily routine matters. Telephone users are requested to keep the new number, 1286 posted up in a conspicuous place to be used in cases of emergency.

### Gift For the Chief.

Yesterday afternoon Fire Chief Davis and Mrs. Davis were the recipients, from the men of No. 4 hall, Victoria West, of a handsome tea set, a Christmas gift, which the chief and Mrs. Davis will prize highly. The men at the hall, Messrs. Marrant, Richards and McLean, waited upon Chief Davis at his office, the presentation being made by Driver Marrant, who on behalf of himself and fellow-members of the force stationed at No. 4, extended the best wishes for the coming twelve months. Chief Davis, for himself and Mrs. Davis, cordially thanked the men for the gift and good wishes.

### Fire Laddies Will Entertain.

All preparations for the New Year's eve entertainment to be given by the fire department have been made and the event promises to be a most successful one. Many of the members of the brigade are talented musicians and the concert programme will be one of the best. After the rendition of the various numbers dancing will be indulged in. The fire laddies are working hard to make this, the first of the end-of-the-year events to be given by the department, a success in every particular. A large attendance is looked for. The proceeds will be devoted to the firemen's fund.

### A. O. F. Christmas Tree.

The members of Court Victoria, No. 8930, A. O. F., as usual at this season, will not forget the children, who will enjoy their annual Christmas tree in the A. O. F. hall, Broad street, on Wednesday next. Gifts are to be provided for members' children, and refreshments will be served during the evening. An interesting programme, contributed by children and adults, will be submitted, and Father Christmas will be there in person to distribute the gifts. This will be the first Christmas tree to be held in the new A. O. F. hall, and a large attendance of members and children is anticipated. As on former occasions of a like nature, the proceedings will conclude with a dance.

## GOLDSTREAM SCHOOL CELEBRATES XMAS

Enjoyable Concert Programme is Ably Rendered By Scholars.

The scholars of the Goldstream school held an enjoyable Christmas tree celebration on the evening of the 22nd instant. A concert programme was a feature of the evening, special credit being due to Miss Irving for her able singing of "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Miss Edith Irving also was loudly applauded for her singing of "Smarty." Messrs. Wilson and McKenzie of the Niagara Canyon Glee Club acquitted themselves well in various solos, the latter in Harry Lauder's "I'm For the Nod" acting his part to the satisfaction of everyone.

The full programme follows:

Programme: "Welcome Song," Scholars Recitation, "Xmas Carol," Eva Payne Song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," Mary Irving Recitation, "When I'm a Man," E. Burnett Duet, "Bells of Dreamland," Messrs. Wilson and McKenzie, "The Old Christmas," Elizabeth Brown Song "Miss Fogarty's Xmas Cake," Miss P. Payne Song, "Smarty," Edith Irving Song, "Queen of the Earth," W. Wilson Recitation, "H," Clara Brown Trio, "Will You Love Me When I'm Old," Lucy Brown, Petrel Payne, Eva Payne Recitation, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," Lily Woodruff Song, "For the Nod," J. McKenzie Song, "Love of Drummer," Edith Irving Song, "Mona," W. Wilson Dialogue, "King Santa Claus," School God Save the King.

## THE WEATHER

Victoria, B. C., at 8 p. m., December 24, 1909.

### SYNOPSIS.

An ocean disturbance is approaching the Vancouver Island and Washington coast and a moderate southeast gale prevails on the outside waters, and storm warnings have been issued for the mouth of the Columbia river. Light rain has fallen at Tatoosh, and west of the Rockles. There has not been much change in temperatures during the last 24 hours. In the Pacific provinces the weather continues fair and cold.

### TEMPERATURE.

	Min.	Max.
Victoria	30	39
Vancouver	28	36
New Westminster	28	31
Kamloops	12	18
Barkerville	10	12
Fort Simpson	32	34
Atlin	22	28
Dawson, Y. T.	below 0	below 0
Calgary, Alta.	4 below 24	below 24
Winnipeg, Man.	8 below 2	below 2
Portland, Ore.	28	34
San Francisco, Cal.	42	52

### FORECASTS.

For 24 hours from 5 a. m. (Pacific Time) Saturday:  
Victoria and Vicinity: Northerly and easterly winds chiefly cloudy with showers today or Sunday.  
Lower Mainland: Easterly winds, chiefly cloudy with showers today or Sunday.

### FRIDAY.

Highest	39
Lowest	30
Mean	39

## IS INCORRIGIBLE

New Westminster Police Have Trouble With Girl Who Figured Here.

Seventeen-year-old Mable Severn, who recently gave the local police authorities trouble in ascertaining her whereabouts, following her escape from the Children's Home here, and who was caught in Vancouver and taken to the reformatory but after her release again took to her devilish ways is again in trouble at New Westminster. The girl appears to be of the incorrigible type and what will be done with her is a question. She was brought down from Kamloops to this city and placed in the children's home, Superior and South, of the Children's Aid Society, at the latter city, does not believe that the society can do anything for the girl who will be left to the police to be dealt with.

## NICE HAIR FOR ALL

Once Destroy the Dandruff Germ, and Hair Grows Luxuriantly.

Any one can have nice hair if he or she has not dandruff, which causes brittle, dry hair, falling hair and baldness. To cure dandruff it is necessary to kill the germ that causes it, and that is just what Newbro's Herpicide does. Cornelius Grew, Colfax, Wash., says:

One bottle of Newbro's Herpicide completely cured me of dandruff, which was very thick; and it has stopped my hair from falling out. It makes hair soft and glossy as silk; delightful odor, and refreshing hair dressing. It permits the hair to grow abundantly and kills the dandruff germ. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

One Dollar bottles guaranteed. Cyrus H. Bowes, Special Agent, 1228 Government St.

Decorated China suitable for Xmas gifts. Regular prices cut in two, at 558 Johnson street. A. J. Clyde.

Heating Stoves and Steel Ranges, the best quality and at reasonable prices at Clarke & Pearson's, 1313 Wharf street.

Heating Stoves, fancy or plain, at Clarke & Pearson's, 1313 Wharf street. Get one and make the house warm and cozy for Xmas.

Books that are selling: Ralph Connor's "Foreigner"; Service's "Sourdough" and "Cheechako"; Hichen's "Bella Donna"; Kipling's "Actions and Reactions"; Page's "John Marvel, Assistant"; "The Master" by the author of "Eber Holden"; "The Silver Horde" by the author of "The Spoilers"; Victoria Book and Stationery Company, Ltd.

"God Bless us every one," said Tiny Tim. That crystallizes the whole spirit of Xmas.

May Your Xmas be Happy  
And Your New Year Bright and Prosperous

**J. H. LePage**

Optometrist and Optician,  
1242 Government Street,  
Cor. Yates, Tel. 1860.

**SMOKE MY CHOICE CIGARS**

SMOKER—Quality is the best talking point. My choice cigars are quality in 10c cigars.

F. H. SCHNOTER, Mfr., Victoria.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Is the Wish of

G. A. RICHARDSON & CO.

VICTORIA HOUSE

636 YATES STREET

## THE "UNDERWOOD" TYPEWRITER

See it with the others. Before buying a poor imitation investigate the "Underwood." You will save money by so doing.

## BAXTER & JOHNSON

809 Government. Phone 730  
150 "Underwoods" in use here.

## FOR THIS WEEK

1,000 New Paper Backed Books, 3 for .....25¢  
500 New Three Shilling Books, cloth bound, 3 for .....\$1.00  
Phone 1737

## THE EXCHANGE

718 FORT STREET

## Xmas Novelties

IN LADIES' HANDSOME BLOUSES, NECK-WARE, COMBS, ETC., ETC. LADIES' RAINCOATS

All Genuine Old English Goods

THE "BON AMI"  
734 YATES STREET.  
Old Co-Op. Premises  
SHELDON & SON, Proprietors.

## Just Arrived

The very latest creations in Fancy Collars, Bosoms, Stocks, etc., and without doubt the most up-to-date store in town for Christmas presents at lowest prices.

**Mrs. J. E. ELLIOTT**  
760 YATES STREET  
Next door to Carnegie Library.  
Phone R-1621

## Christmas Dinner

at the  
**POODLE DOG RESTAURANT**  
December 25th, 1909.  
Price \$1.00  
From 5 to 8 p. m.

MENU  
Toke Points on Half Shell  
SOUP  
Ox Tail, English Style  
RELISHES  
Queen Olives Celery Pickles  
FISH  
Boiled Spring Salmon, Egg Sauce  
ENTREES  
Patties of Sweet Breads  
Rum Omelette  
ROASTS  
Island Turkey Stuffed,  
Cranberry Jelly  
Young Goose with Dressing  
Suckling Pig, Apple Sauce  
Christmas Roast Beef,  
Horseradish  
Chicken with Dressing  
SALAD  
Combination  
DESSERT  
Christmas Plum Pudding,  
Brandy and Hard Sauce  
Pumpkin Pie Apple Pie  
Imported Stilton Cheese  
Mixed Fruit, Nuts and Raisins  
Cafe Royal

TREAT YOURSELF TO A  
**Big B Cigar**  
FOR CHRISTMAS

We wish you all you wish yourselves, and we take this opportunity of thanking you for your esteemed patronage.

## WOMAN

The Fairest Work of the Great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

## REDFERN & SONS

Jewelers, Diamond Merchants and Goldsmiths.

Established 1862.

1009 GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA, B. C.

Sashes  
Doors and  
Woodwork  
of  
all Kinds

J. A. SAYWARD.  
**LUMBER**  
ROCK BAY VICTORIA, B. C.

Rough and  
Dressed  
Lumber,  
Shingles  
Laths, Etc.

For Lumber, Sash, Doors, and all kinds of Building Material, go to  
**The Taylor Mill Co.**  
Limited Liability.  
Mill, Office and Yards: 2118 Government St., P. O. Box 623. Telephone 584

## Great Bargain Sale for Christmas

## JAPANESE FANCY GOODS

20 to 30 p.c. deductions throughout

## The Mikado Bazaar

1404 Government Street - - - - - Cor. Johnson Street.

## Heating the Home

## The Modern Method

See us about that furnace. Don't let it go any longer. We can give estimates on Hot Water, Steam or Warm Air.

Ask us about heat, that is what we are in business for. Estimates free.

## The Colbert Plumbing and Heating Co., Ltd.

Heating Engineers, Etc.  
755 Broughton St.  
Phone 552. P. O. Box 545

## MT. TOLMIE Sand and Gravel

SCREENED AND GRADED  
Lineham Scott Sand & Gravel Co.

The finest material to use for all kinds of concrete and building work. Deliveries made to any part of the city in any quantity. Get our prices

Office 634 View Street  
Phones: Mangr.'s residence, 2193.  
Office 664; Pits L1851

## For School Trustee

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg to offer myself as a candidate for School Trustee at the forthcoming Municipal Elections, and respectfully solicit your vote and influence.

William H. P. Sweeney

## FOR SALE CHEAP

## Sprague Motor

3 H. P. Direct Current.  
230 Volts, 11-5 amp.  
With Starting Box. All complete and good as new.

## The Colonist

## For a Snap in NEW BOILERS

72 in. x 16 ft.  
125 lbs. steam.  
66 in. x 16 ft.  
125 lbs. steam.

APPLY

Victoria Machine Depot Co

We Wish You A Merry Xmas

## A. POOL

Grocery

Watson's Old Stand.

623 Yates Street. Phone 448



# Victoria, Xmas 1909

"Now the mist has hidden the mountains  
And the frost has flecked the shed,  
So we will hang the mistletoe  
An' show the holly red."

WE WISH OUR FRIENDS AND  
CUSTOMERS COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE SEASON.

## Capital City Wine Store

1327 Douglas Street. Cor. Johnson. Phone 1974

**\$2.50 each**



**NO GRINDING  
NO HONING**

No Smarting After Shaving.  
Buy a "CARBO-MAGNETIC" Razor, shave with it thirty days, then, if you would rather have your money back than the razor, we will refund it.

**The Hickman Tye Hardware Co., Ltd.**  
Phone 59 Victoria, B. C. Agents. 544-546 Yates St.

## For Xmas Day

MINCE PATTIES  
MINCE PIES  
FRESH PASTRY  
AND CAKES

FRESH TODAY

**CLAY'S**

Tel. 101.

## P. & B. Deadening Felt

Used between floors and partitions for warmth and deadening sound.  
Made in three weights.  
Samples and prices on application.

**R. ANGUS**  
1105 Wharf Street

## FOR SALE

PANDORA ST.—Good six room House, sunny side, close in, cheap at—

**\$3,600**

## FINE MODERN HOUSE

At terms never before offered. Lot 90 x 110 feet, \$500 cash, \$4,000 payable \$50.00 per month, without interest, and assume mortgage of

**\$4,000**

Ask to see it.

## LARGE DOUBLE CORNER

On Douglas Street. A splendid buy at **\$8,500**

**Heisterman, Forman and Company**

1207 Government St. Phone 55

## The New Turban Pad

at **MRS. KOSCHE'S HAIRDRESSING PARLORS**  
Phone 1175. 1105 Douglas St.

Book of Songs Given Away.  
Everyone entering our store this week will be given a book of songs. Call and get one. M. W. Walitt & Co., Ltd.

Advertise in THE COLONIST

P.O. BOX 363 **PHONE 77**  
**LEMON GONNASSON & CO.**  
DOORS, SASH AND WOOD FINISH OF EVERY VARIETY.  
Rough and dressed lumber, lath and shingles; also a large stock of Australian mahogany and Eastern birch flooring.  
**THE CAPITAL PLANING MILLS**  
Corner Government and Orchard Streets

## TRAIL LEADS TO FAR-OFF TURKEY

Imposter Who Operated in Victoria Lands Finally in a Turkish Dungeon

It is a far cry from the police cells of Victoria to a dirty dungeon in a Turkish prison but the distance has been made by Stephen Georges, self styled missionary and appointed collector for the good work of advancing Protestant religious work among his fellows in Asia Minor, but now an acknowledged imposter and a member of a professional class of beggars active in his home land.

Georges, about three months ago figured largely in the local police circles. Of pleasing manner, evidently well educated and speaking English with considerable fluency, he arrived in this city from the east. He had been making a tour of the prairie section as well as of the northwestern states and was well supplied with credentials which, in some cases were genuine enough, though secured from credulous individuals who were won over by his story, but in most cases were rank forgeries. Everywhere he went he posed as an emissary of the missionaries in Asia Minor, his mission being to collect funds to advance the religious work being prosecuted in that far distant country.

When he arrived here he called upon Mayor Hall who believed his story so far as to give him a letter of recommendation and a contribution of \$2. Georges then started out on his collecting campaign but from one or two suspicious circumstances which arose he was finally arrested at the instance of A. J. Bruce and ultimately arraigned in court here. The case was afterwards withdrawn the police handing the matter over to Dr. Milne local immigration officer. Georges tarried in the police cells for over a month when Dr. Milne was communicating with Ottawa relative to the question of deporting the man and finally he was ordered to leave the country which he did though he was not actually deported.

The photograph of Georges taken

here was sent by Dr. Milne to Ottawa along with a picture of the facts of the case. These in turn were forwarded to London, to J. Obed Smith superintendent of Immigration, who in turn sent on the papers to the head of the missionary movement in Turkey. The photograph immediately connected Georges, the supposed helper in the work of evangelization, with one of the most notorious members of the "Julia Beggars" an association of professional and crafty beggars.

In the meantime, while the official red tape was slowly unwinding Georges wandered back to his native land as a result of representations made to the authorities by the missionaries was arrested and cast into jail where he now lies.

Just how much money he collected while in Canada will probably never be known but men of his stamp and pretensions who have come to this country soliciting money for so-called evangelization purposes are known to have reaped a golden harvest, many thousands of dollars having been contributed by the charitably inclined.

## PORTERS WHARF CHANGES HANDS

Valuable Waterfrontage Realizes Thirty-Five Thousand Dollars

Another valuable portion of waterfrontage in the inner harbor has just changed hands in the purchase of Porter's wharf for the sum of \$35,000. The property comprises some sixty feet on the harbor front, adjacent to the E. & N. railway station.

Mrs. F. N. Clay has sold the lot on the corner of Douglas and Pembroke streets to Robert Scott of Oak Bay. The consideration was \$18,000 cash, the sale being negotiated by Grant and Lindsay.

The Cameron and Caldwell stables on Yates street, situated above the A. O. U. W. hall, have been sold by A. G. Sargison and T. D. Veitch for a consideration in the neighborhood of \$18,000.

Among other sales reported are three waterfront lots on St. Lawrence street at the foot of Michigan for \$10,000, and a lot on Douglas street, beyond Bay street, for \$3,500.

Bond and Clark report the following sales: A house and waterfront lot on Erie street for \$7,000; a piece of View street property for \$7,000; another piece on View street for \$5,000; and a third piece for \$3,000.

The Northwest Real Estate Company reports the sale of the Douglas street property for \$25,000; a lot on Commercial street for \$7,000; 1st of Michigan street for \$3,000; a house on North Park street for \$3,000, and a number of lots in Rockland Park and on Hillside avenue.

## CITY WILL SEEK NECESSARY POWER

Act Must Be Amended Before Agreement With B.C.E. Co. is Completed

Following the agreement entered into between the city and the B. C. Electric Company relative to the development of the Jordan river power scheme the city solicitor, at the next meeting of the city council, will be instructed to proceed and secure the necessary amendments to the Municipal Clauses Act giving the city the power to carry out the arrangements with the company whereby the city binds itself to pass any bylaw to raise money to assist any competing concern either by grant of money or bonus of any kind and not to enter into competition itself with the company until first an offer is made to the company for its system here, which offer, if refused, shall be arbitrated on.

At present the city has not this right to so bind itself but when the agreement was considered the city bound itself to apply to the legislature for the necessary amendments. However, Mr. Henderson will bring the matter up at Monday's council meeting and the necessary instructions will be issued to the solicitors.

**School Bylaw.**  
The bylaw to raise \$174,000 for school purposes, as requested by the school board, will also be introduced and passed as far as possible and will then be submitted to the ratepayers on the date of the forthcoming civic elections. Of that amount \$150,000 is wanted to purchase a site and erect thereon a new high school; \$14,000 for addition for four rooms to the Victoria West school and \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting a frame school on the site recently purchased by the board at the corner of Bank street and Leighton Road.

The approval of the petition of the owners interested in the pavement on Government street between Belleville street and Superior street will be given. The owners will be called upon to pay four-fifths of the cost, including the cost of laterals to sewers and surface drains and the moving of poles if necessary. While the provincial government is not liable for any part of the cost it is stated that it will contribute liberally towards the improvement scheme.

**Drug Stores Will Close**  
The drug stores of the city will close today at 1 o'clock and remain closed for the balance of the day, not reopening until Sunday morning.

**May Regain Sight**  
If the operation which Dr. Proudfoot has recently performed on the eyes of Mrs. St. Clair proves successful, and it is expected it will to a great extent at least, Mr. St. Clair, who is well known to Victorians, will recover his eyesight sufficiently at least to permit him walking without any assistance.

For years Mr. St. Clair has been practically totally blind and his many friends will rejoice at the possibility of his improvement; an improvement which almost smacks of the miraculous. Dr. Proudfoot, when he examined Mrs. St. Clair's eyes, was convinced he could give his patient great relief and Mr. St. Clair's friends are awaiting the outcome with intense interest and hopefulness.

**Lifebuoy Soap—Disinfectant—Is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infection.**

## LOST LIFE UNDER WHEELS OF TRAIN

David Bennett Killed By Being Run Down By E. & N. Train at Koksilah

Run down by an E. & N. work train a few hundred yards from the hotel at which, a few minutes before, he had been drinking, David Bennett, for the past few months employed at the C. P.R. stone quarry near Koksilah, was killed and badly mangled shortly before midnight on Thursday night.

The body was found yesterday morning lying between the rails, which were splattered with the man's blood. Provincial Constable Morton, at Koksilah, and the coroner, took charge of the body which was brought down yesterday to Dunsmuir, where it is now lying. The Victoria provincial police department was notified of the occurrence yesterday morning and an effort is being made to locate friends or relatives of the deceased, but beyond believing that at one time within the last year Bennett had been in this city for a short time, no trace of any connections of his has been secured. Unless some friends or relatives can be located the body will be buried at Dunsmuir on Monday.

Bennet was in the Koksilah Hotel about 11 o'clock on Thursday evening. He left after having several drinks and started down the track. A work train pulled through at 11:30, and doubtless Bennett failed to hear it coming and was run over and instantly killed.

From papers found in the possession of the deceased he has been a world traveller, for the papers showed he had been in Australia, Europe, the American States and other countries. He had been in this province about a year and for several months past had been employed in the quarry at Koksilah.

## SPEND HOLIDAYS IN PRISON CELL

Vagrants and Youth Were Sentenced Yesterday

Two vagrants, one Bill Kane and one Bill Thompson will never again believe that there is good-will toward men. They were sentenced to three months each at hard labor by Magistrate Jay in police court yesterday morning.

Kane and Thompson were charged with vagrancy, which off-times covereth a multitude of sins. Kane had bitter things to say of the police. He charged one of the detectives with having kicked and abused him. However, the weight of much evidence was against William and he was sent away.

Thompson had not much to say and it is likely that he will eat Christmas dinner today in prison. One gentleman who had celebrated the gay festive season with a trifle too much exuberance was fined \$6 and then came the turn of the two lads against whom five charges of breaking and entering had been preferred. They pleaded guilty without more ado and it came to be Magistrate Jay's unpleasant duty to sentence them.

There was a strange lack of sentimentality on the part of the boys themselves and their parents as well. Parents of both lads were in court. Magistrate Jay pronounced his sentence with an explanation of his purpose. One lad, being older than the maximum age admitted at the reformatory would have to be dealt with under the criminal code. He would therefore this boy a lighter sentence than would have been meted out to him were he an older criminal. The younger boy would be treated as a juvenile.

Then, only a few hours before the dawning of the morning when they should have been in warm homes searching stockings, innocently, for the largesse of Santa Claus, the two boys were sentenced to incarceration. The older lad was sent to prison for one month at hard labor.

The younger boy will go to the reformatory for two years. Here he will be given an opportunity to learn a trade and he will also be given some education and a moral training which he apparently is much in need of. Prior to the opening of the court H. W. R. Moore, county prosecutor, extended to Magistrate Jay on behalf of the police force and the court staff the compliments of the season. Magistrate Jay replied felicitously saying that during his time as magistrate he had always received from both police and court staff valuable assistance. He reciprocated their good wishes.

**LEAVES THIS CITY**  
Secretary of Fire Underwriters' Society Resigns—Appointment Made.

G. V. Lawry, secretary of the Vancouver Island Fire Underwriters' Association has resigned his position to accept a similar one with the Board of Underwriters in Salt Lake City. The position in a city of the size of Salt Lake is a most responsible one. Mr. Lawry has spent the last three years in Victoria coming here from Vancouver.

The vacancy here has already been filled. H. R. Page or Winnipeg who for some time has been connected with the Western Canada Fire Underwriters' Association has been appointed. Mr. Page will assume his new duties some time in January.

## OBITUARY NOTICES

**Sprague.**  
The remains of the late David K. Sprague were laid at rest yesterday afternoon. The funeral services were held in the Congregational church, Pandora street, at 2:30 p.m., the church being well filled with sympathizing friends, the late Mr. Sprague being widely known and well respected. The Rev. H. C. Carson conducted a very impressive service and was assisted by the Revs. Dr. Reid and Joseph McCoy who made touching reference to the Christian character of the deceased. The hymns sung were "Nearer My God to Thee," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" and "Peace, Perfect

"Joy rules each hearth and Christmas tree."

## A Joyous Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to All

## DRAKE HARDWARE CO.

608 Yates St.

Cor. Government St.

The firm that sells First Quality Groceries at live-and-let-live prices is

## Copas & Young

At the Corner of Fort and Broad Streets. No Specials, but our whole stock priced right. Patronize the boosters of free trade in food supplies.

NAVEL ORANGES, per dozen, 25c and .....17½¢  
ROBERTSON'S CANDIES, 2 lbs. for .....25¢  
XMAS STOCKINGS, each, 5c, 10c and .....25¢  
CADBURY'S, FRY'S, OR ROBERTSON'S CHOCOLATES, per box, 10c to .....75¢  
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S XMAS PLUM PUDDINGS, each, 35c, 65c and .....\$1.00  
C. & B.'s CRYSTALIZED CHERRIES, per lb. ....60¢  
C. & B.'s CRYSTALIZED MIXED FRUIT, per box, 35c and .....65¢  
CAPE COD CRANBERRIES, per lb. ....15¢  
NEW MIXED NUTS, per lb. ....20¢  
NEW SHELLED ALMONDS, extra large, per lb. ....40¢  
CRYSTALIZED GINGER, 1 lb. tin .....25¢  
NEW HOLLOW DATES, 3 lbs. for .....25¢  
POP CORN, 3 lbs. for .....25¢  
NEW SMYRNA TABLE FIGS, per lb., 25c, 20c and .....15¢  
NEW CALIFORNIA TABLE RAISINS, per lb. ....15¢  
Or 5 lb. box .....75¢  
NEW MALAGA TABLE RAISINS, per lb., 35c and .....25¢  
NORTHERN SPY APPLES, 4 pounds for .....25¢  
FINEST QUALITY ONTARIO TURKEYS, per lb. ....25¢  
CHOICE MALAGA GRAPES, per lb. ....25¢

Patronize the Store of the People and Save Money.

## COPAS & YOUNG

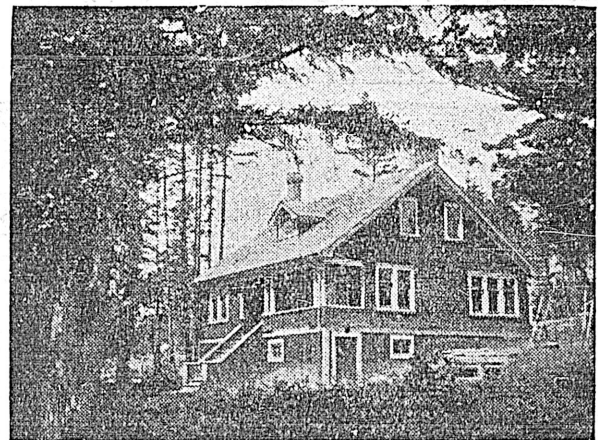
ANTI-COMBINE GROCERS  
Corner Fort and Broad Streets.

Phone 94 & 95.

Phone 94 & 95.

## FOR SALE EXCLUSIVELY BY The City Brokerage

1218 DOUGLAS STREET



This new modern residence containing seven rooms, overlooking the best part of the Gorge, ten minutes from car line; waterfront for boat house, including three-quarters of an acre, worth alone \$2,000.00. House cost \$2,750.00; septic tank and complete water service. The price for immediate sale is \$3,500 on easy terms.

Peace." The casket and hearse were laden with beautiful floral tributes and the cortege proceeded to Ross bay cemetery where the services were brought to a close by the Rev. E. A. Carson. The pallbearers were L. Tate, D. Tate, R. Howell, D. Grant, N. Shakespeare and J. Middleton.

**Emery.**  
The funeral of the late John Emery will take place from the family residence 416 Parry street on Monday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. The Rev. A. N. Miller will officiate.

The new Book of Common Prayers will be used at Christ Church Cathedral for the first time on Xmas Day. What more appropriate present than one of these, which we have in all bindings. M. W. Walitt & Co., Ltd.

## One Doctor

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Doctors have prescribed it for 70 years. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Have only one doctor—just one! No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by him. No sense in trying this thing, that this, for your cough, Croup, etc., deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it.

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## We Wish Everybody

A Most Happy Xmas and  
A Prosperous New Year

Hinton Electric Co., Ltd.

THE MARKET THAT SERVES YOU BEST

## Christmas Greeting TO ALL

WE HAVE much pleasure in wishing a Merry Christmas to our numerous patrons, thanking them one and all for their hearty support during the past year, and hope to merit a continuance of the same during the year upon which we are about to enter.

Yours very truly,

**Douglas Market**

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## Just Arrived a Large Consignment of ISLAND MILK-FED CHICKENS

Price 30 Cents Per Lb.

TURKEYS, per lb. 30c  
FRESH BOILED HAM, per lb. 40c  
Pork Sausages, Crumpets, and Muffins, Fresh Daily.

**Windsor Grocery Co.,** GOVERNMENT ST.  
Opposite Postoffice.

## Y. M. C. A.

### A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Give your boy a Y.M.C.A. ticket. He will get a whole year's healthy fun out of it.

Boys 12 to 14, per year \$3.00  
Boys 14 to 18, per year \$5.00  
Men's Membership full, per year \$7.00

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## ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS DIFFERENT

### IMPRESS UPON YOUR MIND THESE TWO SPECIAL FACTS

Robin Hood Flour must satisfy you in two fair trials or you can have your money back—it is the guaranteed flour.

Robin Hood Flour absorbs more moisture than other flours—therefore add more water when you use it and get a larger, whiter loaf.

Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co.  
Limited  
MOOSE JAW, SASK.

## In Woman's Realm

### Here and There

What can be said about Christmas that has not been said over and over again? And yet how should a woman's page appear on Christmas Day without some word about that festival which means so much to women.

The story of the Nativity itself is a glorification of Motherhood. In all Christian countries, the mother with the babe in her arms is the ideal of innocence and purity. During all his life the Founder of Christianity loved and revered women. They were among his most intimate friends and they returned his love and confidence with the deepest devotion. But he went further than this. Those whom men scorned and despised he uplifted and redeemed.

Not less should women be gratified for what Christianity has done for children. He who said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" gave childhood a new place in the world. There are deeper mysteries not to be touched on here but ever since the boy Jesus trod

the Galilean hills the world has been learning that the redemption of the world lies in its children.

Nothing that would add to the innocence and purity of home, that most sacred of all places, received a rebuke from Jesus as he went in and out among the homes of the people.

So let us keep our Christmas with all gladness of heart, remembering that in every kind thought, in every loving deed, may in all joyous laughter and happy festivity, He may be honored who once "Dwelt among us."

### A Lost Letter

Dear Santa Claus:—Would you please bring me a sword, a gun, a five, a drum, a twenty-dollar bill, a hundred pounds of candy, a pony and a bike. Two pounds of apples, a pair of skates, a sled, a fishing line, and some hooks, a turkey for dinner, a belt, a pair of boots, and a doll for sister.

P. S.—Please take these things to Billie Brown and his sister.

Age 11.  
It is hoped that the little boy who wrote this letter will have a Merry Christmas and as many presents as will make him perfectly happy.

## Famous Canadian Christmases

In the following paragraphs an effort has been made to look back over the past and to see how Christmas days have been spent by those who have won this vast country from the wilderness.

More than three hundred years ago a little band of gentlemen kept the first Christmas in Canada. Where the little old city of Annapolis now stands they had built the fort of Port Royal. The leaders were the great soldier and explorer, Champlain, his friend, the lawyer and author, Lescarbot and Pontrevert, to whose industry and faith in the country it was owing that the settlement was a permanent one.

To cheat exile of its terrors, they had founded L'Ordre de Bon Temps, and with merriment and good cheer spent the long nights of the winter. We may fancy that on the Christmas night of 1606 venison and game, cooked with the skill of which the members of the order boasted, graced the board. The great fire roared in the chimney, and the little table and pleasant rest they wished the year away. Permeant their voices blended in some outland of the wars so lately ended, or sweeter chanson of their boyhood days. But ere they parted the hearts of all turned homeward, and quiet settled upon the little group as in the flickering shadows the vision of wife and children or mother and sisters filled the thoughts of the brave pioneers. For once the vow of the order was forgotten, as with tear-dimmed eyes the members drank to La Belle France and the loved ones there.

Behind the little fortress of Quebec, where the soldiers and the fur-traders kept their guard against the savages that peopled New France, Monsieur and Madame Hebert cultivated their little farm. How did they spend that first Christmas in the keen bright air of their new home?

First, we may be sure, the devout pair, with their older children, attended the service in the little chapel, and worshipped the Holy Babe, in whose honor the day was kept.

Then from cellar and store was brought whatever was best, and the busy, diligent mother prepared the Christmas feast. With dance and song and merry tale the evening passed, for neither toll nor want nor hardship was able to rob these simple people of the light hearts that made their lives endurable.

Near an old French fort on Prince Edward Island, more than a century and a half later an English lord and lady, with their fair-haired children, sat around the table on Christmas night. Outside the wind swept across the ice-covered bay, and roared in the forest. An Indian encampment lay at a little distance, and along the shore were a few cottages of French fishermen. But none of their own blood and speech were near. But tonight no feeling of loneliness was allowed to interfere with the merriment of the children. They had sought in the boxes long unopened for the silver candlesticks and china that reminded them of their old home. Mother wore her most beautiful dress, and father the bright uniform they loved to see. Pretty frocks and brave suits made the little ones forget the bare floors and the rude furniture. Carols were sung, and stories of the old home. Then, with a merry romp the evening ended, and father and mother were left to comfort each other with the perfect love that makes of the humblest home an earnest of heaven.

Something like this we may suppose were the early Christmas days spent by Captain Holland and the gentlemen handovers of the little colony. The strong stern Puritans, to whose lot fell the task of conquering the forest, thought not of keeping Christmas. It was many a year before they learned to tolerate the innocent merrymaking that endears the day to children.

At noon on Christmas Day in 1783, six stalwart sons and their sisters sat with their mother and father, now growing old, around the table in their new home on the banks of the St. John river. The men had the bearing of soldiers, for they had fought on the English side in the war of independence. For they had forfeited their fine estate in New York, and now that the war was over chose to make their home in the wilderness.

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if somewhat rudely served meal, and do quickly opened and a woman carrying her baby rushed into the room. She was the wife of a settler whose husband had been forced to leave her alone, and the sight of a party of Indians had frightened her so that she braved the cold to seek safety. How she was welcomed and with what gentle kindness she was treated the men who have lived lonely lives in the wilderness know.

Before the dinner was over, however her fears proved groundless. The Indians rode up to the door and were soon receiving their share of the feast for they had learned to love and trust this man who had no room in heart for aught but peace and goodwill.

A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas! How the words resound through every corner of the house where the first governor of the Northwest, the Hon. David Laird, lived at Battleford, with his family. The stockings were emptied, letters and parcels received weeks before were opened and messages and tokens from relatives and friends far away brought smiles to the lips and tears to the eyes of the gentle lady who had come to share her husband's care and cheer his loneliness and of the devoted sister and aunt who accompanied her. The days that had passed were not free from anxiety. The office was not secure. Pow wows had been held and treaties made. But gradually ladies and children had grown used to the sight of the figures blanket clad and befeathered while the savages learned to trust the tall white man who never deceived them. So the Christmas dinner was eaten and the night spent with all fitting merriment by the party in the little town near the frontier of what will one day be two great states.

The due observance of Christmas in Victoria has been as old as the fort itself. There is no custom which can add to its enjoyment that has not been preserved by the oldtimers. The blazing pudding and the snapdragon, the Christmas tree and the well filled stocking delight the children and presents are bestowed with a lavishness unknown elsewhere. For it is only as a festival of home that the day is kept. In all the churches services are held and the quaint old carols are sung by the choirs.

We would fain have a picture of one of the old Christmas nights when Governor Douglas and his family, with friends and relatives, sat around the board. Some day perhaps it will be painted, but the task must be left to a more skillful pen. Let it be ours to cherish the memory of those by whom the spirit of love and good fellowship that lies at the heart of all Christmas greetings, and of our Christmas customs has been handed down to us. As we honor the pioneers who laid the foundation of our country, let us hope and work for our future greatness and wish to all from East to West A Merry, Merry Christmas.

### PEMBERTON CHAPEL

On Wednesday of next week the beautiful little chapel presented to Mrs. J. D. Pemberton by the Jubilee Hospital will be dedicated. It is hoped that old friends of the hospital will show their appreciation and sympathy by their attendance at the service. The following is the order of service: Organ Voluntary.

Long Metre Doxology.  
Invocation Prayer, Rev. F. T. Tapscott.  
Hymn, "This stone to Thee in Faith we lay."

Scripture Lesson (1 Kings 8, 22-30).  
Solo, "He shall feed His flock."  
"Come unto Me"

From Messiah—Handel  
Mrs. Gideon Hicks and Mrs. Harry Briggs

Address, Rev. Joseph McCoy  
Reading of Declaration and Deed of Gift.  
Rt. Rev. Bishop Perrin  
Presentation to Trustees

Dedicatory Prayer.  
Rt. Rev. Bishop Perrin  
Solo, "If with all your hearts"

From Elijah  
A. T. Goward, Esq.  
Address, Rev. A. Henderson  
Solo, "O rest in the Lord"

Mrs. Gideon Hicks  
Hymn "Rejoice today with one accord"  
Benediction, Rev. H. A. Carson  
Musical service led by Ladies Choir

Organist—Miss Fox  
Violinist—Mr. Jesse Longfield

The Secret.  
Wife (reminiscing)—"Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John."  
John (absent-mindedly)—"I know—but who told you?"—The Sketch.

Physiological.  
"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"  
"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—The Bits.

Like an Opera.  
Oletemer—"Is your married life one grand sweet song?"  
Newlywed—"Well, since our baby's been born it's been more like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every night."—Musical America.

Carrying It Far.  
"So when Belle rejected John, he went immediately and proposed to Maud." "Yet; but that wasn't the best of it. What do you think? He gave Maud an order on Belle for the engagement ring."—Boston Transcript.

A New Attachment.  
The editor of the magazine was somewhat dubious. "Curious," said he, "that this anecdote of Napoleon has never been in print before." "It has been in print before," explained the space writer, "but not attached to Napoleon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gold of the world when the sun is up, And the bloom of the gorse bounds everywhere.  
As the amber lamp on the buttercup So is her hair.

Moon of the night when the stars are hid  
And her silver beams are on every place;  
As a lotus lily that opens its lid So is her face.

Soft as a dream when the shadows fall, When the toil and heat of the hours depart, and the peace of the night comes, And the gray doves coo in the ivied wall,  
So is her heart.

—Pall Mall Gazette

## XMAS GREETINGS

ONCE more old Time has brought around its Christmas time of pleasures. We wish Victorians, every one, all joys, in fullest measure.

**M. W. WAITT & CO., LTD.**

Herbert Kent, Manager

## TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

In a tumbler of excellent "wassail," we wish you all possible happiness at this

### CHRISTMAS SEASON

We feel convinced that you will pledge us in return and drink success to

**The West End Grocery Company, Ltd.**

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## XMAS TURKEY

ISLAND TURKEY, per lb.	30c
SELECTED GRAIN FED TURKEYS	25c
SELECTED GRAIN FED GEES	20c
SELECTED GRAIN FED CHICKEN	22c
HIND QUARTERS ISLAND MUTTON	18c
FORE QUARTERS ISLAND MUTTON	12c
PRIME RIBS BEEF	11c
SHOULDER ROASTS BEEF	8c
CHOICE YOUNG PICKLED PORK HAMS	15c
CHOICE YOUNG PICKLED PORK SHOULDERS	15c
BEEF OR HAM BOLOGNA	10c
ISLAND SPRING LAMB, 2c and	16c
SHOULDERS OF PORK	12c

## IDEAL MEAT MARKET

Purveyors of High Quality

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"At Christmas Play and make Good Cheer,  
For Christmas comes but Once a Year."

## Warm Greetings to Our Friends and Patrons

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Where You Get the Best and Cheapest

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## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000

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## BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

\$5 and under	3 cents
Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10	6 cents
" 10 " " " 30	10 cents
" 30 " " " 50	15 cents

These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (except in the Yukon) and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay.

Geo. Gillespie, Manager, Victoria Branch

### Two of a Kind.

The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not "fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the cook "you oughtn't place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! They come to me in just

the same way about your lectures."—The Argonaut.

Look's bad! Vancouver won't build a challenger for the Alexandra cup this winter. This means that it is scarcely probable that the Victoria yachtsmen will put a boat in the running. Even if they wished to it's a little late to start. Have to possess our souls in patience, waiting until 1911 to bring that silverware from the other side.

# MAGIC

Used by the best Bakers

and Caterers everywhere also by Chefs in the large hotels and on Dining Cars, Steamships, Steamboats, etc.

It is wise to use food products that are produced in clean factories.

**E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.**  
TORONTO, ONT.

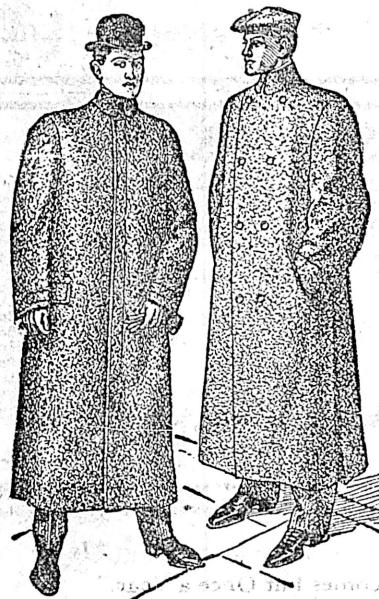
# BAKING POWDER



# Christmas Greetings

We sincerely wish  
you all a very  
Merry Christmas

FINCH & FINCH



## There Is Real Economy

Motor Over-Coats  
*Sovereign Brand*  
Motor Over-Coats

Their cost is extremely low when compared with the materials of which they are made, their style and superior workmanship.

Ask your dealer for Sovereign Brand. Write us if he does not keep it.

W. E. SANFORD MFG. CO.,  
LIMITED  
Hamilton Winnipeg

FOLEY'S

# PREMIER

GRAHAM WAFERS

Taste one of Foley's Graham Wafers—then taste one from any other factory. We are willing to accept your judgment as to which is best.

That is the standard we have set for ourselves in making Foley's Graham Wafers—they must be the best, or we won't ship them. Good will not satisfy us. They must be best.

In eating Foley's Graham Wafers you will note the deliciously rich "full flavor" and THE SAME FRESHNESS THAT YOU GET IN FOLEY'S SODAS.

As in the case of the sodas, after securing a perfect wafer by using pure ingredients and the highest skill in baking, we also make sure that they will reach the buyer fresh, crisp, in perfect condition.

Shipped the day made, in air-tight boxes and tins—never taken from made-up stock. Just as delightfully flavored when placed on your table as when they leave the factory.

FOLEY'S OATMEAL WAFERS

The immense popularity of our oat-meal wafers has been won distinctly by Foley quality. They have had a steady growth in popular favor.

Do you know the exceptionally pleasing features of these wafers—their highly nutritious value as a food? Nothing healthier for the family to eat than Foley's Oatmeal Wafers.

FOLEY BROS. LARSON & CO.  
EDMONTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

## EASY VICTORY FOR STANLEY AT TACOMA

TACOMA, Dec. 23.—Running easily all the way and finishing with a fine burst of speed, William Stanley, the San Francisco runner who has been running in Victoria, last night won the 10-mile indoor race at Dreamland rink, distancing his nearest competitor by 13 laps, or almost a mile. Louis Heldinger, the Alaskan, was second, 13 laps behind Stanley, while Rinaldo Wilson of Tacoma was third, four laps behind Heldinger. Clearly, another Tacoma runner who began the race dropped out in the seventh mile.

The time as announced by the judges was 52 minutes and 14 seconds, which breaks Alfred Shrubbs' record for indoor running by a minute and one second. However, there is little likelihood that the record will ever be recognized as the course has not been measured with a steel tape and there was a difference of opinion among the timers as to the time. Stanley believes he can beat any man in the world and issued a public challenge after the race.

There was no question about Stanley's superiority. He gave Wilson and

Clearly a handicap of one lap and started from scratch with Heldinger, who refused the handicap. Stanley set a stiff pace at the start and soon took the lead, overcoming the handicaps of the other two men. The spectators expected to see him slow up as the race wore on, but he kept going at the same pace, gaining a lap on the other runners in about every eight. Long before the race was over it was evident that Stanley would win unless he collapsed. He finished strong and his last lap gained half the distance around the rink in one circuit.

## MANY CURLERS TO PLAY AT NELSON

ROSSLAND, Dec. 23.—The British Columbia Curling Association held its annual meeting here at which the most important matter was the decision to hold a bonspiel in Nelson on January 24th, weather permitting. It was ascertained that a large number of rinks would be prepared to enter.

The following officers were elected: H. P. McCraney, Rossland, patron; J. G. Bunyan, Nelson, president; W. G. McMillan, Greenwood, first vice-president; James Buchanan, Trail, second

vice-president; A. McCowan, Cranbrook, third vice-president; Rev. F. H. Graham, Nelson, chaplain; George A. Hunter, Nelson, secretary-treasurer. Executive committee: C. D. Blackwood, D. Guthrie, F. A. Starkey, Nelson; J. A. Hartley, Phoenix; J. S. C. Fraser, Rossland; Judge Wilson, Cranbrook. Representatives were present from Nelson, Rossland, Trail, Phoenix, Greenwood and Cranbrook.

## ATELL AND MOWAT FIGHT ON MONDAY

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 23.—Abe Atell and Tommy Mowatt, of this city, will box ten rounds before the Twentieth City Athletic club here next Monday night. The match will be at catch weights. Interest attaches to the bout because Mowatt has been out of the ring for four years, and upon his showing in this fight largely depends whether he will re-enter the boxing game.

Stanley, the Swedish distance runner, known to all Victorians, won at Tacoma. At last he has succeeded in taking premier honors. That is the reward of perseverance.

**TODAY'S ATTRACTIONS**  
**Road Race.**  
Empress Club's annual handicap, starting at 10 o'clock from the hotel.  
**Association Football.**  
Victoria West vs. A. O. F., starting at 10 o'clock at Oak Bay. (Island League match.)  
North Ward vs. Baraca, starting at 10 o'clock on Beacon Hill upper grounds.  
Y. M. C. A. vs. Regiment, starting at 10 o'clock at Beacon Hill lower grounds.  
Esquimalt vs. Beacon Hill, starting at 10 o'clock at the Canteen grounds.  
**Golf.**  
Men's foursome competition at Oak Bay links.

## WESTS TO MEET A. O. F. TODAY

First of I. L. Series Between Local Teams Takes Place This Morning

## BIG MATCH AT OAK BAY GROUNDS

Three Excellent Second Division Games Will Be Played on Different Grounds

Victoria West vs. A. O. F.  
To soccerites the above is today's banner attraction. It is an Island League game; the first of a really local character; starts at 10 o'clock; and the conflict's scene is the Oak Bay arena.  
Words would be wasted in an attempt to show just how inevitable it is that the contest should be worth the money paid at the gate and the time exhausted in watching it. Hence let it suffice to say that the Wests are the holders of last year's city league championship, that they are well in the lead in the race for the prize of 1909-10, and that they have visions of the Island plum and after that, the premier British Columbia place. With all that at stake it goes without saying that they are going to do their "durstest" to turn the aces. And, in behalf of the A. O. F., it should be added that with a strong combination of the finest that has been assembled here since the day of the old Victoria-Columbia potlatches, they may be relied upon to give the lads from across the harbor more than a mere Christmas dinner appetizer.

**Second Division Games.**  
Here they are:  
North Ward vs. Baraca.  
Y. M. C. A. vs. Regiment.  
Esquimalt vs. Beacon Hill.  
There's a great variety there for the choice of the enthusiast. After glancing over them should any prove tempting all that is necessary is to scan the summary of today's attractions to find where and when they will be played. Two of the teams indicated have more than a win to think of—that is a victory will mean more to them and a defeat more serious than to the others. These are the Beacon Hill and North Ward aggregations. Both are making a strong run for the championship. The Hills are at the zenith and the other eleven follow closely. Among the followers of the series the struggle is being closely watched. Every fixture finds them out in force to see whether the Hills slip a cog and drop or whether North Ward meets with a similar misadventure. With one exception the one of the most interesting that has been brought off among the second divisioners for years.

**After Seniors' Scapals.**  
And the boys who work in that section aren't at all fearful of the seniors. They regard them with a complacent feeling of equality—perhaps superiority. In order that it may be decided just how they stack up against those associating with them first the suggestion has been made that, on the completion of the league an eleven be chosen from the best of the organization to meet the winners of the Victoria trophy.  
When that comes watch the sparks fly!

## VANCOUVER PLANS A MODERN YACHT CLUB

The destruction of their club house by fire hasn't discouraged members of the Vancouver Yacht club.  
A new home costing \$10,000—quarters that may be utilized by both the yacht and rowing organizations—is planned.  
Already the preliminary steps have been taken in that direction. Work will begin without delay and it is hoped that early next spring the club will be ready for occupancy.

The misfortune has had only one bad effect. It has induced the club to decide not to undertake the construction of a yacht to enter the Alexandra Cup competition in the next annual international meet to be held here next July. Had the Terminal City shouldered the responsibility it is possible that Victoria would have done something along the same line in connection with the race might be a three-cornered affair. Now the consensus of opinion locally is that this city will march time, deeming it sufficiently heavy a duty to prepare for the regatta, to entertain the thousand or more visitors who will be here at that time, and to prove that entries for the other events included in the program.

## CALIFORNIANS MEET CANADIANS TODAY

After months of training, fresh from a try-out on the campus of the University of Washington, ruddy with the glow of health and keen to get in the game, the California student rugby team meets Vancouver's best at the Terminal City today in the first of a series of matches for the possession of the Keith trophy, which bears with it the Pacific Coast championship.  
It looks as though the southerners would win again. They are trained to

**THORPES** old English  
**GINGER BEER**  
has a smack of its own

## BOWLING

Fort Street Alleys now open.  
Ten Cents Per Game

## JAMES BAY BALL NEW YEAR'S EVE

The dance to be given on New Year's Eve, under the auspices of the Rugby members of the James Bay Athletic association, promises to be one of the events of the season. The committee has been hard at work for some time past on the various details, and will be assisted in the table decorations by a company of young ladies. Chaparrones for the occasion will be announced later.  
The musical programme, as arranged by Miss Heater, who has charge of the orchestra, will be as follows:  
Extra waltz.  
1—Waltz ..... O Pichle  
2—Two step ..... In My Aeroplane  
3—Waltz ..... Up in My Aeroplane  
4—Two Step ..... Don't Take Me Home  
5—Barn ..... Three Twins  
6—Waltz ..... Cliribibin  
7—Two Step ..... Cubanola Glide  
8—Waltz ..... Oriental  
9—Two Step ..... Wild Cherries  
10—Waltz ..... Easter Lilies  
11—New Year two step ..... Big Night Tonight.  
Extras, 1, 2, 3.  
12—Waltz ..... In Old Vienna  
13—Two step ..... Corn Shucks  
14—Waltz ..... Marsova  
15—Three step ..... Lucky Morn  
16—Two Step ..... Black and White  
17—Waltz ..... Dolores  
18—Two Step ..... Dixi Jungle  
19—Waltz ..... Jolly Fellows

## SHOOTING SEASON NEARING AN END

Joy of Yuletide Tinctured With Regret Because Approach of Game Protection

Another week and the 1909 shooting season will be at an end.  
While probably there are none who enter into the festivities of Yuletide with more whole-hearted abandon than the sportsman, because the coming of Christmas means the close approach of the close season, his joy is tinctured with regret.  
There are many genuine enthusiasts who will even forswear their Christmas dinner in order that they may have an opportunity of spending the holiday with nature, their favorite shotgun and dog. Never does the 25th of December roll around but that on the morning E. & N. train carries a few of these disciples of Nimrod to some little log cabin—their country headquarters in and out of season, the point from which they are prone to peregrinate in search of the fleet-winged willow, the more clammy grouse, and the wild gaudy garbed pheasant. Some of these loyal votaries of the chase will be out today.  
On New Year's day the storm arm of the law encloses the feathered game in an all-encompassing embrace, warning off all who would dare trespass with an uncompromising countenance.  
With the beginning of January the sportsmen will begin to look forward to the coming fall. During this period of hybernation it is thought that there will be revived the long dead fish and game club. That there is a use for this organization and that it should be revived for certain purposes is the opinion of a number of those interested in British Columbia game protection and, likewise, in the safeguarding of the lives of those in the habit of doing a healthy amusement in tracking down the denizens of Vancouver Island's forests when the law allows.  
What are these important matters? The game of the district round about Victoria is decreasing. Of that there isn't the slightest doubt. There are some who would be willing to forebear if they thought that, at the end of that period, there would be sufficient improvement to warrant the patience. And there are others who think that a nominal license fee should be imposed by the Provincial government in order that pot hunters would be discouraged, the number flaunting firearms decreased, and the danger of accidents minimized.  
These are the issues which remain for the sportsmen to deal with and it is for their consideration that many

**CUTLERY**  
G. Wostenholm and Sons' "I X L" Brand  
H. Boker & Co's "Tree" Brand  
We carry the largest stock in the City, including over 500 styles of Pen and Pocket Knives.  
Carvers and Table Cutlery in Great Variety  
See our special souvenir Pocket Knife of Vancouver Island  
**E. G. Prior & Co., Ltd. Ly.**

**CHRISTMAS, 1909**  
So the years flow on, and one Christmas follows another, and we eat and drink and are merry; we greet our Xmas friends and we speed the parting guest and look forward to another merry meeting when old Father Time has made another revolution of his wheel.  
**COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO FRIENDS AND PATRONS.**  
**W. G. Cameron**  
The Cash Clothier. 581, Johnson Street.

**AN XMAS JINGLE**  
"Now Christmas has come, let us beat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbors together,  
And when they appear, let us make such good cheer  
As will keep out the wind and the weather."  
**COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL.**  
J. R. COLLISTER  
Successor to John Barnsley & Co. 1821 GOVT. ST. PHONE 663

A word of warning. If you are not careful inferior liquor may be substituted by dishonest dealers.  
B. C. Wine Co., Ltd., 585 Granville St., Vancouver.

**PEDEN BROS.**  
920 Government Street Opp. Weiler Bros.  
GENTLEMEN'S PURSES AND BILL BOOKS, from 25c to \$4.00  
BOYS' AND MEN'S SWEATERS AND SWEATER VESTS, \$1.25 to \$5.00  
FOOTBALLS AND FOOTBALL BOOTS at reduced prices  
RAZORS from \$1.25 to \$5.00  
POCKET KNIVES from 25c to \$2.00  
BOYS' AIR GUNS, \$1.25 to \$2.00

**VICTORIA WEST CLUB MEETS NEXT TUESDAY**  
A most important meeting of the Victoria West Athletic Association will be held in the Club Rooms next Monday night, December 27, when matters of finance and general business will be transacted. The Intermediate and junior basketball teams will be properly organized, captains selected, regular about for midweek arranged, etc. Many matters of the first and second division football teams will also be dealt with, and it is likely that the advisability of holding another of the West End popular dances early in the new year will be discussed. It is hoped that a good attendance is present and every member is asked to be sure and be on hand.  
**LAUDER AND STANDEN MEET AT VANCOUVER**  
VANCOUVER, Dec. 24.—Vancouver boxing fans hail with delight the announcement that Billy Lauder, the lightweight champion of Canada, and Rod Standen the clever Australian lightweight will box twenty rounds at North Vancouver about the middle of next month for the lightweight title. This should be the best card ever arranged by local promoters and the boys will undoubtedly perform before a packed house. The Burke-Doherty affair proved to be a poor match. But it is pointed out that this was the only mediocre exhibition that has been staged in the Ambitious city. Burke was too strong for his opponent and there was no stopping the former amateur champion when the going sent the men into action.  
We've had a little skating here this winter, but nothing that may be said to count. It's the more surprising, therefore, to read in a Tacoma Journal that the lakes and small ponds in the outskirts of the city are reported to be frozen over.  
(Additional Sport Page 19.)

**AT HALF TIME**  
After all it hasn't been definitely decided that Battling Nelson shall go to the Old Country to meet Freddie Welsh. The Battler says that he has two propositions before him—the one to fight the lightweight champion of the British Isles in his own land or to take on Ad Wolgast in America. Of the latter the champion says: "He looks up a better card than McFarlane, Thompson, Hyland or any of the others."  
The idea of admitting Portland to the Northwest Baseball League doesn't meet with the approval of all concerned. It is thought that it would be wiser to confine the teams to the northwestern centres. Everett has made application for a franchise and not unlikely will receive a favorable reply.  
Stanley Ketchell, the champion middleweight of the world, left for his home at Grand Rapids, Michigan, some days ago to spend Christmas. Before leaving he announced that George Little would be his manager. Jack Johnson is the authority that Ketchell is firmly fixed on the toboggan because of falling into the habit of indulging in the "babe" in San Francisco. Few believe the report. It seems incredible.  
Rod Standen, the lightweight who was sent forth from Nanaimo with a reputation achieved in Australia behind him, has reached the goal for which he has been striving. Some time next month he will meet "Billy" Lauder, at North Vancouver, for the Canadian championship.  
The Chicago "White Sox" are expected to tour the coast. Charlie Comiskey, the owner, is negotiating with the Sound cities to make a trip this way in March and April. What's the matter with bringing them to Vancouver Island? Herr Willie, here's your chance.



# The New Pemberton Block

Offices and stores to rent in British Columbia's mammoth fireproof office building, the finest in the province—the last word in modern office buildings.

---

Plans and particulars are now ready and may be seen at the offices of Pemberton & Son, 614 Fort Street.

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Single offices, suites and connecting apartments, also a portion of the large and well lighted basement.

# The New Pemberton Block



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

F. W. Rolf, of Edmonton, is an Em-press guest.

H. E. Newton went over to Seattle last evening to spend Christmas.

E. H. Fletcher left last night on the Princess Victoria on a trip to Seattle.

H. R. Houston went over to Seattle last evening on the Princess Charlotte.

Dr. L. T. Leavey, from Port Towns-er, is a visitor in town.

Mr. F. W. Rolf, from Edmonton, is a Christmas visitor in town.

Mrs. Pooley, Lampson street, was hostess at a very smart dance last evening.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Ewing, from Prince Rupert, are visitors in town for Christmas.

Mr. William Moserip, from Prince Rupert, is in Victoria, and will spend Christmas here.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Creeden, from Cal-gary, are spending some little time in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Dundas are going up to Shawinigan to spend Christmas with Colonel and Mrs. Dundas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Felden, from Se-attle, are spending Christmas at Oak Bay.

Mr. T. M. Chatterley, from Tacoma, is spending Christmas in town, the guests of relatives in Fort street.

Mr. D. E. Fitzgerald, from Alberni, is spending Christmas in town, and is a guest at the Empress.

Mr. T. H. Hopwood and Mr. S. M. Godfrey, from London, England, are Christmas visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Haywood, from Boston, Mass., are spending Christmas in Victoria.

J. D. Fraser, of Ladysmith, is re-lieving Chief Despatcher Armstrong during the holidays.

Mrs. George Winter and son Ronald have gone over to Vancouver to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Win-ter's brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Winkworth, from Fulham, London, England, are the guests of relatives in town for Christmas.

J. H. Brownlee, James Anderson, J. W. Givens and James W. Smith are the Vancouverites spending Christmas at the Empress.

L. V. and Mrs. Cuppage, of Vancou-ver, are spending Christmas with the latter's parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. W. Powell, of "Oakdene."

Building Inspector W. W. Northeott left yesterday for Ladysmith, where he will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Miss Herma Wilson returned home yesterday from Seattle to spend the Christmas Tide at home with her pa-rents.

Among the passengers on the Prin-cess Charlotte last night for Seattle were H. Greenfield, Miss Home, J. A. Gardner, Miss Anderson and W. T. Black.

Ovington Watt, Vancouver, and Arch-bald Watt, Seattle, arrived home yester-day to spend Christmas with their parents at Dunelm, Menzies street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Denborough, from Ottawa, are spending Christmas on the coast, and are at present in Victoria.

Mr. Lyle B. Moss arrived in the city yesterday afternoon on the Princess Victoria from Seattle to spend the Christmas holidays with his nu-merous friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Penketh and Mrs. Penketh's sister of Bremerton, Wash., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Penkeths, Frederick street.

Among Vancouver visitors at pres-ent in town are: Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Greer, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. J. H. Brownlee, Mr. James W. Smith, Mr. S. W. A. Code, Mr. A. MacDonald, Mr. W. H. Goggins, Mr. S. F. Fontner, Mr. T. Russell, Mr. R. Power, Mr. D. S. S. Seater, Mr. Thomas Clouston, Mr. W. Eastmeade, Mr. and Mrs. Chapelle, Mr. W. E. Dallyn, Mr. S. T. Marsden, Mr. R. T. Vyvyan, Mr. C. T. Yvonn, Mr. W. F. Zuck, and Mr. Howard Abbin.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

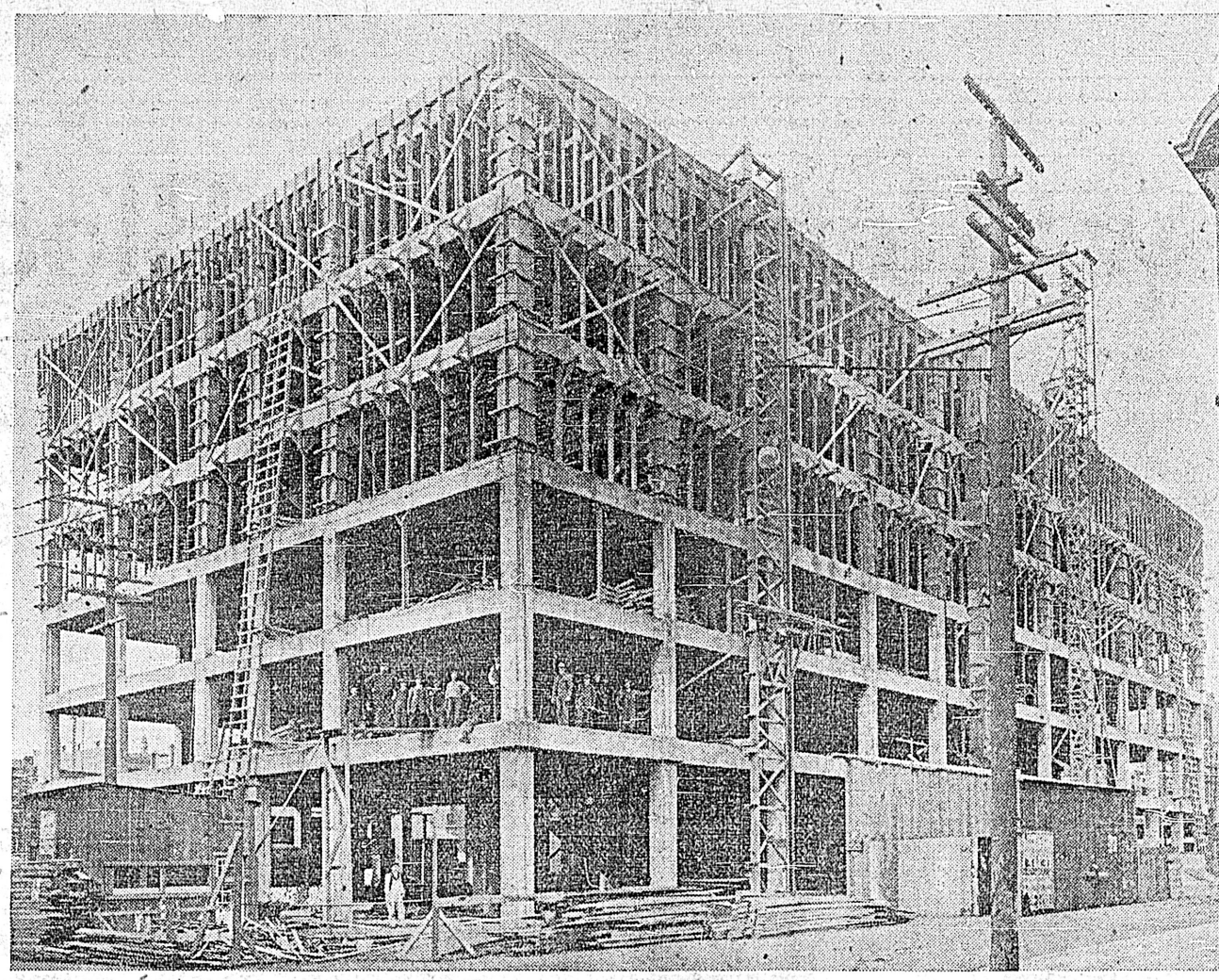
**Shaftesbury Society's Subscription**  
Sir:—On behalf of the society, we wish to express our hearty thanks to the officers of Sunday Schools and the public generally who have so in-terested themselves and willingly sub-scribed to the Xmas Dinner Fund for poor children. When this fund was started in 1904 it never was intended to organize a canvass for subscrip-tions but simply a once voluntary of-fertings. Enthusiastic supporters of the cause have canvassed from time to time but always with the authority of the treasurer. The one hundred and sixteen pounds cabled on Friday will be expended on public dinners in the poorest districts of London. In-vitations are given only to those most needy. Late subscriptions are being forwarded by mail and are used by the society for the benefit of crippled children.

We wish to express hearty thanks for the cordial co-operation of the Press.

J. T. DEAVILLE, Chairman.  
W. B. FISHER, Secretary.  
A. J. BRACE, Treasurer.

**Will Benefit Regina.**  
REGINA, Sask., Dec. 24.—The steel-laying gang has started work placing rails on the Regina-Buleya extension of the Canadian Pacific. A large gang is at work, and only twelve miles re-main to be connected up, the new road should be opened shortly after the first of the new year. Opening of the line will give Regina a new direct connection with Saskatchewan via the Canadian Northern. It will also form a connecting link between the Kirk-la branch and the Regina and Shepo branch, and Regina is thus adding greatly to the desale territory tribu-tary to the city.

New Pemberton Block as it Appears Today



If any one thing more than another is required to prove the prosperous time and solid future of the city, it is the new Pemberton block, a photo of which in course of erection appears.

The new building stands on the site of the old Pemberton building (meas-uring 88 feet on Fort street, 138 feet on Broad street, and 88 feet on Brough-ton street) which was destroyed by fire in March last. Since that time a large force of men have been employ-ed, averaging 100 men per day, whose total wages amount to over \$50,000. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be obtained from the fol-lowing figures, obtained from the ar-chitects G. C. Mesher & Co., who are also the builders, which represent a portion of the work done and materials used on the building in its present stage.

Over 2,000 loads of brick and rubbish were removed from the site, and 12,000 yards of clay carted away; 250 tons of steel have been used in re-inforcing the columns floors and beams, 3,700 yards of rock, 1,700 yards of sand and 20,400 sacks of cement were used in the concrete work, and 600,000 feet of lumber and 200 kegs of nails were used in con-structing the forms. The plan used for carrying on the work is operated by six electric motors and is the best of its kind.

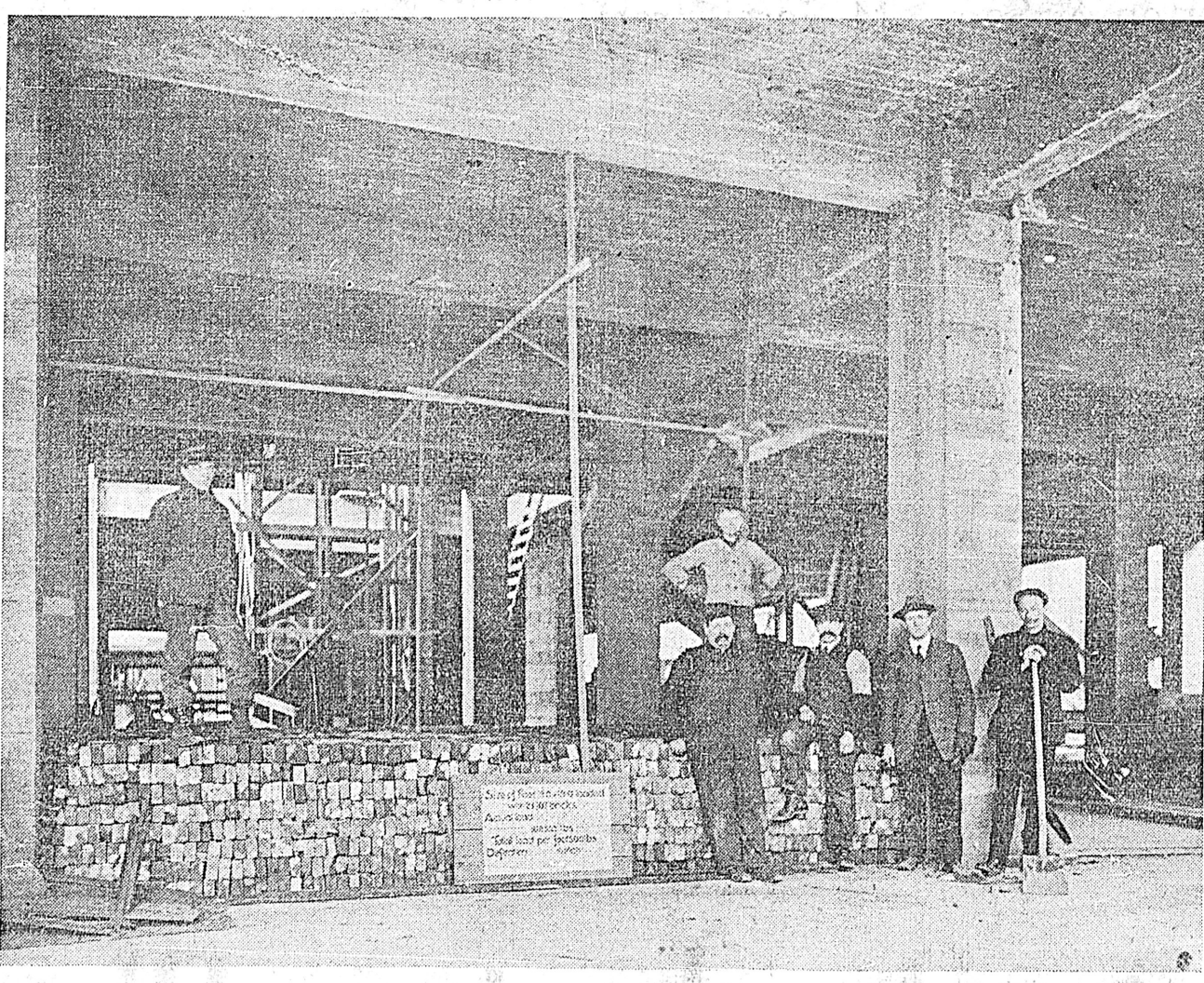
**The Extent.**  
The building contains 107,575 square feet of floor space, and consists of a basement and six floors above. The basement, which extends under the sidewalks on three streets, will be well lighted with 2,600 square feet of side-walk lights, and will be fitted up to suit the tenants. Five flights of stairs will give access from the street.

There are two entrances, one on Fort street and one on Broughton street, with three elevators of the lat-est type ensuring a quick service to all the offices.

The second, third, fourth and part of the fifth floors will be divided into 170 large offices, forty of which will con-tain large fire-proof vaults construct-ed of reinforced concrete. The re-maining part of the fifth floor and all of the sixth will be devoted entirely to the use of the Pacific Club, which will be handsomely fitted up, and one fea-ture of which will be the large billiard room, 56x62 feet of clear floor space without columns, entirely lighted by nine large skylights. The west win-dows of the club's quarters will com-mand a view of some of the most magnificent scenery in the world.

The building will be heated by steam and lighted throughout by elec-tricity on the most modern meth-ods.

**Fire Proof Throughout.**  
Concrete, re-inforced with the Kahn system of trussed steel has been used in the construction of the building throughout, making it absolutely fire-proof. That great care has been used



A Floor of the Pemberton Block, Showing the brick piled in centre to test its strength

**Member for Dufferin**  
ORANGEVILLE, Dec. 24.—John A. Best, of Mulmur, was elected by ac-clamation today as member of the Dominion house from Dufferin. The seat was formerly held by Dr. Barr, who died suddenly recently. No Liberal candidate was nominated.

**May End Life in Prison.**  
CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 24.—Fritz Diehn, alias Chapman, convicted a few days ago of switching a valise contain-ing over \$1,000 at Tilbury over a year ago, was sentenced yesterday to ten years in penitentiary. Diehn is now 61 years-old, and is a noted crook.

**W. J. Bryan Ill.**  
JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 24.—W. J. Bryan, who has been in this city for several days as the guest of his cou-sin, Ex-Governor Wm. S. Jennings, was too ill tonight to deliver his scheduled address at the Duval theatre for the benefit of a local hospital. Mr. Bry-an is suffering from a severe cold, and is threatened with pneumonia. He has cancelled all future dates and will remain here for several days.

**British Capital in Canada**  
LONDON, Dec. 24.—Canada, in the opinion of stock brokers, is greatly benefiting from the moment from the feeling of insecurity created by the political tension and threatened in-ccrease in taxation. Leading Canadian bank agencies here say that during the past few months \$36,000,000 has been deposited in the principal banks in Canada by British investors, with in-structions to re-invest in Canada with interest as it accrues, and so avoid the British income tax and the super-tax.

HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1, 1908.  
"For seven years, I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tum-or." I could neither sit, stand nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain.



MRS. JAMES FENWICK.  
My cure seemed hopeless and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, how-ever, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said: "The dead has come to life," and this seemed liter-ally true, because I certainly was at death's door."

(Sgd.) Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.  
"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—3 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ot-tawa.

Davies & Sons

742 Fort Street, Phone 742  
VIEW ST., between Quadra and Van-couver, 60 x 120, with 5-roomed house in good condition. Price \$4500.  
ROSE ST., 70 x 133, 6-roomed house. Good buy. Price .....\$3300  
ONE ACRE, Burnside road, good ground, no rock. Price .....\$2050  
TENTH ACRES, near Alberni. Price .....\$3000  
CORNER LOT, 50 x 135, cor. Shakes-peare and Denman sts. Price .....\$425  
Terms and other information at

Davies & Sons

Auctioneers and Estate Agents  
742 Fort Street - Phone 742

Stewart Williams & Co.

Duly instructed by the executor of the late Mrs. Wallace, will sell by PUB-LIC AUCTION at  
1116 FORT STREET  
JUST ABOVE COOK STREET,  
ON  
Tuesday, Dec. 28  
AT 2 O'CLOCK,  
A QUANTITY OF  
Household Furniture and Effects  
Including Large Range, Cooking Uten-sils, 3 Kitchen Tables, Kitchen chairs, Sewing Machine, Linoleum, Dinner Service, Tea Sets, Crockery, Glass Ware, Cutlery, Ex. Table, Walnut Sideboard, Chairs, Arm Chairs, a quantity of Books, several up Arm Chairs, Oc. Tables, Jardinieres, Set-tees, Sofa, Wicker Chairs, several double and single Iron Bedsteads, Spring and Top Mattresses, Blankets, Pillows, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Bureaus, and Washstands, Toilet Ware, Jugs, Vases, 2 Lawn Mowers, Hose, Tools, Lady's Bicycle, Curtains, Large Chest of Drawers, Jam Jars, Clock, Carpets, Matting, Rugs, and other goods too numerous to mention.  
On view the morning of the sale.

The Walker House

Toronto's Favorite Hotel  
Adjoins Union Station. Cars to all parts pass doors. Spacious rooms remodelled and handsomely furnished. The cuisine is un-surpassed. American and Euro-pean plans.  
Geo. Wright and Mack Carroll, Late of Winnipeg, Proprietors.

Important Sale of Curios, Naval Goods, Etc.

STEWART WILLIAMS & COMPANY  
Duly Instructed by THE ALASKA BAZAAR, will sell by Public Auction at 1120 GOVERNMENT STREET  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY  
at 2:30 o'clock  
MONDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY  
at 8 o'clock  
the whole of their valuable stock of  
CURIOS CURIOS CURIOS  
Including Brasseware, Benares Ware, Damascus Ware, Moradabad Ware, Vases, Fancy Goods, Leather Goods, Copper Kettles, Brass Candlesticks, Silverware, Moccasins, Shell Goods, Purses, Necklaces, Antiques, Sou-venir Goods, Amber Goods, Spoons, Scarf Pins, Brooches, Walking Sticks, etc.; also a Walnut Desk, Electric and Gas Fittings, Shelving, Glass Cases, Picture Post Card Stands, Tables, Heater, and other goods too numerous to mention.  
On view all the time.  
STEWART WILLIAMS THE AUCTIONEER

A DELICIOUS DRINK BAKER'S COCOA



Made by a scientific blend-ing of the best tropical fruit. It is a perfect food, highly nourishing and easily digested.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.  
Established 1769 Dorchester, Mass.  
Branch House: 86 St. Peter St., Montreal

The British Columbia Dairyman's Association

Under the auspices of the Pro-vincial Government Department of Agriculture, will hold a  
Dairy Farm Competition  
Running from  
1st January to 31st Dec. 1910  
PRIZES TO BE AWARDED.  
CHALLENGE CUP  
Cup to be won three times, not necessarily in succession, before becoming the absolute property of competitor.  
A Gold Medal will be awarded to the successful competitor se-curing the cup each year, as also will Silver and Bronze Medals be given the next two best com-petitors in order of merit.  
Entries close 1st January, 1910.  
For further particulars and entry forms, apply to  
R. W. HODSON, Secretary-treasurer, Live Stock Commissioner's Of-fice, Department of Agricul-ture, Victoria, B. C.  
N.B.—Competitors before enter-ing competition must be duly enrolled as members of the Brit-ish Columbia Dairyman's As-sociation, the membership fee be-ing One Dollar, which fee be-forewarded to the above-named Secretary-treasurer.

Convenient and Comfortable



STUDY THE MATTER  
of heat, and the quality and price of the appliances for producing both and then let us figure with you on  
PLUMBING AND STEAM HEATING.  
We can save you money. All our Heating Appliances are new in design and constructed on improved princi-ples. Do not place your order until you have secured our prices. We will be pleased to give you an estimate.

HAYWARD & DODS

Sanitary Plumbing and Heating, Fort street.  
To the Electors of Saanich Municipality  
Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having de-cided to offer myself as candidate at the forthcoming election for Reeve, I beg to solicit your votes and influence.  
H. PUCKLE  
Subscribe for THE COLONIST



## 'Phone 2040



# VICTORIA REAL ESTATE

## Corner Lot On Fort Street

Two stores and two dwellings, fronts on three streets

**\$15,500** PRICE—QUICK SALE **\$15,500**

SOLE AGENTS

Established 1890

**R. S. DAY & B. BOGGS**

Telephone 30

620 FORT STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

## For Sale

Lot 60 x 120 with cottage situate on Fort Street.

**PRICE**  
**\$5300**

Four street car services on Fort St. This is bound, now and in the future, to influence the business growth of Fort St.

**SWINERTON & MUSGRAVE**

1206 Government St.

## ALL GOOD INVESTMENTS

YATES STREET—Between Douglas and Blanchard, 60 x 120 .....\$39,000  
QUADRA STREET, corner 120x120 close in, three two-story houses in good repair. Rents \$65 per month. Quadra street has a good business future. Only .....\$7,500  
FORT STREET, corner of Cook street, double corner. A good speculation at .....\$10,500

DOUGLAS STREET, corner of Bay, 108 x 108. Will be on new Esquimalt car line built via Douglas. Only .....\$7,000  
DOUGLAS STREET, between Chatham and Discovery, 60 x 60 .....\$9,000  
FORT STREET—Six-roomed house, stone foundation, well rented. Lot 60 x 120. Between Vancouver and Cook .....\$6,300

**E. C. B. BAGSHAW & CO.**

Phone 2271

1212 Broad Street

## TWO GOOD BUYS

**James Bay**

10-roomed House, on Boyd street, on 2 lots. Tennis lawn and garden. Large music room 42 x 22, on ground floor. Easy terms .....\$8,000

Three Large Lots on Grant St., for quick sale at, each .....\$550  
Easy Terms.

**GREEN & BURDICK BROS.**

Real Estate, Insurance, Agreements of Sale Bought

PHONE 1518

Cor. Broughton and Langley Sts.

## Start the New Year With One of These for a Christmas Present to Yourself

**BEAUTIFUL 8 ROOM BUNGALOW**, new, just completed. Pannelled Hall. Pressed Brick Fireplaces. Closets off every room. Bathroom. Scullery. Toilet. Pantry. This is a model house, has a fine view of the sea from large Verandah and Windows. The ceilings are high and airy, and the rooms are large, it is heated with a new Furnace just installed. Situate in 2 lots, cleared, one block from the Street Car, in Hollywood Park. This place is worth easily \$6,000. But in order to have it occupied at once we will sell for \$4500. Terms, \$500 cash and the balance at \$50 per month.

**BUSINESS PROPERTY**, situate on Johnson Street, close to Government Street. Lot 33 x 120. Improvements worth \$6,000. Rented on 5 years' lease to pay 10 per cent. on \$18,000. Price \$18,000. Terms, 1-3 cash, balance arranged.

**BEACHWOOD AVENUE**—Two cleared lots, one block from Car, fine view of sea, all cleared, on terms. \$75 cash and \$20 per month. Price \$900.

**SIX ROOM BUNGALOW**, on good clean street, Boulevards, etc., Stone Foundation, Full Basement, Cement Tubs, Furnace. Price \$3600. Easy terms.

**McPherson & Fullerton Bros.**

TELEPHONE 1377

618 TROUNCE AVENUE, VICTORIA

## For Sale

5 1/2 ACRES, 10 minutes from car line, 5-roomed house, some cleared land, 40 fruit trees, stands well up .....\$2,500  
5 ACRES, 7 miles from town; barn, stables and 5-roomed house .....\$1,500  
5 ACRES, 10 minutes walk from car; all cleared and fenced. Price .....\$2,500  
10 ACRES, partly cleared and fenced; 5-room house; splendid land .....\$8,500  
50 ACRES at Metehosin; very complete farm — everything goes .....\$5,000  
11 ACRES, Saanichtown, modern farm .....\$4,750  
12 ACRES, 2 1/2 miles from car line, modern farm, all in pasture .....\$7,000  
11 ACRES, new house and barn. In pasture .....\$5,000

**TOLLER & GRUBB**

Phone, 2046. 1232 Government St

## BOY SAVES TRAIN

Finds Broken Rail and Saves Many Passengers From Danger of Wreck.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Dec. 24.—Harry Hunter, a twelve-year-old boy, saved a heavily-laden Northern Pacific train from a disastrous wreck shortly after noon yesterday. Hunter and a companion of the same age, Sam Burrows, were gathering Christmas decorations along the right-of-way about two miles from Olympia, when they discovered a broken rail, which left an opening in the track several yards long.

Knowing that a passenger train was due to pass soon, the boys determined to give warning. Hunter started up the track in the direction of Tacoma, and Burrows started toward Olympia. Hunter had proceeded but a short distance when he discovered the train bearing down upon him at a rate of 40 miles an hour. Seizing a handkerchief, he waved it frantically. For a time it appeared that the engineer would not heed his signal, but the train eventually began to slow down, and the engine came to a stop within five feet of the broken rail.

Passengers and engine crew lionized the boy hero and took him aboard the train. The broken track was temporarily repaired to permit the passing of the train, and a wrecking train was dispatched to the scene.

## King Leopold's Daughters

PARIS, Dec. 24.—A special from Brussels says that Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of King Leopold, has left that city without effecting a reconciliation with her sisters, and that King Albert's efforts to induce her to resume her place among the princesses have failed.

It is in time of sudden mishap or accident that Chamberlain's Liniment can be relied upon to take the place of the family doctor, who cannot always be found at the moment. Then it is that Chamberlain's Liniment is never found wanting. In cases of sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises Chamberlain's Liniment takes out the soreness and drives away the pain.

Wishing You a Merry Xmas

**ALLEN & SON**  
Yates Street

**A Fine Home Reasonable**

New 8 room Modern House, complete with cloak room, reception hall, and all modern conveniences. Rooms are larger than the average house contains. 10 minutes from Postoffice and on a good street. The lot alone is worth \$2,000. Price for one week, \$4,750. \$1,500 cash and balance to arrange.

**Currie & Power**

1214 Douglas St. Tel. 1466

## HUNDRED MILLIONS

U. S. Steel Corporation Plans Great Extension of Plants in Chicago District.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—About \$100,000,000 is to be spent by the United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiary companies in the steel-making territory from South Chicago to Gary, Ind. This sum is to be expended between plants and enlarging existing shops during the coming year.

E. J. Buffington, president of the Illinois Steel company, last night confirmed the rumors. Formal announcement of the estimates will be made in due time from the main offices of the United States Steel corporation, said Mr. Buffington. The extensions mean the employment of possibly 5,000 additional men. From sources other than President Buffington it is stated that the Illinois Steel company expect to erect blast furnaces

## MONDAY'S SPECIALS

**Business Lot**

A good corner, 60 x 120 feet, close in. Income now \$630 a year.

**Price \$8,500**

1/4 of an acre, a corner on

**Foul Bay Road**

Near Oak Bay Avenue, fine soil, level, cultivated.

**\$2,100**

N. B.—Our office is open from 7.30 to 8.30 in the evenings

**THE GRIFFITH CO.**

REALTY AND TIMBER

Room 11, Mahon Block

Money to Loan. Houses to Rent Insurance—Fire, Life and Accident

## GOVERNMENT ST.

Near Weiler Bros'

Double Frontage, 22 1/2 feet, depth 133 feet through to Gordon street. New 2-storey Brick Building. Early possession.

**GLOBE REALTY CO.**

Room 7, Mahon Building Phone 1613



at South Chicago, and that the Iron-quois Steel company has planned to erect at least one new blast furnace.

## Pleimen Try Again.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 24.—A ninety-two pound mince pie, a creation of the pie-bakers' association of this city, is today on its way to Washington, where the bakers hope, it will decorate the Christmas dinner table of President Taft. The pie-makers are determined that no such fate shall befall their production on this occasion as was the case with their Thanksgiving pie, which mysteriously disappeared before reaching the White House. They have sent it with a trusted messenger, who will watch over the iron-bound oak case until it is handed to the chef at the White House.

## G. T. P. Bonds in London

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The London stock exchange has accepted and will list \$10,000,000 of Grand Trunk Pacific 3 per cent bonds, issued not long ago.

When the Tana was frozen in at Gibbon she was on the way to this place, the intention being to tie the steamer in at Lower Labarge for the winter as was done a year ago last fall. Captain Langley had a very successful season with his steamer.

## NO WORD OF PLUMMER'S CREW

Fate of Fourteen Men Who Sailed on Derelict is Unknown—Tugs Seek Wreck.

No word has been received of the fate of the fourteen men of the crew of the wrecked schooner Susie M. Plummer, which is drifting, abandoned, a waterlogged derelict, a menace to navigation, off the entrance to the straits. The hope is held that Captain Hansen and his crew may have been taken off by a passing steamer.

The tug Tyee, of the Puget Sound Tugboat company, and the United States revenue cutter Snohomish are searching for the wreck. Since the report of the Minnesota nothing has been heard from the derelict.

The following wireless message, signed by Captain Garlick, from the steamship Minnesota on Thursday, gave the last news of the derelict: "10 a. m., passed derelict schooner 45.20 north and 138.30 west, dismasted, waterlogged and abandoned; no sign of life aboard; a dangerous derelict."

The position of the derelict as given by the Minnesota is considerably to the north of where the Japanese steamship Kaga Maru located her Wednesday, but the drift of the current to the north has been reported

to be very strong during the last month or so, estimates furnished by different masters running from three and a half to four miles an hour, which would account for the difference in position. It is not thought probable that the derelict reported by the Minnesota can be other than the Susie M. Plummer as reported by the Japanese liner the day before.

The position of the derelict given by the Minnesota's wireless should have been intercepted by the wireless instruments on both the Snohomish and the Tyee, and in that event the derelict should be reported towing into the strait early today, if the hull is in any condition to stand the strain of a tow.







## A Few of Our Good Things

Waterman Fountain Pens, best made, Red Cross style, pen, each ..... \$1.25  
 Tom Tit style, each ..... \$5.00  
 Bridge Sets in great variety.  
 Writing Portfolios, from \$1.00 to ..... \$20.00  
 Music Cases in many styles.  
 Splendid line of Gentlemen's Wallets, Pocket Diaries, from 25c to ..... \$3.00  
 All the new books that are good books, Poet's in Padded leather and other bindings. Books for Boys and Girls from 25c to ..... \$1.75  
 Raphael Tuck's Cards and Calendars.

Victoria Book and Stationery Co., Ltd.

## WALL PAPER

We are in receipt of a few of the advance styles of Wall Paper decorations for season 1910, which we will be pleased to show.

These goods are right up to the minute and must be seen to be appreciated.

MELLOR BROS., LTD.

Phone 812 708 Fort St.

## The Dominion Bank

Paid Up Capital ..... \$ 4,000,000  
 Reserves ..... 5,400,000  
 Deposits by Public ..... 44,000,000  
 Total Assets ..... 59,000,000

Victoria B. C. Branch C. E. THOMAS, Manager  
 Temporary Premises, Cor. Fort and Broad Sts.

## WANIBE'S STORE

A Tombola Ticket and a Great Reduction  
 30 BIG PRIZES

Will be presented for every 50 cents' worth purchased from Either Store

I have spent in Japan about half a year, and brought back last month all kinds of Silk Goods and Curios.

Call and See Goods for Xmas Presents

Yokohama Bazaar, 1422 Government Street  
 and Oriental Bazaar, 1322 Douglas Street

## XMAS GIFTS AT COST PRICE

To clear a quantity of JEWELRY AND DECORATED CHINA, both ornamental and useful articles. All these goods are good value, and absolutely marked down at cost. Store open every night until 9:30.

A. J. Clyde

58 Johnson St. The B.C. Trading Co's Old Stand

\$2,600

will purchase outright an excellent EIGHT ROOMED HOUSE, bath, pantry, H. and C. water, electric light, sewer connections within one minute of the Pountain, Hillside avenue. You can make almost your own terms on this.

Harman & Appeton  
 534 Yates Street.

FUEL

WOOD AND COAL

R. DAVERNE, FORT STREET

## Abreast With the Times

We have secured the sole agency for the Bleriot Monoplanes, and we are able to offer the machine identical to the model in which

## BLERIOT CROSSED THE CHANNEL FOR \$3,500 F.O.B. VICTORIA

In paying your Xmas calls next year why not travel through the air?

It will be necessary to act quickly if you wish to secure one of our first consignment of the popular 1910 Buick Motor Cars.

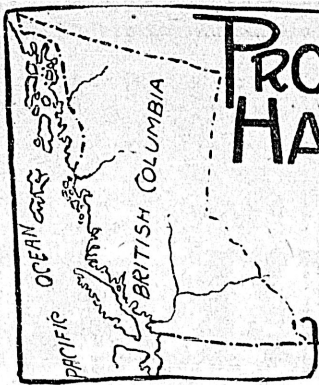
Western Motor &amp; Supply Co., Ltd.

R. P. CLARK, Gen. Manager

Successors to Plimley Auto Co.

Phone 695.

Cor. Government and Superior Sts.



## PROVINCIAL HAPPENINGS

Ladysmith bachelors are giving a New Year's ball.

The Crow's Nest company payroll for November exceeded \$170,000.

Vancouver's "newsies" are to be formally dined today as the guests of the Terminal City's three daily papers.

Scores of valuable dogs at Whitehorse have been destroyed of late by a poisoner.

Tobacco Plains Swashes are to celebrate New Year's with a big potlach and war dance.

A change in temperature of 96 degrees in a single week is reported from Whitehorse, the result of a sudden chinook.

The funeral of the late Carol Livingston took place in Quamichan last Tuesday, services being held at St. Peter's church.

Frank Slavin of Victoria is organizing a company to exploit the Ladysmith country, where rich placer discoveries have recently been made. He expects to take in a big outfit in March.

Ellis Castley, local manager for the telephone company at Duncan, sustained painful injuries a day or so ago, by falling from the top of one of the line poles.

Bert Taylor, a miner, had a narrow escape from death in an accident at the Venus mine, Whitehorse, last week. It was the old story of drilling a missed hole.

Twenty-seven miles of new roads were built this year in Fernie riding, as a result of which one can now drive comfortably from Fernie to Michel. A bridge over Michel creek will be built in the spring.

One of J. H. Gray's survey parties, under F. E. Devereux of Victoria, has just come out from Stuart lake. It consisted of fourteen men and had been engaged all summer between Fraser lake and Stuart lake.

A Chinaman employed at C. H. El-lacott's camp in upper Cariboo accidentally shot himself in the thigh a few weeks ago while carelessly handling an automatic pistol. Although without surgical care for more than a fortnight, the Chinaman bore his torture with marvelous immobility of his race.

It is stated that the recent majority election in New Westminster has been invalidated by corrupt practices on both sides, 22 repeaters being discovered. In the event of another election, former Mayor Kearney will not be a candidate.

## "LITTLE TIM" BURIED

Funeral of Noted New York Politician  
 Attended by Thousands of Friends  
 and Followers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The funeral of "Little Tim" Sullivan attracted a large crowd to his home and was attended by many notables in every walk of life.

The Bowery and the east side were particularly affected by the death of "Little Tim" Sullivan. He had more than 1,000 men on the city payroll, and he and his cousin, "Big Tim" Sullivan were known as the most liberal dispensers of charity to the poor of the Bowery district.

A feature of the funeral was the stop made by the cortege after leaving the house and the church, at the clubrooms of the T. D. Sullivan Association on the Bowery, which was "Little Tim's" headquarters, and where the many thousands uncovered their heads while the band played a dirge.

"Little Tim" is said to have left a fortune of about \$1,000,000 in his own name, besides \$500,000 which he had previously divided between his wife and sisters.

## Winnipeg Old-Timer Dead

WINNIPEG, Dec. 24.—Word was received here of the death of Robert Patterson, one of the best known western old-timers, at the home of his brother at Knowlton, Que. He came west in 1868 and was for a long time associated in the business ventures of Lord Strathcona. For years he lived at the Manitoba Club. Only a fortnight ago he sold his farm adjoining Silver Heights, Lord Strathcona's property, a few miles west of the city, for over \$1,000 an acre, totalling close to a quarter of a million dollars. He was otherwise very wealthy. He had been in failing health for some time.

It must be assessed for such reclamation work. If either of these two factors be missing the appellant fails.

"Now, let us look at the facts. These are not in dispute. In 1839 the municipality of Surrey undertook a dyking scheme. The works were completed and the dyke stood for a time, almost a century. It is understood, when the floodgate in the Serpentine river gave way. Nothing has since been done to replace that floodgate, and the tide-water flows upon the land as before. It is clear, therefore, that the land is not rescued from tidal overflow. It is, therefore, not reclaimed. There is no suggestion that it is being reclaimed.

"By the Surrey Dyking act, 1892, chap. 60, the appellant's lands, with others mentioned in the schedule thereto were to be rated as assessed for a sum sufficient to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of certain debentures issued in connection with the said dyking scheme.

"Sufficient sinking fund has been levied from year to year that the debentures in question are now matured and paid off, and the lands of the appellant are no longer actually entered on any assessment roll for any annual assessment in respect of such dyking scheme. After maturity and payment of the debentures the lands cannot be said to be assessed for a sum sufficient to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of the debentures.

"The appellant's lands, therefore, do not come within the words of the exemption, and are subject to the wild land tax."

## Little Girl Killed.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Dec. 24.—Six-year-old Louise Bray, of Ottawa, was almost instantly killed at a railway crossing here yesterday. She was coasting, and her sleigh became caught in the railway track. She returned to get it and was struck by a freight car which was under way. She had been here for about a month, having come from Ottawa to act as a flower girl for her aunt.

## Vancouver Man Robbed

TORONTO, Dec. 24.—Henry H. Hubert, of Vancouver, was held up by two desperadoes last night near Union station on the open street. He was slugged with a billy and fists, and robbed of a diamond pin and a gold watch and chain. He was passing through on his way home and was on the way to catch a train. His condition is not serious. The assailants are unknown.

## Baseball Championship.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—President Hermann of the Cincinnati club said yesterday that "nothing would be allowed to interfere with the usual world's championship series, not even the desire to expedient with the schedule comprising 498 games." He said that the American league could drag their games out to make the season of both leagues end about the same time. "The people of the east need not worry about the world's championship series. They are going to be played next fall if we have to play them in sleet," said Mr. Hermann.

## VICTORIA MEN BUY

Acquire Fifteen Acres of Land at Nanaimo for Purpose of Subdivision.

NANAIMO, Dec. 24.—A deal in real estate has been consummated whereby a large section of land near the city limits becomes the property of Victoria investors. There are some fifteen acres in all, and the land is situated between the Nanaimo cemetery and Wentworth street. It is understood that it will be subdivided and sold in the early spring as city lots. The location of the property is admirably adapted for this purpose, as it possesses a magnificent view of the harbor and town, and is but ten to twelve minutes' walk from the centre of the business portion of the city.

## HOLD-UP AT NANAIMO

Young Man Knocked Unconscious With Revolver and Robbed By Some Unknown Thug.

NANAIMO, Dec. 24.—While returning home from Che River on Wednesday evening, Alfred Wardell, of this city, was attacked by a highwayman near the outskirts of the city, who, after knocking his victim unconscious, relieved him of \$28 in cash and a de-camped. Wardell, who is a young man, was returning to the city after escorting his aunt, who lives at Chase River, safely home. Approaching a lonely turn in the road Wardell heard sounds of footsteps approaching from behind him, and upon turning round he was greeted with a gun at his head in the hands of a tall, powerfully built man.

"Hands up!" demanded the robber. "Go chase yourself," was the response, but instead of complying, the highwayman struck his victim on the head, knocking him to the ground, after which he proceeded to relieve the victim of his money. Wardell was ordered to proceed to the city, which he did and reported to the police. So far no arrest has been made.

## TEHUANTEPEC LEADS

Mexican Railroad at Present Carrying More Freight Than Road at Panama

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Wm. E. Curtis, writing for the Record-Herald, says: "Notwithstanding the difference in distance, the railways owned by the Mexican government across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is carrying more freight between the two oceans than the railroad owned by the government of the United States across the Isthmus of Panama.

"The Tehuantepec railroad is 190 miles long. The Panama railroad is 47 miles long, and the freight rates are the same, which is undoubtedly the reason for the difference. Another difference is that the Tehuantepec road is seeking business and the Panama road is not. The latter is maintained at present to aid in the construction of the canal, and its ordinary commercial patronage is sacrificed for that reason, being maintained as a public service rather than for profit. When the canal is completed there will be little use for the Panama railway as a freight carrying railway."

## WE SINCERELY THANK OUR CUSTOMERS

For the hearty support they have given us this season, and we wish them every possible happiness.

LEE DYE &amp; CO.

Next Fire Hall  
 Cormorant Street  
 Victoria, B.C.

## Kentucky Men Like Alberta

CALGARY, Dec. 24.—Kentucky horsemen have, during the past few years, acquired large areas in Southern Alberta, with a view to engaging in the breeding of racers. Negotiations are now pending whereby Keene Bros., businessmen of Lexington, Ky., are endeavoring to acquire ten thousand acres in the vicinity of Calgary, for the purpose of raising high class horses. Mr. Ham Keene is now in the city inspecting available areas. He became interested in the possibilities of Southern Alberta as a horse-raising district when he saw the performances of various Alberta-bred horses that have been travelling on the American circuits this year. The altitude of this district permits of wonderful lung development of the horse.



F. Burridge  
 Makers, Berlin

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.  
 GRADUATING COURSES under eminent teachers in Piano, Singing, Organ, Voice, Theory and all other branches of Music.  
 Certificates, Diplomas, Scholarships and Free Advantages. Faculty of 100 Specialists. Equipment not Exceeded in America. Pupils May Enter at any time. Residence for young lady students.

YEAR BOOK, (160 Pages), Mailed on Application

## CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EX-PRESSION.

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph.D., Principal.  
 Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature. Special Calendar. 1836

## St. George's School for Girls

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL  
 1157 Rockland Avenue.

Easter term opens Tuesday, January 11th. Boarders return Monday, January 10th, 1910. Principal: Mrs. Suttie. (at home Friday.)

TO ALL those who either regularly or occasionally favor this space with a glance we hope this day may be one of pleasure unalloyed.



Island Investment Co., LIMITED

Bank of Montreal Chambers - Phone 1494

## A Gold Watch Free

Our Bicycle Sale has been a success and we are satisfied, but there are a few wheels left, and a Gold Watch will be given free with each.

We have two snaps in new Drop-head Sewing Machines for Christmas

THOS. PLIMLEY

pposite Spencer's

1110 Government Street

P.S.—We sell the celebrated Oliver Visible Typewriter, also Microscopes.

## Northern Crown Bank

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

## DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 6

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 3rd day of January next, to shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.

By order of the Board,  
 Winnipeg, 23rd Nov. 1909.

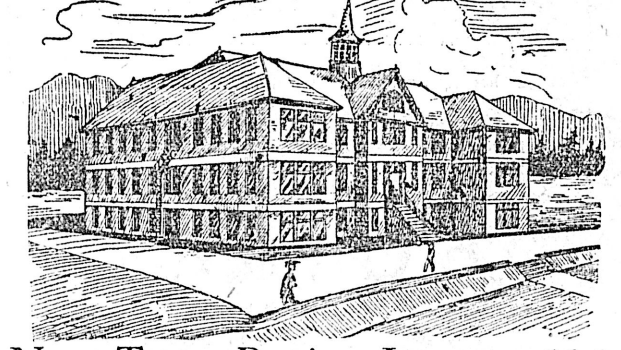
R. CAMPBELL,  
 General Manager.

## University School

VICTORIA, B. C.

FOR BOYS

FOR BOYS



Next Term Begins January 11th

in Spacious New Brick Building.

Fifteen Acres of Playing Fields

Accommodation for 120 Boarders.

Chemical Laboratory; Organized Cadet Corps; Musketry Instruction; Football and Cricket; Gymnasium and Indoor Rifle Range.

RECENT SUCCESSES AT MCGILL AND R.M.C.

WARDEN:

Rev. W. W. Bolton, M.A. (Cambridge).

PRINCIPALS:

R. V. Harvey, M.A. (Camb.), J. C. Barnacle, Esq. (Lon. Univ.), assisted by a resident staff of University Men.

For Prospectus Apply The Bursar.

## JAMES BAY ACADEMY

A Private High School.

Science Matriculation a specialty. Day and Evening classes. Recent successes at Matriculation.  
 Phone 2041 168 Medina St.

Lever's V-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant  
 Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects

## Corrig College

Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.  
 Select High-Grade Day and Boarding College for Boys of 8 to 16 years. Refinements of well-appointed gentlemen's home in lovely Beacon Hill Park. Number limited. Outdoor sports. Prepared for Business Life or Professional or University examinations. Fees inclusive and strictly moderate. A few vacancies at Autumn term, September 1st.  
 Principal, J. W. CAURCH, M.A.



TELEPHONE 1092

TELEPHONE 1092

# BOND & CLARK

## Business Property

In Victoria is a really First Class and Sure Investment. It is our business, to bring buyer and seller together. We ask a trial.

1. Business Block in heart of City, on corner lot, 60 x 60. Net returns about 6½ per cent. A 1 buy at ..... **\$44,000**
2. Ten Stores on corner of Store and Fisguard, 120 feet frontage on Store St. and a depth of 90 feet. This is worth your while looking into.
3. One Hundred Feet on Yates St., and very close in. If improved would bring in a net return of at least 10 per cent. Price ..... **\$75,000**
4. One of the Choicest Corners on Fort St. .... **\$30,000**
5. A very fine Double Corner, 120 x 120. Ideal site for an Apartment House ..... **\$15,000**
6. A very fine piece of property, 60 x 120, on Fort Street, close to Government Street. This is a specially good proposition and anyone who is looking for central property would do well to see us.
7. A very Choice Property in the heart of the City, with 200 feet frontage on two streets.
8. Four Lots, 120 x 240, running from Belleville Street to Elliott Street. A very choice location for a hotel. .... **\$21,000**
9. Four Full-sized Lots, running from Belleville St. to Quebec St. This property will shortly be worth 50 per cent. more than present figures. .... **\$10,500**
10. Eighty Feet on Yates St. and very close to Douglas. No better buy in the City and only \$700 per front foot. .... **\$56,000**
11. A Large Brick Building, costing over \$20,000, on full size lot and very close in ..... **\$35,000**
12. One of the Choicest Corners in the City, 60 x 120, and one that will make the buyer splendid returns. Price ..... **\$35,000**
13. Very Choice Lot on Yates Street and close in, 60 x 120. .... **\$21,000**
14. Choice Corner on Fort St., fronting on three streets. If improved with stores and flats would bring in a sure return of 12 to 14 per cent. A first class buy at ..... **\$10,500**
15. A very fine buy on corner of View and Cook Street, 60 x 120, only ..... **\$4,500**
16. For a few days only, corner of Yates and Cook St., 60 x 120. .... **\$8,500**
17. Courtney Street, close to Government, 29 feet frontage. .... **\$12,500**
18. Fort Street, about 90 feet immediately to east of Turkish Baths, on south side of Fort St. near Blanchard, with good 6 room cottages. Depth 120 feet. Price ..... **\$22,500**
19. Douglas St., N. E. corner Douglas and Discovery, 60 x 120. Store and three cottages ..... **\$17,500**
20. S. E. Corner Cook and North Park Sts. Two Stores, Ovens, Stables and Suites of Rooms. A good buy at price offered ..... **\$7,250**
21. Government St. A very Choice Corner, fronting on three streets. If improved would make one of the finest properties in the City.
22. One Hundred and Twenty Feet Square, on corner of Fort and Vancouver Streets ..... **\$16,750**
23. Corner Quadra and Fort Sts., 60 x 120. .... **\$16,000**
24. Corner Quadra and View Sts., 60 x 60. .... **\$5,000**
25. Two Large Corners (four full-sized lots) on Menzies, Belleville and Quebec Streets, with a total frontage of 480 feet. No better location for a thoroughly up-to-date Hotel.
26. Queen's Hotel, corner of Johnson and Fort Sts., over 50 rooms ..... **\$60,000**
27. Brick Block at foot of Johnson St., 3 stories. First-class location and an A 1 buy ..... **\$17,500**
28. Fort St., near Douglas, Ninety Feet at the reasonable figure of, per foot ..... **\$500**
29. Three Stores on Fort St., and running through to Kane St. .... **\$60,000**

**WE** invite all of Victoria's citizens, who are looking for gilt-edge investments, to call or write us and give us the opportunity of putting them in touch with some money-makers.

During the ensuing three years over **\$7,000,000** will be expended on Public Works in the vicinity of Victoria.

Have you thought what this means to the future of Victoria and Vancouver Island?

Our sales the past three weeks have been nearly **\$300,000**.

Our offices are at the disposal of our friends to make appointments and transact any business. Make use of them and us in anyway you wish.

## Choice Vacant Residential Property In and Around Victoria is Worth the Attention of All Who Have Money Lying Idle

1. Two lots on Government near Toronto Street. Each ..... **\$1750**
2. Corner Government and Manfield Ave., opposite Bishop Cridge's ..... **\$2000**
3. Corner Niagara and Medina Sts. \$300 cash ..... **\$1600**
4. Niagara St., just below Menzies. Two lots, 48 x 125. Each ..... **\$1350**
5. ¼ acre lot, next to Dallas Hotel ..... **\$2450**
6. Six Choice Lots at foot of Moss St. \$600 and ..... **\$625**
7. Linden Ave., three lots, just below Fairfield Road. Each ..... **\$1100**
8. Corner Chester and Hilda, the two ..... **\$2100**
9. McClure St., two lots, 50 x 120. Each ..... **\$2000**
10. Corner Richardson and Linden, 120 x 120. .... **\$3750**
11. Corner Hillside and Blackwood ..... **\$400**
12. Burleith Park, two lots, 48 x 120. Each ..... **\$700**
13. Burleith Park, four lots ..... **\$2500**
14. Burleith Park, four lots ..... **\$3000**
15. Dunedin St., three Choice Lots, 60 x 120. Each **\$675** and ..... **\$700**
16. Yates St., between Vancouver and Cook, ½ lot, 30 x 120 ..... **\$3000**
17. Rockland Park. Choice buys, up from ..... **\$350**
18. Superior St., four lots, 60 x 120. A 1 value at ..... **\$800**
19. Carbalby Road, two A 1 lots. **\$750** and ..... **\$800**
20. Two lots, Constance Cove, opposite Bullen's. A bargain at, the two ..... **\$1500**

## Victoria Homes

are worth looking into at present values. We can suit you in anything you require from \$1,000 up to \$100,000 and over

- A. Niagara St. Two Large Lots, over ½ Acre, 6 room house, new plumbing, recently papered and painted. .... **\$3,000**
- B. Menzies St. Eight room House on large lot. **\$4,500**
- C. Menzies St. Eleven room House on lot and a half. .... **\$8,500**
- D. Dallas Road. Ten room House, with 1 1-3 Acres. of ground. .... **\$18,000**
- E. Dallas Road, looking over Ross Bay, six room House on two large lots. Chicken Houses ..... **\$2,800**
- F. Government St., near Toronto, eight rooms, new house, never occupied. A first class buy ..... **\$5,750**
- G. Erie St. Cottage and Full-size Waterfront Lot. Price ..... **\$6,000**
- H. Trutch St. New seven room House. Lot 60 x 120. An A 1 buy. .... **\$4,750**
- I. Alfred and Chambers Sts. Five room Cottage. Price ..... **\$2,100**
- J. Fort St., near Vancouver. Six room Bungalow. Lot 60 x 120. .... **\$6,200**
- K. Cook and View Streets. Three Houses rented for \$52 monthly. Lot 60 x 120. .... **\$7,500**
- L. A Choice six room House on large lot, near Cook and Rockland Avenue ..... **\$5,500**
- M. Craigflower Road. Six room House and an Acre of Ground on Gorge Road. .... **\$6,000**
- N. Fairfield Road. Finest view in City. Ten room House, 1 1-3 Acres Land. Built last year. .... **\$13,500**
- O. Dunedin St. Six room House, built last year. **\$3,000**
- P. Fort St. and Fernwood Road. Nine rooms, basement, Furnace, Stable. A 1 buy at ..... **\$5,500**
- Q. Rock Bay and Bay St. Six room House on large lot. .... **\$2,500**
- R. Milne St. Eight room House, beautifully finished. Price ..... **\$4,500**
- S. Good House and Sixty Foot Lot on Yates Street. Price ..... **\$8,400**
- T. Yates St. (1039). 11 room House and Basement. First class shape ..... **\$10,000**
- U. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, good garden. All conveniences ..... **\$3,800**
- V. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, two Large Lots. Very desirable location. .... **\$8,000**
- W. Richmond Avenue. Seven room House, Furnace, all conveniences. Lot 60 x 135. .... **\$4,000**
- X. Douglas St., end of Car Line, 6 room House on two lots. .... **\$2,100**
- Y. Corner Belmont Avenue (1924), 10 room House, fine shrubbery, 2 dozen fruit trees. All kinds of small fruit. A bargain ..... **\$6,000**
- Z. Beacon Cottage, facing on Douglas, Battery and Olympia Avenue. Beautifully laid out grounds, ten rooms, two baths, new stable. Altogether this is a unique spot and contains about 1 acre. No finer view in the city. .... **\$13,000**

## To Owners of Real Estate

We think it is to your advantage to keep in close touch with us, and to keep us posted in regard to changes in your property.

## To Owners of Real Estate

We are anxious to keep up our lists, and invite owners to keep us posted with their offerings.

AGENT FOR MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY., OF NEW YORK

# SUITE 8, MAHON BUILDING

## 1112 Government Street

## Victoria, British Columbia



# THE VICTORIA TRANSFER CO.

Tele **129** phone

## CABS

Do you know that our glass front carriages are at your disposal at the following charges—

FOUR PERSONS, single hour...\$2.00

FOUR PERSONS, an hour and a half

or over, at, per hour .....\$1.50

In four hours a party of four can see the principal points of interest in the City of Victoria for the moderate charge of \$6.00.

## VICTORIAS

If you wish, we can furnish a Victoria, at

PER HOUR .....\$2.00

SINGLE HOUR .....\$2.50

These vehicles carry three and are most suitable for ladies doing afternoon calling.

## TALLY-HO'S

We have the only six-horse turnouts in Victoria. Driven by men who have had a life-long experience on the Cariboo Road and the White Pass & Yukon trails. These coaches leave the hotels at half past nine for the morning drive and two o'clock for the afternoon. All points of interest are covered and those in charge give the passengers a full explanation of everything that is considered of value to the tourist. The drive is about fourteen miles and takes from one and a half to two hours.

The fare is one dollar.

We have a small Tally-Ho built to carry a party of twelve, including the driver. For rates apply at the office.

## FURNITURE TRUCKS

Furniture moving is an important undertaking. We have men who do nothing else. Our charges are—

BY THE HOUR .....\$1.50

With an extra man to help, per hour \$2.00

## BAGGAGE AND EXPRESS

In this department prompt delivery is the important factor. If you are catching a steamer or train you like to know that your luggage or packages will be at the wharf or station in good time to depart with you. What is more annoying than searching for your belongings a minute before your steamer sails or your train pulls out. This is offset by our claim checks. Our drivers check your baggage at your residence. You present the claim check to the baggage-master—show your ticket—he then gives you the railway or steamer check and that is all. You then go on your way rejoicing. If we cannot attend to your order we will tell you and thus avoid suspense.

## EXPRESS AND GENERAL DRAYAGE

We have 27 express and delivery wagons. For one of these we charge—

PER HOUR .....\$1.00

## LIVERY

Better single or double traps cannot be found on the Pacific coast.

SINGLE HORSE AND TRAP—

Morning .....\$2.50

Afternoon .....\$3.00

## TEAMS

HALF A DAY .....\$5.00

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and HOLIDAYS, half a day .....\$7.50

For long distances the office will furnish particulars.

## PARCEL DELIVERY

We gather parcels in all parts of the city. In this branch of the business we charge according to weight and distance, but the usual charges are from ten to twenty-five cents per package. If you miss the morning delivery, catch the afternoon. Morning leaves at 9 o'clock. Afternoon leaves at 3 o'clock.

## BOARDERS

We board your horse, look after your trap and harness—

PER MONTH .....\$25.00

Our object is to please our patrons. We are responsible to them as to safety or damage done to furniture or goods. Our drivers, we believe, are civil and careful and seldom knowingly overcharge. If by any chance a mistake occurs come to the office or notify us at once. In other words, give us an opportunity to put right anything that displeases you.

## HAPPENINGS IN WORLD OF LABOR

### Notes of Interest to Trades Unionists Gleaned From Many Sources

Cigar-makers ..... 1st Friday  
Electrical Workers ..... 2nd and 4th Friday  
Garment Workers ..... 1st and 3rd Friday  
Laborers ..... 1st and 3rd Friday  
Leather Workers on Horse Goods ..... 1st Monday, at 3 p.m.  
Laundry Workers ..... 1st and 3rd Tuesday  
Longshoremen ..... Every Monday  
Letter Carriers ..... 4th Wednesday  
Machinists ..... 1st and 3rd Thursday  
Machine Engineers ..... Monthly  
Moulders ..... 2nd Wednesday  
Musicians ..... 3rd Sunday  
Painters ..... 1st and 3rd Tuesday  
Printing Trades Council ..... Last Sunday  
Printing Pressmen ..... 2nd Monday  
Shipwrights ..... 2nd and 4th Thursday  
Street Railway Workers ..... 3rd and 5th Tuesday  
Steam Fitters ..... 1st and 3rd Tuesday  
Stonecutters ..... 2nd Thursday  
Street Railway Employees ..... 1st Tuesday 2 p.m., 3rd Tuesday 3 p.m.  
Stereotypers ..... Monthly  
Tailors ..... 1st Monday  
Typographical ..... Last Sunday  
U. & L. Council ..... Wednesday  
Electric Sledge Employees ..... 1st Sunday  
Walters ..... 2nd and 4th Tuesday  
Secretaries of Labor Unions will confer a favor upon Labor Editor if they will forward any items of general interest occurring in their unions to The Colonist.

Allied Printing Trades Council ..... 2nd Friday  
Barbers ..... 2nd and 4th Monday  
Blacksmiths ..... 1st and 3rd Tuesday  
Boiler-makers ..... 4th Tuesday  
Boiler-makers' Helpers ..... 1st and 3rd Th.  
Bookbinders ..... Quarterly  
Bricklayers ..... 2nd and 4th Monday  
Bartenders ..... 1st and 3rd Sunday  
Cooks and Waiters ..... 2nd and 4th Tuesday  
Carpenters ..... Alternate Wednesdays

The New Westminster Trades and Labor Council is to ask the incoming city council to rescind the \$2 road tax.

Over 1,200 miners work at Michel, B. C., and pay dues to a union.

Victor Grayson, Socialist M. P. for Colne Valley, England, will address the Chicago unemployed in January.

C. H. Chamberlain presented his credentials as a delegate from the Cooks and Waiters' union at the last meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, in place of Mr. Garland, who retires.

Samuel Gompers says: Demand for reform coming from the people is generally distasteful to those entrenched in power and privilege.

Six hundred blacksmiths and boiler makers employed by the American Locomotive company of Schenectady, N. Y., struck on December 7th.

The wages board of the Cleveland district, England, at its meeting recently, advanced the wages of the blast furnace men 1 per cent. for the current three months.

A compromise was arranged between the employers and employees engaged in the laundry business of Fresno, and the scale signed for twelve months.

King Gustav of Sweden disguised himself and went to work as a stevedore. He said he wanted to ascertain the wishes and conditions of his subjects, and that his experience with cargo was but a beginning.

The Canadian Gazette says that at Prince Albert, a new centre in Saskatchewan, many civic improvements are at a standstill for want of labor, and it adds, there is practically a "labor famine" there.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co.'s Sacramento employees were recently notified that the board of directors had decided to allow summer vacations with pay, ranging from one to two weeks, according to length of service with the firm.

The 1910 A. F. of L. convention will be held at St. Louis. W. B. Wilson, delegate of the United Mine Workers and a member of the United States congress, and T. V. O'Connor, president of the Longshoremen's Organization, were chosen fraternal delegates of the federation to the British Trades congress next year.

The "American Flint" is the name of a new monthly issued by the American Flint Glass Workers' union. President Rowe is the editor, and the forty-eight pages show more than a passing acquaintance with the trade-union movement.

J. P. McMurphy is the new president-elect of the New Westminster Council of Labor, R. E. Monteth being vice-president, R. A. Stoney, secretary, and H. Schofield, treasurer.

Official returns issued by the labor department give the numbers of industrial accidents in Canada during November as 422, of which 113 were fatal. There were 8 trade disputes, a decrease from previous months.

County Judge Grant, of Vancouver, has refused to hear the appeal of J. W. de B. Farris against the dismissal by Magistrate Williams of the charges brought some time ago by the Tailors' union against T. Morgan and S. Silverblatt of violating the Alien Labor Act by importing tailors from the United States.

Andrew Domareski is suing the Wellington Colliery company for \$5000 damages for bodily injuries occasioned him by the fall of a mass of rock while he was working in the company's mine at Cumberland. His contention is that the roof was not properly timbered, and that there had not been an inspection within 24 hours, as required by the act.

War was formally declared upon the United States Steel Corporation by the leaders of organized labor throughout the United States and Canada at Pittsburgh last week at the close of a two days' session. The decision to battle against the company's open shop policy was announced by the labor conference, after hours of debate.

Bradstreet's index is authority for the statement that food costs more today than ever. On November 1st the commodity prices reached the highest notch. It now costs to live more than twice what it did thirteen years ago. What wage earner can show that his wage scale has doubled in that time?

By a vote of 1,293 to 1,738, the A. F. of L. convention adopted the recommendation for the amalgamation of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and

Joiners and the Amalgamated Woodworkers' Association. Both sides are affiliated with the federation, but the latter is the much smaller organization. The amalgamation will mean the cancellation of the charter of the smaller body.

One of the first of the large surface transit lines in the United States to follow the example of several of the railroads and large industrial corporations and adopt a pension system, is the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, which today announced the adoption of such a system for its veteran employees. The road employs 13,000 men, and a large number are said to be in line for participation in the benefits of the plan.

The faith of the Canadian public in the postal savings bank plan is indicated in a recently published report of the Canadian postal service for the last fiscal year. The report shows that there was an increase of eighteen banks during the year, making the total 1102. The balance to the credit of depositors was \$45,190,484.

Declaring that labor unions are doing a great deal of good work for the public, Dr. Frank J. Warne, of the New York University, addressed the students of Pennsylvania and showed how this good work was being accomplished. "Labor unions," he said, "are a check to poverty. Each year they distribute about ten millions of dollars in death and sick benefits, strike benefits and unemployment insurance."

A three years' contract has been entered into between the publishers of Tacoma, Wash., and Typographical Union No. 170, calling for a wage scale of \$5 for day work and \$5.50 for night shifts of seven and one-half hours each, or a week to consist of forty-five hours. This reduces the day one-half hour and increases the old wage contract 50 cents a day. The book and job scale has been raised from \$24 to \$27 per week of forty-eight hours. Vice-President Tracy assisted No. 170 in the negotiations.

Work is brisk at Prince Rupert, B.C., and among none more so than the printers, who have sent away for a charter from the International Typographical Union. The contracts, which have been signed by the proprietors, call for an 8-hour day, which started 1st December, and the scale of wages \$25 per week for three months, at the expiration of which time it increases to \$27.

Calgary Typographical Union has concluded negotiations for a new scale, giving increases of \$3 a week to machine operators and \$2 a week to hand compositors. Calgary is in the centre of the fast-growing Canadian Northwest, and the members of No. 449 seem to be abreast of the times, and now have a scale that compares favorably with the best in the jurisdiction. Under the new agreement the machine scale for night work is \$25 per week, and for day and job men, \$22 per week, with the hours of work placed at seven and one-half. The pay for day machine work is \$23 per week, for floor, ad and job men, \$20 per week, eight hours constituting a day's work.

Twenty-five doctors of Chicago met on November 15th to launch a plan for one of the largest sanatoriums in the world, to be used exclusively for tuberculosis patients who are not able to provide for the travel and care they need. It is contemplated to buy between 100,000 and 200,000 acres of land in New Mexico, and to provide accommodation for more than 1,000 people.

The Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council will adopt a new plan for the election of president at the ensuing election. The local unions affiliated with the council will vote on the candidates at their meetings. The election will be conducted on the Hare-System of voting, and a committee from the council will be present at these meetings and supervise the election. The votes will be placed in an envelope and sealed, and when all the unions have voted the opening of the envelopes and final stages of the proceedings will be carried out at an open meeting of the Trades and Labor Council.

The inequalities of lot we all must see and feel are great and often cruel; but they are originally consequences of the inequality of natural gifts, and if we could abolish them by law today would be reproduced by nature tomorrow. The responsibility for them rests on the Maker of Man. To equalize gains and ranks you must equalize capacities, and how is this to be done? Roll the whole field of labor flat today, unless you can keep it so you will have the inequalities of earning and all that follows them tomorrow. Everything that can reduce and soften inequalities is good, and by good men will be embraced. Can more be said without raising false expectations and perhaps putting the torch to the mine of social war? Whatever may be said, there was Socialism in the French Revolution.—Goldwin Smith.

The recent meeting at Cincinnati of the general executive board of the United Brewery Workers' Union developed the fact that the total membership of the union at the present time is 45,233, composed of 356 local unions and 187 branches. During the last year nine local union charters were granted. During the same time 4,954 new members were taken into the organization and paid their initiation fee. The membership of the organization is divided as follows: Brewers, 14,160; apprentices, 478; malsters, 2,070; cooper, 266; beer drivers and stablemen, 14,160; bottlers, 9,753; engineers, 1,573; firemen, 1,512; laborers, 1,078; distillery workers, 202; making a total of 45,233.

Industrial accidents occurring to 439 individual workpeople in Canada during the month of October, 1909, were reported to the department of labor. Of these, 146 were fatal and 293 resulted in serious injuries. In addition three fatal accidents were reported as having taken place prior to the beginning of the month, information having been received by the department prior to October, 1909. In the preceding month there were 79 fatal and 225 non-fatal accidents, a total of 304. The number of fatal accidents reported in October, 1909, is therefore fifty more than in the preceding month and sixty-seven more than in October, 1908, although there were 123 more industrial accidents reported in October, 1909 than in the preceding month and 198 more than in the same month of the preceding year.

"All subordinate unions shall furnish the secretary-treasurer of the International Typographical Union on January 1, 1910, on forms provided for that purpose, a complete list of all journeymen active members, in duplicate, the names to be arranged alphabetically. The secretary-treasurer shall also furnish local unions, as soon as the numbering of members has been completed, a blank for the use of each member in giving his age, date of in-

tiation and such other statistics as are necessary to show clearly the length of his continuous membership at the time of the filing of said statement. The record of each member thus obtained shall be verified by the secretary-treasurer, and then transferred to the membership record at headquarters, and said record shall govern in the payment of all future benefits contingent upon continuous membership."

The effect of the Eight Hours Act on the extent of the production of coal is being only slowly ascertained. South Wales shows a considerable fall in the exports of coal—probably due largely to the operation of that Act—but the latest figures obtainable seem to prove that the fall was the greatest in the first two months or so after the Act began to operate there. It would thus appear that in some degree the effects of the Act are being overcome, either by more miners being employed, or by some improvements in working. At the same time there is no doubt the Act has added to the cost of working. Attempts are being made to define the methods of operation in this district, but the negotiations proceed slowly.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided on December 6th to review the Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison cases. The defendants were present when the decision was handed down. The courts may consider the issues involved within sixty days, or it may be a year before the hearing. In the meantime the labor officials will not have to go to jail. Samuel Gompers says: "To say that the decision pleases me, would be putting it mildly. The granting of our writ of certiorari means that the Supreme Court will review the Buck Stove and Range Company controversy and the merits of the injunction proceedings. It means that we will get a decision on the question of free speech and a free press. If the Supreme Court decides against us, we will know that to get our rights our forefathers thought they secured for us we must have new laws and possibly must amend the constitution itself."

At a recent meeting of the Joint Conference Board of the various printing trades unions, held at Toronto, a proposition was presented from the representative of the International Stereotypers' Union which contemplates the arrangement whereby the annual conventions of all printing trades unions shall be held in the same city at the same time. It is urged by the proponents that such action would prove advantageous to all of the unions concerned. Some of the benefits would be the securing of better railroad rates; the inauguration of plans permitting of unanimity of action for the betterment of the craft interests; that the commingling of representatives of the various branches will tend toward a more tolerant attitude toward each other, and would be a practical step in bringing about concerted action. It is proposed, if the scheme carries, to set aside one day of the convention week for a monster joint convention to discuss the common good.

A recent issue of the Bricklayers and Masons' Journal contains an editorial under the heading Ethics of Unionism and the subject matter says: "Recently we received notice of the death of Brother Wm. Morris, in Calgary, Alberta, the following being an extract from the letter conveying to us the sad news: 'We regret to inform you of the sad death of Brother Wm. Morris a stonemason who held a travelling card from Fernie, B. C., and came into Calgary on September 26. Before he could hand in his card for deposit he was taken very ill and died before meeting night. His travelling card was accepted by this union, however, and a committee was appointed to attend his funeral and inquire into the financial circumstances of his widow. She was left with two small children. The Fernie union gave a donation of twenty-five dollars, besides a personal subscription to the widow, while our union defrayed the funeral expenses, amounting to \$85. Brother Morris was a most highly esteemed union member.' The above account is but one instance of the great number of similar cases that are happening daily in the trade union movement but which are never heralded forth to the sound of the trumpet and cymbal, nor proclaimed from the house-tops. Hundreds of deaths occur in our smaller unions, where the widow and fatherless children are left in destitute condition, and in many cases there is not sufficient money with which to give the deceased brother a respectable burial, but rather than have the body placed in a pauper's grave, our union men go down in their pockets, and by small donations from each one, the brother is given an honorable funeral and burial."

## COAL TO NEWCASTLE

Belle of Scotland Will Take Japanese Coal to Australia on Account of Strike.

The British steamer Belle of Scotland, which left here for Mororan on Thursday, in ballast, has one of the most unusual charters made in years, namely, to carry a cargo of coal to Sydney, one of the largest coal ports in the world. It is truly a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, and one of the first occurrences of its kind since the development of the Australian coal fields.

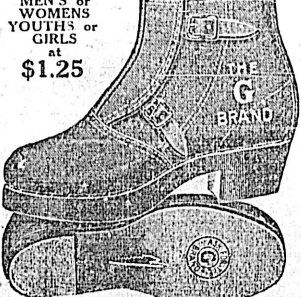
Have you seen them, if no, Why?

The "G BRAND"

GRAINED CLOGS

(Costly lined with Thick Felt)

MEN'S or WOMEN'S YOUTH'S or GIRLS' at \$1.25



The above "G Brand" Clogs are in great demand throughout British Columbia. For Drivers, Stablemen, Farmers, Sailors, or others, they are simply invaluable during the winter.

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W. H. ELLIS, Investment Broker

All bargains heretofore offered in detail in these two columns are withdrawn until after January 1st. My clients are of opinion that prices are altogether too low as outlined, and ask that they have time to consider. Everyone who is entitled to it is offered A Merry Xmas.

W. H. ELLIS, Investment Broker

ROOM 2, UPSTAIRS.

Phone R340. P. O. Box 110. 1122 Government St., Victoria, B. C.











# GREETING

To our friends and patrons, we  
extend our sincerest greetings  
and best wishes for a . . .

## Merry Christmas

May it be a joyous one of the  
good, old kind . . .

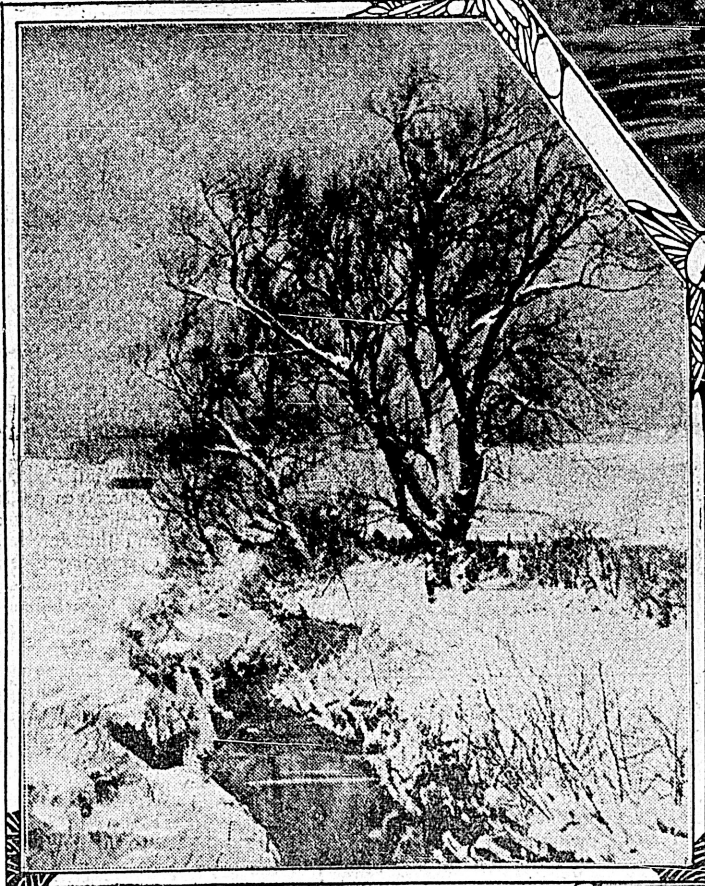
**DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED**



# THE COLONIST

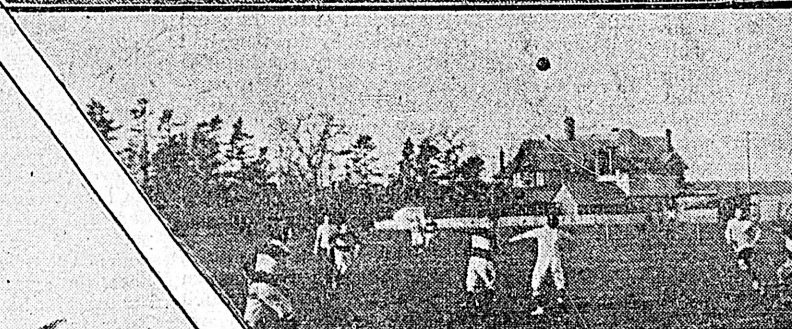
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The  
CHRISTMAS  
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WIDELY  
DIFFER



CHRISTMAS SCENES  
ELSEWHERE IN  
CANADA

CHRISTMAS  
SCENES  
IN  
VICTORIA





## The Christmas Spirit

Pealing bells that echo from the far shores of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia to our own fruitful coast, have rung in another anniversary of the great Nativity and another year is added to the centuries that have passed by without erasing in so much as a jot or a tittle the flood of love and good will that began in a manger in Bethlehem of Judea 1909 years ago.

"Sing Noel, sing Noel," peal the bells.  
"Sing Noel, sing Noel, and merry be alway  
"For Christ was born in the early morn  
"All on a Christmas Day."

And with the pealing of those bells from the east to the west, from the slopes of snow to the green hillsides, the great anthem of Christmas praise rises from Canadian hearts and swells to heaven. Peace for one hundred years, peace and good will towards men have been the portion of this Dominion; peace and a million homes, a million homes wherein, this morning, the sound of laughter and of love is heard.

### Contrast Here.

Owing to the difference between the climate of Vancouver Island and that of almost all of the remainder of Canada save Vancouver and the adjacent district, there will be some marked differences between the character of the celebration of the Great Feast in the east and its celebration here. The difference, however, will be restricted largely to games and pastimes. As regards the giving and receiving of gifts, the attendance or non-attendance at religious services and the enjoyment of turkey with cranberry sauce, plum pudding and all the accessories, Canadians will be as one, they will see with a single eye and all will hope for a drumstick. "Christmas bells, Christmas trees, Christmas odors on the breeze; Merry, Merry Christmas everywhere" runs an old song, and the description holds true.

### A "Snow" Christmas.

But in the far east, in Halifax and Charlottetown and St. John, providing there has been sufficient snow, the merry-makers will be sleigh-riding today. Swift horses will be sailing along the country highways to the jingle of strings of bells, hauling "jumpers" with red-cheeked, laughing girls and fur-clad boys. Perhaps there will be sleighing parties with a score or more jovial young people packed in the box of a big bob-sleigh, their feet snug among the straw in its bottom, their faces fanned by the brisk, frosty air as the team skips along the white roadway flinging snow-balls over the dasher from their flying feet. Then, the skating rinks will be crowded—not skating rinks such as we know them here, but rinks where the sharp "zip-zip" of steel cutting ice keeps time to the lil of band music while the couples glide over a surface of glass.

In Montreal, if there has been the usual boon of snow the Mountain trail to Lumkin's on the Cote des Neige will be black with snow-shoers and on their way they will pass the Park Slide, where scores of men and rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls are swishing on the long toboggans with the speed of lightning half a mile to the bunker far below where the flight is stopped. Everyone is clad in blanket suit, mocassins and toque and sash. The colors are bright and they contrast sharply with the white snow. On the breasts of some of the men who wear snow-shoes are many strips of ribbon. Each strip means a year as member of a certain club and some of them have as many as twenty-five such badges.

### Church-Goers These.

In Toronto this morning there will be a general turn-out to church services. Then there will be the crowds streaming to the rinks and perhaps in the vicinity of Rosedale there will be snow-shoers. If the ice is good on the Humber there will be skaters there as well, and if the same holds true of the bay, ice-boats, swift, hawk-like craft, will be darting hither and thither.

In Winnipeg the same sports will hold sway. Many a jolly crowd of snow-shoers will pound the racquets along the river trail to Deer Lodge. The many skating rinks will be filled and the curling rinks will be crowded. Every sheet of ice will have its two rinks competing with the stanes and mon, hoo the shouts will ring when someone draws a difficult port and lies shot and hoo the skip will bellow: "Soop her oop, mon dear, swing ye'er besom!" when a rock swings on sticky ice.

In almost all of the eastern cities where there is ice there will be hockey games today and crowds will attend.

In Victoria today many of the residents will spend the day in the quiet of their homes. There will be those, too, who will take long walks along the country roads. There will be others who will attend the football matches, matches that are associated only with summer or fall in the east. Others will see the road race, something that is impossible or impracticable at all events, in eastern Christmas celebrations, and others will play or watch hockey on the grass, a very different game from the ice game.

All in all, east and west, Canadians will celebrate Christmas with all the vim and vigor and abandon that has characterized the Great Feast in every land since auld lang syne.

### IN HIS THIRD YEAR

"This is your son's third year at college, isn't it?" "Yes, and he is doing really splendid work." "Mental or athletic?" "Why, he poses for all these pictures of perfectly dressed young men in the clothing manufacturers' circulars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



By Capt. Jarvis, of the Victoria Nautical Academy.

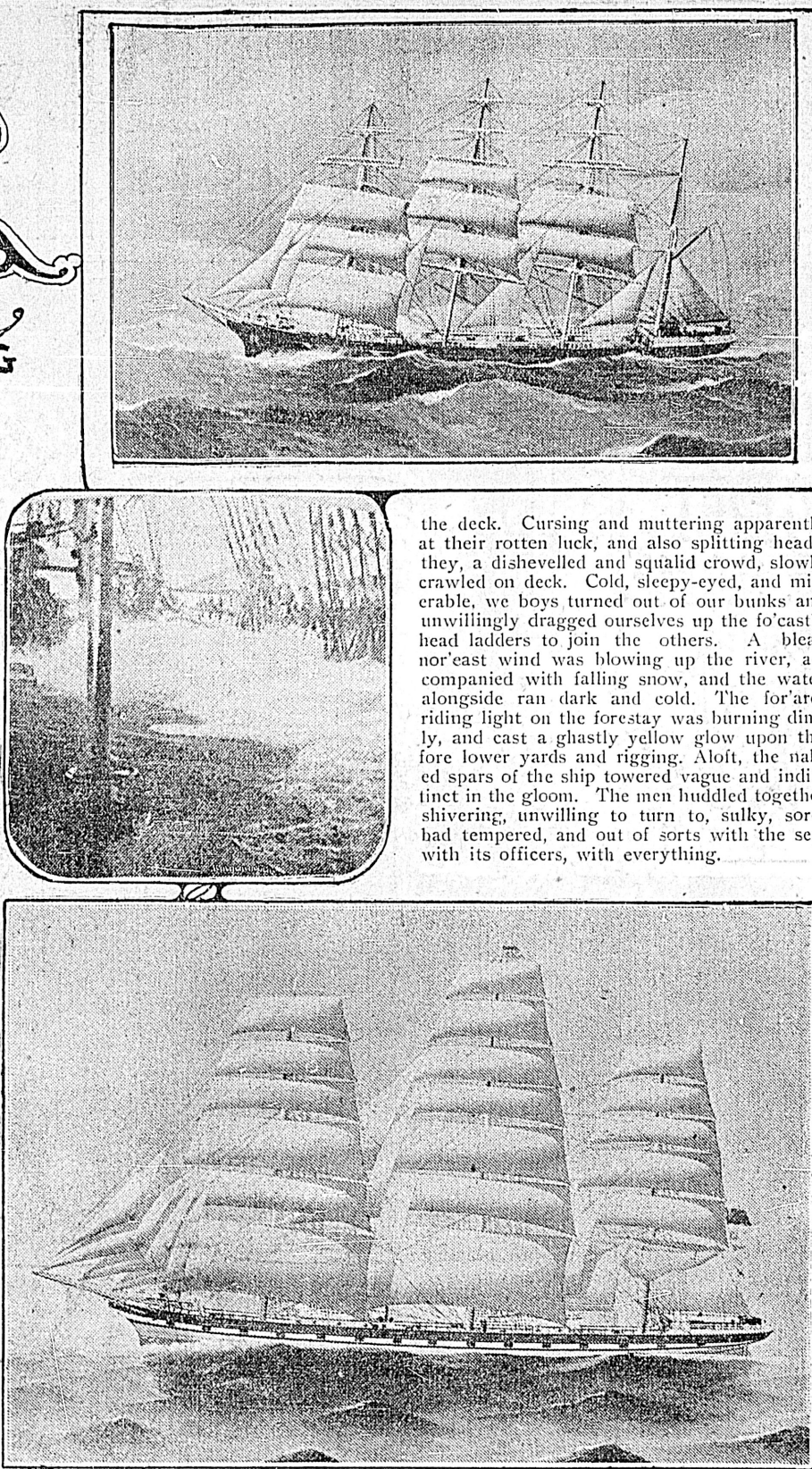
Upon returning on November 1, 189—, from my first voyage to sea, I found myself surrounded with the comforts of home once more, and was eagerly looking forward to spending Christmas ashore within the home circle, since I had been informed that it would not be necessary for me to rejoin my vessel for at least three months. With this joyous prospect before me, I had but few cares, and the fact that I had elected to adopt the sea as my profession rested lightly upon my young shoulders. As a consequence I set about to enjoy what I then considered was a well-earned holiday. My jubulations were destined, however, to come to a very sudden and abrupt ending, for on December 10 I received orders from my owners to join their vessel, the fine full-rigged ship "Mount Stewart," of Aberdeen, within the next two days. I was further instructed that the "Mount Stewart" was leaving the Southwest India Docks on December 15, bound for Australia. At that particular period of my career the sea strongly appealed to me, and exercised a very great hold upon my boyish imagination and fancy. I was fifteen years old, and salt water ran through my veins, accordingly the empty glory of a sailor's life held me fascinated, as nothing else could. Notwithstanding this, however, it was with a very bad grace that I bade goodbye to my home and took train to London, accompanied only by my outfit and a few Christmas plum puddings and other seasonal victuals, which had been hurriedly packed for me. Upon arrival in London it was necessary for me, in order to reach the Southwest Docks, to tranship both myself and kit on board another train, and it was while I was waiting at Fenchurch Street station for this to leave in sight, that I became fully conscious of the situation in which I found myself. I realized to the full the utter loneliness and hopelessness of it; there I was, cut off from all home ties during the Yuletide period—of all others; further, I was proceeding on board a strange ship, and amongst strange officers and men. It is therefore not surprising that I was seized with a sense of homesickness and dejection difficult to describe. The arrival of the train did not improve my mood, which, by this time, had changed to one of abject misery, the impulse to run away being strong. To excuse my unmanly conduct, I recollect taking into consideration that I was a "second voyager," and as such, was in a better position to realize what kind of a life I was returning to, than a "first voyager," or "new chum," would be. With him, I told myself, it would be all glamor, for was it not a new experience? Not so in my case. I was an "old whale," and understood what a hard and bitter life the sea was when spent on board a sailing ship. It was with such feelings as these that I boarded the train and was hauled slowly towards the docks. I remember during the journey venting my spleen upon the train, and the scorn, ridicule and contempt with which I regarded the engine was more than true to the traditions of young sailormen. The monotony of the journey was somewhat relieved, however, by the presence in the same compartment as myself of a red-nosed, beery-looking seaman of distinctly London origin.

After biting off a huge piece of black tobacco, he proceeded to chew it in a most energetic fashion; indeed, the revolutions of his mouth seemed to me to be keeping time to those accomplished by the wheels of the train. After eyeing me disdainfully, he took occasion to expectorate very violently out of the lee port hole, and then turned and addressed me with the question: "Where yer barn'd ter, sonny?"

I replied as dignifiedly as I could, that I was going to the Southwest dock to join the "Mount Stewart." "Making yer first voyage?" he sniffed contemptuously. "No," I rejoined hotly; "I'm a second voyager," and then, with rapidly rising pride, "and I shall be the senior apprentice in the 'Mount Stewart's' half-deck this voyage; five new fellows are joining."

He studied me curiously, and then remarked: "No offence meant, sonny, only I was thinking as ow yer ain't been more than a dog-watch at sea"; adding under his breath, "Poor little devil, 'e'll 'ave ter spend 'is Christmas at sea."

By this time we were passing close to the docks and through a neighborhood congested with shipping, and in spite of myself I found that I was commencing to take a keen interest in my surroundings by watching the forest of masts, spars and rigging, and wondering which particular ones belonged to my ship. Upon alighting from the train, I bade goodbye to my brother seaman, and wended my way towards the Southwest dock. Arriving at the gates, I enquired of a certain bow-legged individual as to the whereabouts of the "Mount Stewart." He explain with vigor that the "Mount Stewart" was lying in the Inner Basin, and that I would readily recognize her by her extreme loftiness. "She carries six 'gallant yards an' a main skysail," he reflectively



observed. "You'll see 'er towerin' above the other ships, an' she's got white mast-heads an' a flagstaff. She's abart the prettiest ship as 'as ever docked in the port o' London." I was not long in picking her out after this description, and she certainly looked to my critical young eye the most elegant vessel afloat. I remember viewing with pride her splendid lines, the symmetrical moulding of her hull, her graceful bow, dainty stern and her perfect sheer fore and aft. Her masts of standing and running gear, and her three lofty white masts, raked well aft, and crossed by long, white tapering yards, excited my admiration, and I was delighted to observe that along her sides, and flashing in the sunlight, ran a line of black and white ports, these latter giving to her a frigate-like appearance. My former miserable feelings were fast vanishing, and I went joyfully on board to report myself. Shortly afterwards I made the acquaintance of my fellow apprentices, of whom there were five, all being my juniors in sea service, but seniors in years. Cargo was being rapidly taken in at all hatches, the owner's object being to get the ship away before Christmas; as a result, it was disgracefully stowed, and caused endless trouble later on. The next day a crew of riggers came on board, and we warped into the outer basin; shortly afterward we were towed down the river to Gravesend, and anchored off No. 1 buoy, there to await the coming of our crew, and to prepare for sea.

The former came on board shortly after our arrival, and collectively represented the most extraordinary crowd of seamen I have ever seen on board a ship. Everyone of them was a foreigner of some kind, and scarcely any two could speak the same language; they were also for the most part all old and decrepit looking. We discovered later that, owing to Christmas being so close at hand, our captain had experienced great difficulty in securing a crew at all, and in sheer despair had shipped the present one. We managed, however, to prepare for sea, by bending a brand new suit of sails, which we depended on to withstand the fury of winter gales, should we meet any, and having secured everything about the decks against heavy weather, we found ourselves ready to leave.

Our tugs had been ordered to arrive at 4 a.m. on the 16th, and an hour earlier, we were awakened from our slumbers by the hoarse yell of the first mate, "Now then, there, rouse out there; rise and shine. All hands man the windlass." He passed our half-deck and roared out the same commands to the crew in the fore-castle. The latter had been lying anywhere: on chests, in bare bunks, and on

the deck. Cursing and muttering apparently at their rotten luck, and also splitting heads, they, a dishevelled and squalid crowd, slowly crawled on deck. Cold, sleepy-eyed, and miserable, we boys turned out of our bunks and unwillingly dragged ourselves up the fore-castle head ladders to join the others. A bleak nor-east wind was blowing up the river, accompanied with falling snow, and the water alongside ran dark and cold. The forward riding light on the forestay was burning dimly, and cast a ghastly yellow glow upon the fore lower yards and rigging. Aloft, the naked spars of the ship towered vague and indistinct in the gloom. The men huddled together shivering, unwilling to turn to, sulky, sore, had tempered, and out of sorts with the sea, with its officers, with everything.

fashion down to Start Point, on the Devon coast. After disembarking the channel pilot off there, we stood out to sea, and by noon had lost sight of the English coast. For three days we sped before the breeze, which was now on our port quarter, and the "Mount Stewart" gave us a creditable exhibition of her splendid sailing qualities, with the wind in that direction, by overtaking and passing numerous outward bound steamers. The life the clipper evinced did much to cheer us up, and by this time most of us were quite convinced that there was nothing else in the world so glorious as life on board a sailing ship, even my companions, nearly all of whom were horribly sea-sick, doubtfully admitted that.

Our fair breeze lasted, and we felt fully justified in congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in getting clear so easily of the world's greatest waterway, and as Christmas day drew nearer, our little community in the half-decks spent much energy in scheming and plotting to make it a really jolly one. On Dec. 22nd, however, we received, rather an unpleasant surprise, which had the effect of once again damping our Christmas ardour. A distinct meteorological change was experienced, the first indication being in a long swell which seemed to roll up suddenly from the south-west. Ugly looking clouds had commenced to group themselves on the southern horizon, and before long, the wind had veered smartly to the same direction. We were compelled to shorten sail, for the wind came away strong, accompanied with heavy rain, increasing sea, and a rapidly falling barometer. The same afternoon we witnessed a very fine sight, for during an interval between the squalls, we overhauled and passed the splendid four-masted barque "Primrose Hill" of Liverpool. She was close hauled on the starboard tack and under her six topsails, foresail and main lower 't'gallant sail. She had left Liverpool a few days before, and was bound out round Cape Horn to Victoria, B. C. Strangely enough, and by a fluke, I had been prevented from joining her in Liverpool that voyage; that such had been the case, afterwards proved to be a very fortunate thing for me, as will be seen later.

By Christmas Eve we were hove to under our main lower top-s'l, facing what was afterwards recorded by the London Meteorological Office as being the most terrific gale experienced off the British coast for a period of thirty years.

Christmas dawn scowled angrily at us as if bent upon our total destruction before the day should close, a few brief moments lull—and then the din of action recommenced; the earnest and strenuous strife of man against stern elements determined to destroy him. The "Mount Stewart" heeled and lurched violently under the combined fury of the wind and sea. Great green seas poised themselves on high, remained there for a second, and then dashed furiously at the vessel and thundered along her decks, sweeping everything before them.

Aloft, portions of sails, previously furled, had been loosened again by the terrific force of the wind, and were either banging and slatting or else streaming in ribands from the yards and cracking like whips. Iron chains were screeching and rattling through groaning iron sheaves, and throughout all, and as if to complete the harmony of this infernal orchestra, was the shrieking, rushing and bellying of the mighty wind. By ten o'clock on Christmas morn, the gale had increased to one of hurricane force and shortly afterwards, and with a sound resembling a thunder clap our main topsail was blown completely out of the bolt ropes and whirled away in circles far to leeward. Then came the most wretched event of the day—our foreign crew were suddenly seized with panic and wildly refused to make any further effort to assist in handling the vessel; instead, they remained cowering on the poop, where we had all been huddled throughout the night, the main deck being so completely under water that any attempt to venture upon it was attended with the gravest danger to life and limb. Trembling with fear and crouching under whatever protection was afforded by skylights and wheelbox, they kept madly gesticulating and continually pointing to the great seas leaping over our bulwarks, and although our captain, officers and bo's'on bawled at, and constantly kicked and cuffed them, their efforts to arouse them to a sense of duty were of no avail. The remainder of us tried hard to lash a tarpaulin in the mizen rigging, in order to keep the ship hove to, but it was too late; a gigantic sea caught us under the bow and swept us clean off before the wind. Finding the vessel fairly off before the wind, and still afloat—minus deckhouses, skids and lifeboats—our captain realised the utter uselessness of attempting to heave to again in such a sea, and with such a skeleton crew as the officers and we boys represented. Under his directions therefore, we all manned the wheel, and throughout the horror and misery of that awful day and night, we worked like devils to prevent the vessel from broaching-to. We lived upon sea biscuits and canned meat passed up from the cabin by the steward. During the night, the first lull occurred and three of us watched our chance and made a dash forward in an attempt to set the fore-topmast-staysail, but it was blown to pieces the instant we cast off the first gasket. It was some hours before we managed to get safely aft again, by which time the wind had hauled to the Southwest.

A confused pyramidal sea had accordingly been created, and did its utmost to destroy us. For three more days we tore before the tempest—straight for the British coast, roaring through the thickest and stormiest weather logging the speed of eleven knots an hour under bare poles, we neither knew or cared how long the interval before us was dashed

(Continued on Page 13)



# Literature Music Art

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

## SEASONABLE QUOTATIONS FROM DICKENS

### From "A Christmas Carol"

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corner of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tumbling in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he, not proud, altogether his collar near choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim. And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother," cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you're home," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm; Lord bless ye!"

"No! No! There's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and has his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming home upon Christmas Day?"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, Who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he told them that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow they were capable of being made more shabby, compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter-of-course—and in truth it was somewhat very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy ready beforehand (in a little saucepan) hissing hot, Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the applesauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner of the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit looking slowly all along the edge of the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!" he didn't believe there was ever such a goose

cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, its size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish—they hadn't ate it all at last. Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to be witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the back of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose! a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

"Hallo!" A great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door, with a laundress' next door to that. That was the pudding. In a half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in a half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck in the top.

Oh, what a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest achievement of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning a half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dear. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed. "God bless us, everyone!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

### From "The Christmas Chimes"

The end of Trotty's dream and the awakening.

Again the old man heard the voices. Looking up, he saw the figures hovering in the air, and pointing where Meg went down the dark street.

"She loves it!" he exclaimed in agonized entreaty for her. "The Chimes! She loves it still!"

"Follow her." The shadows swept upon the track she had taken like a cloud.

He joined in the pursuit: he kept close to her; he looked into her face. He saw the same fierce and terrible expression mingling with her love, and kindling in her eyes.—O, for something to awaken her! For any sight or sound or scent, to call up tender recollections in a brain on fire. For any gentle image of the Past, to rise before her!

"I was her father! I was her father!" cried the old man, stretching out his hands to the dark shadows flying above. "Have mercy on her and on me. Where does she go? Turn her back. I was her father!"

But they only pointed to her, as she hurried on; and said, "To desperation! Learn it from the creature dearest to your heart."

A hundred voices echoed it. The air was made of breath expended in those words. He seemed to take them in, at every gasp he drew. They were everywhere and not to be escaped.

All at once she stopped. "Now, turn her back!" cried the old man, tearing his white hair. "My child, Meg, turn her back! Great Father, turn her back!"

In her own scanty shawl she wrapped the baby warm. With her fevered hands, she smoothed its limbs, composed its face, arranged its mean attire. In her wasted arms she folded it as though she would never resign it more. And with her dry lips, kissed it in a final pang, a last, long agony of love.

Putting its tiny hand up to her neck, and holding it there within her dress, next to her distracted heart, she set its sleeping face against her; closely, steadily against her; and sped onward to the river.

To the rolling river, swift and dim, where Winter Night sat brooding like the last, dark thoughts of many who had sought a refuge there before her. Where scattered lights upon the banks gleamed sullen, red and dull, as torches that were burning there to show the way to Death.—He tried to touch her as she passed him, going down to its dark level; but the wild, distempered form, the fierce and terrible love, the desperation that had left all human check or hold behind, swept by him like the wind.

He followed her. She paused a moment on the brink before the dreadful plunge. He fell down on his knees, and in a shriek addressed

the figures in the Bells now hovering above them.

"I have learnt it," cried the old man, "from the creature nearest my heart. O save her! Save her!"

He could wind his fingers in her dress, could hold it. As the word escaped his lips, he felt his sense of touch return, and knew that he detained her.

The figures looked down steadfastly upon him.

"I have learnt it!" cried the old man. "O, have mercy on me in this hour, if, in my love for her, so young and good, I slandered Nature in the breasts of mothers rendered desolate. Pity my presumption, wickedness and ignorance, and save her!"

He felt his hold relaxing; they were silent still.

"Have mercy on her!" he exclaimed, "as one in whom this dreadful crime has sprung from Love perverted; from the strongest, deepest love we fallen creatures know. Think, what her misery must have been when such seed bears such fruit. Heaven meant her to be good. There is no loving mother on earth who might not come to this, if such a life had gone before. O, have mercy on my child, who, even



Emma Calve as "Carmen"

at this pass, means mercy to her own, and dies herself, and imperils her immortal soul, to save it!"

She was in his arms now. He held her. His strength was like a giant.

"I see the spirit of the Chimes among you," cried the old man—"I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by time. I know there is a sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it on the flood. I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor doubt the good in one another. I have learnt it from the creature dearest to my heart!"

He might have said more; but the Bells, the old familiar Bells, his own dear, constant, steady friends, the Chimes, began to ring the joy-peals for the New Year: so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he leaped upon his feet, and broke the spell that bound him.

"And whatever you do, father," said Meg, "don't eat tripe again, without asking some doctor whether it is going to agree with you; for how you have ben going on! Good gracious!"

She was working with her needle at the little table near the fire; dressing her simple gown with ribbons for her wedding. So quietly happy, so blooming and youthful, so full of beautiful promise, that he uttered a great cry as if it were an angel in the house; then flew to clasp her in his arms.

But he caught his feet in the newspaper, which had fallen on the hearth; and somebody came rushing in between them.

"No," cried the voice of that same somebody; a generous and jolly voice it was. "Not even you. The first kiss of Meg on the New Year is mine. Mine! I have been waiting outside the house this hour to hear the Bells and claim it. Meg, my precious prize, a happy year! A life of happy years, my darling wife!"

And Richard smothered her with kisses—"And tomorrow's your wedding day, my pet!" cried Trotty. "Your real happy, wedding day!"

"Today!" cried Richard, shaking hands with him. "Today! The Chimes are ringing in the New Year. Head them!"

They were ringing. Bless their sturdy hearts; they were ringing, great Bells as they were; melodious, deep-mouthed, noble Bells;

cast in no common metal; made of no common founder; when had they ever chimed like that before?

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream? Himself a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, waking but now? If it be so, O listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to hear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited, for such an end—endeavor to correct, improve and soften them. So may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren and sisterhood debarred from the rightful share, in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy.

## EMMA CALVE

Emma Calve, whose baptismal name was Emma Rogner, was born at Decazeville in 1866. Her father, a Spaniard, was a civil engineer. He died when she was a child, and her voice, having attracted attention when she was at school in a convent, her mother took her to Paris, where she studied music. She made her debut as Marguerite in "Faust" in 1881, when she was only 15 years of age—a record which is almost unique. She made a number of successful appearances, and then placed herself under the tuition of Madame Marchesi, with whom she made a tour of Italy. Here she met Eleanor Duse, whose work inspired her to the study of dramatic singing. Her first great success was as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," which she was the first to present to Paris. Her next great success was as Carmen, and this may be called her greatest achievement, for it seems unlikely that she will ever be able to create another great role. She is described as a strange combination of girl and woman, is superstitious to a degree and a believer in Spiritualism, Theosophy and Astrology. She has designed her tomb and headstone. To show the thoroughness with which she has done her work, it may be mentioned that, when she was cast for Carmen, she went to Seville, and stood outside the cigarette factories, studying the types of the girls who worked in them. Her costumes were bought where they bought theirs; and she claimed that her acting was the exact reproduction of one girl, who she specially watched.

## WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS.

### Seneca.

The truth of Mark Antony's remark, "The evil men do live after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," is refuted by the example afforded by Seneca. His philosophy has come down to us, inspiring, calm, and beautiful; and, reading it, we quite forget, if indeed we have ever learned, that the man responsible for all this wise teaching, in his own life, exemplified his precepts not at all. He praises the joys of poverty until we are happy in our lack of riches, and yet luxury was a thing, he could not do without and in order to gain it, he sacrificed his honor more than once. Power, influence, high position, all of these things he treats in his writings as of little worth, yet he found they were very essential to his own happiness. However, he had the frankness to own that he failed profoundly in following the wisest course, and his sad end is a proof of this. He bade those who read him not to take his own life into account, but to abide by what he had written, as he too would have done, had he had the moral strength of his convictions. His own physical infirmities probably lessened his desire to take a firm stand against temptation, and his situation was always a difficult one. Yet his character was almost wholly lovable. He never failed a friend, in disposition he was mild and gentle; and his love for little children endeared him to all the young.

He was the son of an intellectually brilliant father, and was born before the Christmas era. He inherited a high social position and much wealth, and as he grew older his own ability won him wide recognition, so successful was he as an advocate that he incurred the jealousy of Caligula, and the next emperor Claudius banished him to the Isle of Corsica where he remained for eight years. It was the infamous Agrippina, mother of Nero, who was instrumental in bringing the philosopher back to Rome, where she installed him as tutor to the future emperor. Nero had inherited so many evil traits, that the wisest philosopher of his time could do practically nothing toward changing the bend of his character, though had he remained under Seneca's influence, and not been allowed to follow his unbridled passions, his reign might not have been such a horrible one. As it was the first years of his rule were not marked by any crime, and in fact gave promise of a better social order and condition than had been prevalent in Rome, for some time. Historians unite in giving Seneca the credit for all this.

But feeling his own power later, Nero lost what small control he had of his unnatural instincts, and after he had murdered his mother, his attitude toward his teacher was such as to cause Seneca to fear that unless he withdrew at once from Rome he too would suffer a like fate. He relinquished what authority he had, and in order to propitiate the bestial young tyrant who was his master, he asked for permission to retire to his father's estate in Cordova, and offered Nero all of his wealth. The latter saw fit to accuse him of treason, however, and commanded him to commit suicide.

This the aged Roman did, and his wife was only forcibly prevented from following his example.

## On Independence in Action

All men wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving what it is that makes life happy; and so far is it from being easy to attain happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we can most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to secure a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whither we must tend, and by what path, without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the regions which we are about to enter; because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in that some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

Suppose that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you were doing, you have fallen into some snare which either public or private fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs; afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented habit as an alleviation of misfortunes, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils.

## ANN VERONICA.

If Mr. Wells' latest piece of presumption were a modern love story, as he subnames it, then it would be high time indeed that we harked back to older times and older manners. But it is not a modern love story in any sense of the word; it is merely a narrative of savage primeval instincts, where the participants only differ from their uncouth progenitors in the fact that they wear clothes and pretend to dabble in biology. More than this, the story is absurd in that the heroine herself is a wholly man-made creation, an impossible conception of a femininity that is more male than female in its manner of thought and act. If Mr. Wells had done nothing more than draw a character of this kind his book might be dismissed with a passing comment on its silliness, and the negligible negative amount of harm it would have done would have in no sense appalled us. But it suits this professor of modernism to adopt a sort of ironical flippancy towards those which we have been taught to believe are the foundations of the institutions which hold the family and society together. It may be the scientific vein in Mr. Wells that prompts this; a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; but whatever the reason, the fact remains that he has tried to undermine, by unscrupulous suggestion, the very groundwork upon which civilization rests. To many of us it is a for cry back to our Sunday school days, ad those of us who are not churchgoers retain but a faint recollection, perhaps, of our early religious training; but the impression conveyed in youth remains with us, and however much we may have changed our views, however unorthodox we may have become, we have found no reason to believe that the laws embodied in the Ten Commandments are not worthy of being followed; are not the best, in fact the only guides to right moral conduct and consequent happiness. They have been in force now for a great many hundred years. They are the gist practically of every religious and philosophical cult, and science has not given or attempted to give us any better substitute. But this so-called feminine creation of Mr. Wells sets all moral laws at defiance, and the author evidently sanctions her in so doing. She begins by breaking the first and second commandment, and ends by breaking nearly all of them. But the last chapter finds her the picture of alleged well-merited happiness, her desires all fulfilled, and enjoying life to the utmost. As for Capes, her lover, he is nothing more nor less than a criminal at large.

It is not the purpose of these columns to give a synopsis of or extracts from a book of this variety, however notorious it may be. The sooner it sinks into oblivion the better.





# An Hour with the Editor



## CHRISTMAS.

Not very many people will trouble themselves today about the origin of Christmas or how the date corresponds with the probable season of the year when Jesus was born, and least of all the children to whose pleasure most of us devote the day. The great thing is not what Christmas was, but what it is. It may be, as the wise people tell us, only an adaptation of an ancient heathen holiday to the purposes of the Christian Church, whose leaders felt it wise to engraft some of the old practices of heathendom, which were in themselves harmless, upon the new religion, and devote the occasion to the commemoration of the birth of its Founder, than to antagonize their new converts altogether. It may be that these early fathers were not especially careful to be exact in fixing the date of the event. These things are proper enough for discussion at other times, but not at Christmas Day. They do not make the least bit of difference one way or the other, but there are a lot of super-excellent folk, who are never quite satisfied unless they have everything drawn with a straight-edge and all the angles exact. They have no use for curves in history or religion, but just as Hogarth told us that in art the curve was the emblem of beauty, although everybody knew it before he said so, so also in those things which make for our happiness we must make use of "curves" if we want the best results. In long centuries the angles have been taken out of things. Doubtless it is a very wavy line that we would have to follow, if we would trace Christmas back to the day, when there was born in the stable in Bethlehem a Baby Boy, whose influence is the most potent factor in the world today; but that makes it all the more beautiful, for wherever we trace it, we would find lying along its course the sentiment of "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will to Men." Even in the rugged days of old, when our rude, but virile ancestors drank deep of nut-brown ale, while the Yule log blazed upon the hearth; or in later days when the Crusaders, with clanging of shields and shouts of frenzy, hurled defiance at the Saracen foe, from whom they sought to rescue the place where the Child of Bethlehem was buried; even yet later, when monasticism and later still, Puritanism had robbed the day of many of its outward evidences of joy, it was the same. Perhaps there were times when the sunlight of love found the dark clouds hanging over humanity difficult to penetrate; but ever the sun was there; ever its beams were directed earthwards, and ever in men's hearts there was a glow of its divine fire. And in these latter days, when the anthem of the Angel Choir finds an echo in the breasts of us all, Christmas Day is the season of Love Triumphant. To be sure there is sorrow, suffering, hate, envy, and malice in the world; but like the mists, which fly before the splendour of the dawn, they are rolling away. The divine sunshine is illuminating more and more of the dark places as the years roll on, and we look forward with confidence to the glory of midday, when the principle for which Christmas Day stands will rule the world.

Christmas Day is a day of memories. Some of them are sad, but most of them are joyous. Even with the former there is a little brightness, for when on this day we remember those who have left us forever, we recall only what was good about them. The world is better for our memory of our sorrows; if the rain of grief never fell into our lives they might be barren. Christmas Day bids us sorrow "not as men without hope," for no matter what our religious faith may be, or if we have no particular religious faith at all, there is something in the atmosphere at this season, which touches and sanctifies everything, even if we are unconscious of its influence. We are learning nowadays many things that to a former generation would have seemed foolish imaginings. We know that there are occult forces. We may not try to name them, and it is just as well that we should not; but we know that they are active forces. We know there is a wireless telegraphy between human hearts; that there is a spiritual hypnotism that sways human minds. We have learned that nothing dies; that the conservation of energy is not confined to inanimate things; and we are beginning to realize that the forces of the human soul are as real, as efficient, and as eternal as the forces that control the material world. So we are justified in assuming that the sentiment that inspires the rejoicings of Christmas is having a permanent influence upon mankind, and that the world, because of it, is steadily growing better. Perhaps the improvement may not be as rapid as some of us would like it to be, but there is one infallible rule whereby its progress can be accelerated, namely, that each of us will do what in him or her lies to make Christmas what it ought to be and to keep its fires alight in our hearts until the next season comes round.

There are some people, one is sorry to say, to whom Christmas means but very little. They are not so numerous as they used to be; but they are too numerous yet. They are chiefly people who have forgotten that they were once children. They miss so much that they provide their own punishment for their foolishness in refusing to believe in the spirit of Santa Claus. But the most of us believe in Christmas, and you good sir, who will sit in your club today, and vote the rest of us absurd, as you light your cigar and look into the fire, just let your memory go back to a day long before the first grey hair showed itself in your head, long before you knew anything about those matters, to which you look for your pleasures

nowadays, and recall a little fellow you used to know. Fine little chap he was. He did not know much, but he believed a great deal. He was only certain of a few things. One was that Father was much the greatest man in all the world; another was that angels must be something like Mother, only not quite so good, another was that there was a good spirit called Santa Claus, whose performances were a thousand times more wonderful than all the marvels of modern science about which you read in the papers and magazines. You remember that little chap. You remember how he could hardly go to sleep on Christmas Eve, so full his heart was of what tomorrow would bring forth, and yet feared to stay awake lest he might see something that he ought not to. You remember with what tremors of the heart (tremors of joy of course), he went downstairs in the morning, to see what the glorious night had brought forth. You remember the little chap wanted to love everyone, and that for the time being the world was resonant with joy. That little chap was you; yes, sir! You, who now sit over the fire and watch the smoke as it curls from your cigar. Now, be honest with yourself, and confess if all you have done and got and learned since then make up for what you have lost because you have let the spirit of Christmas die out of your heart. But this is not all there is to say to you; for you will not have learned the lesson of memory aright if you do not feel within you a glow of something like that which made all the world seem bright in those far off times.

There is no need to say anything to parents and children who make of Christmas what it ought to be. They know more about it than words can put on paper. They know that of all our institutions Christmas is the one that could be least spared, not only for what it is, but for what it implies. They know that in proportion as they enter into the spirit of the day, they become more like Him, whose nativity it commemorates. They will join with us in saying, Long live Christmas; may its hold upon the hearts of the people grow stronger and stronger until the time shall come when its message will be the greatest influence upon all our lives.

## THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

The Christian Era was established in Italy sometime in the Sixth Century, by Dionysius the Little, a Roman Abbot. It did not come into general use in Christendom until a century or more afterwards. Dionysius reckoned backward to fix the year of the birth of Christ, and his investigations led him to the conclusion that this took place in the twelfth month beginning on January 1st, in the fourth year of the 194th Olympiad, which corresponded with the 753rd year after the legendary founding of Rome, and the 4714th year of the Julian period. It is hardly necessary to say that the Olympiads were the periods between the Olympic games. The Julian period was devised by a statistician named Scalizer, in 1582. It is based on certain astronomical facts. Previous to the institution of the Christian Era, and after the disuse of the Olympiad and the Roman system, dates in Latin countries were fixed by what was known as in the Cycle of Indiction, which was a period fixed for the performance of certain judicial acts by the Emperors at Constantinople. This was not established until the year 313. Therefore, it follows, that there is no measure of time previous to the Sixth Century of our era, by which dates can be settled without more or less calculation.

Indeed, for a very long period after the invention of the Christian Era a great deal of disagreement existed as to when it ought to be considered as beginning. Dionysius, its inventor, fixed the beginning at the Feast of the Annunciation, which was March 25. This prevailed universally for some time, and in some parts of Italy it was followed as late as 1745. Other ecclesiastical authorities held that the year ought to begin at Easter, others preferred March 1st. In France Easter was regarded as the beginning of the year as late as the Sixteenth Century. In Germany and in some parts of Italy the year was regarded as beginning at Christmas as late in some places as the Fifteenth Century. In England Christmas was regarded as the beginning of the year up to the Thirteenth Century, when Annunciation Day was established as the beginning, and it was so continued until 1752, when January 1st was fixed as the time. A relic of the ancient practice in regard to the beginning of the year is shown by the fact that the Church of England dates its ecclesiastical year from the First Sunday in Advent. English historians always have reckoned the year as beginning on January 1st. An illustration of the confusion arising out of this uncertainty as to when the year begun is afforded by the invasion of England by William of Orange. This is popularly called the Revolution of 1688. Stated in terms of our existing chronology, it took place in 1689.

The Christian Era had not been long in use before it was observed that the Equinoxes did not always fall on the same dates. Pope Sextus IV commissioned an astronomer to adjust the Calendar, so as to make the years coincide with the Equinoxes, but the latter died before he completed his work, which remained in abeyance until Pope Gregory XIII. appointed Aloysius Lilius, an astronomer and physician, to complete it. The result was the establishment of the Gregorian Calendar, which is that now in use in Christendom.

Gregory, after the necessary calculations had been completed, ordered that October 5, 1582, should be considered to be October 15. The Gregorian Calendar is a very remarkable piece of work. It provides for leap year, so as to adjust dates to astronomical events; but

this leaves a margin of error, and to obviate this, certain years, which would otherwise be leap years, only have 365 days. The year 1900 was one of these. The next will be 2100.

Other eras than those above mentioned have been used. Among them are:

The Era of Creation, which has been arbitrarily fixed at 4004 B.C. There is not the slightest reason for supposing this to be correct. Over two hundred separate calculations have been made from Biblical records, and they vary from 3483 years before Christ to 6984 years.

The Jewish Era begins from a date assigned to the Creation, which was 3760 years before Christ. This calculation was made in the Fifteenth Century.

The Era of Constantinople, which is the ecclesiastical year of the Greek Church, and was the civil year in Russia until the time of Peter the Great, begins at the supposed time of the Creation, which for the purposes of this era was estimated to have occurred 5509 years before Christ.

The Era of Alexandria was that used by the Alexandrian Christians, and dated from what they supposed was the time of Creation, or 5503 years before Christ.

The Mundane Era of Antioch was of the same nature, but it placed Creation in 5492 B. C.

The Era of Nabonassar, was of ancient origin. It began on Wednesday, February 26, 747 B. C. It was a scientific Era, based on astronomy.

The Macedonian Era dated from 311 B. C., with the Macedonian Seleucus conquered Babylon.

The Era of Alexander, that of Tyre, the Caesarian Era of Antioch, the Caesarian Era of Spain, the Era of Actum, the Augustan Era the Era of Diocletian, and of the Armenians have all had a temporary vogue.

The Mohammedan Era dates from the flight of the Prophet from Mecca to Medina in A.D. 622. The Era of Yezdegard, in use in Persia, dates from June 16, A.D. 632.

Chinese definite Chronology begun in 2000 B. C., they measure time by astronomical cycles of sixty years each. This cycle has also been used in India since 3185 B. C.

## TO THE LONELY ONES

Contributed.

A Happy Christmas to "You." . . . "You" may only have arrived in this big, sparsely populated country within the last few weeks, and have not yet found your niche among your "own kind." To "You," a Canadian born and bred gives hearty greeting. . . . Would that life was so ordered that one might seek "you" out in your lonely lodging or shack, as the case might be—and say "come and have your Christmas dinner with us, and talk about" my people "to your heart's content."

There is an element of sadness in Christmas in this new land, so engrossed are its people in the process of building. . . . Why can't one fling convention to the winds, and seek out those who are lonely and friendless! Perhaps you are here because you "made a mess of things, at home," but if we could unearth the story which led to the migration to Canada of some of our own ancestors we might find that the finest among them, the men who struggled against overwhelming odds, through loneliness and discouragement, and who won our heritage for us, were the scape-graces of some English county family, who had been "sent down" from Oxford, only to be sent out to Canada! Don't pay any attention to the arrant nonsense that is talked about the prejudice against Englishmen in Canada. . . . for the truth is that Canada is not only the smelting-pot of Nations but the forge where conflicting elements in the way of social castes are moulded into one. . . . and the process is rather trying to the material under the anvil, at times! but it all resolves itself into the good old maxim, "a Man is a Man, whatever his class." . . . To misquote a Scotch saying. . . .

Will "you" believe that in one home at least, the toast of the "lonely one" is given, by a Canadian who realises what the making of our country exacts from individuals? If "you" are the lonely one, this Christmas, know that a greeting, sincere and tender, is wining its way to "You."

One knows that it has taken a pretty stiff resolve on your part to come all this way from the old home and family ties, to start out on "Your own." Luck may appear to be against you at the start, and you may think that you are nothing but a round peg, trying to fit into an extraordinary square hole! But pluck up courage. "Right Oh!" is the word, your niche will be found before long, another Christmas and you will be the welcome guest, of those, whose only regret will be that it was not your first Christmas in Canada which was spent in their home.

Perhaps you are expecting letters which have not arrived, but they are on their way—and they have many miles to travel and many hands to pass through. Sweethearts and mothers don't forget. Your tobacco may have an acrid flavor, and the chimney may smoke as hard as you do! Rations may be scanty and thoughts of other Christmas days many. Never mind, it will all be over in a day or two, and in the rough and tumble of the fight you will forget. Here in this far outpost of a great Empire a prayer goes heavenward, from one who has seen "your sort win out in the end, that strength may be given you also, to conquer in the manly fight for independence."

"Stick it out." "You" are not forgotten, you are only ungetatable.

## A Century of Fiction

XIII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

## CHARLES DICKENS.

Many of us believe that the personality of a strong man or woman can have no real death, but must continue to exist as a potential agency in some form or another long after the body has been buried and reduced to dust. To us it seems an incredible, nay, more, an impossible thing, for death to end the almost unlimited energy that animates the mind and the body of the greatest of our thinkers and actors; and we feel sure that the energy, which during the lifetime of the body that contained it wielded an influence upon the world, must still hold a place in it. The stronger, the nobler the personality, the more deeply and for the greater length of time must this influence last.

This is true of all the leaders of the various great religious cults. To their followers, in many cases, the master still exists; and, because the disciples have felt the nameless force of a personality, the likeness of which has long since vanished, they implicitly and unquestionably believe in the existence of him they reverence, though they have no proof that they are right beyond that furnished by the undeniable force of their own convictions. For example, those of us who have taken Jesus Christ as the model by which we try to pattern our lives, can say, without compromising ourselves in the least, that Jesus lives, for to us he does live, inasmuch as the influence he exerted while alive has grown steadily wider and stronger.

While this is true of the greatest of our teachers, the wisest of our leaders, it is no less true of those, who, if of not quite so mighty a calibre, nevertheless stand out from among the enormous rank and file of humanity in the white light of justly earned fame. Among those we number our famous composers, our soul-stirring musicians, our statesmen, our poets, our painters and our novelists. In this latter class there is one the spirit of whom, to those who know his works well, seems to especially preside over some of the simplest, the holiest, the best of our pleasures, and of those pleasures we, who though old in years can yet thank God for the youth in our hearts, number Christmas time as the happiest, the brightest, the merriest of them all.

There have been greater writers than Charles Dickens, more scholarly, more rhetorical writers; but among the scores of them there is not one who has succeeded in touching our hearts quite so surely, as this man who wrote only of sane, simple everyday affairs, and sane, simple everyday people; and never forgot for a moment that heaven-born faculty of us all to see the humorous side of things, the faculty that helps to carry us over the roughest places in life. Moreover he showed the just balance that always exists between happiness and sadness, between smiles and tears, helping us to believe the very best of our fellow-men, and inspiring us with a stronger desire to trust in God.

Dickens did not write of sex problems, probably never thought of them. His characters had no complex emotions; that led to inextricable complications. His stories are stories of real life, as happily the most of us know it, and his characters are real men and women with feelings and instincts totally unperverted by abnormal desires; quite unlike those men and women with whom we meet in our modern novels, who, satiated by sensations, rack their bodies and brains to find a new one at the cost of health and sanity.

So we choose Dickens today as the one writer among the many who has best typified the Christmas spirit, who, in fact, has been given the credit of inventing the modern Christmas, such a lover was he of little children, such a sympathetic brother to the suffering, such a believer in the innate kindness and goodness of everybody. "Half an hour of him," said an able critic, "is worth a lifetime of his self-conscious analyzers, and the world is a more cheerful and sympathetic world, because of the loving and lovable presence in it of Charles Dickens." And the time of the great novelist's death some one wrote in the public press in regard to his Christmas tales as follows: "He has not only pleased us—he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the heart of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America today fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote." Surely no epitaph could be better than this.

Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, in February, 1812. It was of his own unhappy childhood that he wrote when he described the sorrows of little David Copperfield. In fact, most of his characters were drawn from real life, his own father and mother and his wife figuring in many of them. His descriptions of Marshalsea prison were taken from his own experience while his father was imprisoned there for debt. Those were very hard times for the Dickens family, and Charles, who was a delicate, sensitive lad, felt the disgrace and the humiliation very poignantly. They lived in a miserable quarter of the town, and the boy used to wait on his father in prison. These words from David Copperfield exactly describe the conditions of the young Dickens:

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship—

would not be here to spin the yarn to incredulous shore folk. When it cleared we found and felt my early hopes growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless, of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back again, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams, that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and I wander desolately back to that time of my life."

But good fortune came to him later, and when he was nineteen he began his career as a journalist. Four years after this he published his "Sketches by Boz," which won him instant recognition; and when two years later his "Pickwick Papers" appeared, it brought fame to its author and a goodly sum of money as well. The year previous he had married Miss Catherine Hogarth, who was the original Dora in David Copperfield, and in later years became the Flora in "Little Dorrit." From this period for forty-three years Dickens never ceased to write until his death, which occurred very suddenly, without the least warning, on the 9th of June, 1870. He left behind him an uncompleted novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

On page 3 will be found some quotations from the writings of this master appropriate to the day.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN SANTA.

By C. L. Armstrong.

Now children, gather near the fire  
And I will tell you how  
Old Santa Claus goes 'round the world  
And makes his merry bow  
In ev'ry land where boys and girls  
Are good as they can be;  
For this old saint speaks ev'ry tongue  
Unknown to you and me.  
In Germany, the Fatherland,  
"Kris Kringle," he is called.  
'Tis there his toys are made for him  
Which 'round the world are hauled.  
In Holland, where the children wear  
Queer Sabots, made of wood,  
They call him "Sunder Klass" and old  
"Sint Nikolaas" the good.  
In Switzerland, where mountains high  
Are piled, all topped with snow,  
They speak of "Samilklaus" and hang  
Thick stockings in a row.  
Heligoland knows "Sonner Klas,"  
Voraberg "Zemmgklas" knows,  
While "Elka" (fir tree) is his name  
Amid the Russian snows.  
Alsace-Lorraine—a funny name—  
Refers to "Knecht Dupreck."  
Bohemian children know him, too;  
They call him "Jericek."  
In La Belle France, "Le Bon Papa"  
Brings toys, and good things, too,  
In Austria he is "Niklo,"  
Which sometimes is "Nigloo."  
In Italy, where sun and flow'rs  
Enrich the Christmas cheer,  
They hail him as "Babino" and  
Watch for him ev'ry year.  
"Giviaska" (little star)  
By Polish babes is seen;  
While Scandinavian boys and girls  
Are watchful for "Kristine,"  
'Juenuissen' in Denmark gives  
The youngsters joyful cause  
For merrymaking. Irish children  
Know "Niamh Nicklausa."  
And thus, you see, the good saint all  
About the world doth run,  
Dispensing Christmas cheer; and now  
My little tale is done.

## THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

Many are familiar with an old story of a merchant travelling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted, and accidentally dropped a package of money. The dog saw it, the man did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found the dying dog beside the package. Another tale is told which adds force to the thought—Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

When I was young and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, says the narrator, I worked for a farmer who gave me a span of horses to plow with. One of them was a four-year old colt.

The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him "to break him off that notion," as he said.

But just then a neighbor came by. He said, "There is something wrong here. Let him get up and let us find out what is the matter."

He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said, "Look at this collar. It is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so that he can't breathe."

So it was; and but for that neighbor we should have whipped as good a creature as we had on the farm, because he lay down when he could not breathe.



# RURAL AND SUBURBAN

## HOW TO MAKE A PERENNIAL BORDER.

Plant thickly enough to form eventually a mass of foliage sufficiently dense to completely hide the ground. Scattered plants about a newly-raked bed may look new, but so would perfect rows of painted stakes. Neatness can be more perfectly attained by the close grouping of plants of similar foliage. Too great a mixture of leaf forms and colors often gives a tangled and untidy effect. The aim is the happy medium between the sameness of a too large group of one species and the careless mixture of many species. Make the groups decided enough to be called groups in comparison with the area of the planting; but let them be irregular and blend into the surrounding groupings with pleasing contrasts.

A very effective way of planting, especially where the border is long, is to use a large quantity of a few kinds of plants which follow each other in bloom through the season, and to plant the whole border in small groups, so that at one time the entire border appears attractive with flowers of one kind and of one or perhaps two colors, to be followed by a flower of another color. This method changes the color effect of the whole border almost every week, but it, of course, cannot give the effect of a solid mass of flowers, as would be the case if the same list were planted, each kind in a plot by itself. A list for this purpose, to follow each other quite closely through the summer might be: Yellow daffodils, purple German iris, rose and white peonies, scarlet Oriental poppies, Japanese iris white, with pencillings of color, yellow day lilies, monardas, red, phlox, white or nearly so, rudbeckias, yellow, purple New England aster, and hardy pompon chrysanthemum, pink and white. If a larger list, with plants of several colors appearing at the same time is used, the effect is entirely different, and care will be needed to obtain the more pleasing contrasts of color.

The preparation of beds for perennials should be very thorough especially as the soil cannot be deeply dug or greatly enriched afterwards. If the subsoil does not provide sufficient drainage to prevent water from staying on the surface of the ground, or the soil from becoming excessively wet during the rainier seasons, then under-drainage to a depth of at least two and a half feet will be necessary.

A first-class perennial bed, suited to sustain a large variety of plants in vigorous growth, should have the ground made loose to a depth of two feet. It would be best to have the entire two feet made up of surface soil and then dig over the subsoil and mix with it a fair amount of manure, bone and wood ashes. If the soil is clayey or sour, there is nothing better than screened coal ashes to make its condition satisfactory. An application two inches deep to a foot of soil will loosen a stiff clay, and it will stay loose. Sand will answer to the same end, but not so well.

The top soil should, if possible, be a good loam, and be at least one foot deep. It should be well enriched with well rotted manure, bone and wood ashes, or other mineral fertilizers, and put in a finely pulverized condition. The growth of vegetation cannot be vigorous without a deep, rich, well-drained soil. Keep the surface soil rich, and do not get part of the subsoil mixed with it, as many of the garden plants are shallow-rooted, and need a very mellow soil; and, further, a good friable surface is needed to allow the growth of annuals and small plants, especially those raised from seed. A good depth of soil gives a lower feeding-room for the strong-rooted plants, and allows the growth of more shallow-rooted plants among them, with far better results than could possibly be obtained on a thin soil.

When purchasing plants for a border, take pains to obtain good, healthy stock, and see that it is carefully planted as soon as received. The best season to transplant any particular plant is while it is yet dormant, and just before the roots start to grow. Plants in general, and early flowering ones in particular, make considerable root growth in the fall. A good rule to follow is: plant in the early fall those species that blossom before July, and in the spring those that bloom later in the year.

If it seems best to make the planting all at one time, then early fall will perhaps be the best season for the greatest number. Fall planting should be early, so that the plants can become established in the soil at any season, but more care must be used.

A well-drained, deep soil under the plants is the first and best protection. Too much water in the soil and too weak a root system, with the alternate freezing and thawing, are the main reasons for the winter killing of otherwise hardy plants. If the beds are given a dressing of short manure in the fall, just sufficient to cover the earth without smothering the crowns of the plants, it will prevent the two quick freezing and thawing.

Plants that are really tender to cold must be mulched to keep the frost from the roots. This can be accomplished with any material, such as straw, leaves, etc., that is open enough to form interior air spaces and so be a poor conductor of cold. It is well to place this manure in heaps over the crowns of the plants so as to at least partly shed the rain. The soil must be extremely dry to injure an established dormant plant, but it can easily be too wet.

When, after a few years, the border becomes too thick, or the clumps too large to

give satisfactory flowers, some removal of plants and division of roots will be necessary. In general, do not separate the clumps until they show very plainly that they need it. The best season to divide any plant is the same as the best time to plant it, which is just before its roots begin to grow.

It may sometimes be best to water the border during severe drought. Do it this way, or do not do it at all: Give to each square foot of the bed a two-inch covering of water, as the soil will take it up. The continual application of a little water not only hinders the rise of water from the sub-soil, but tends to bring the roots to the moister surface, and so not only crowds them into a smaller feeding space, but makes the plants less able to endure the next drought, and less hardy for the winter.

## THE JOY OF A GARDEN.

"The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both," wrote Dr. Arnold, in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and his wife—"there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on." In the spring and summer there is some change visible every day, something to fulfill and something to excite expectation. And even in winter time flower-culture has its delights, for those who possess a greenhouse or conservatory, no matter how small, have an indoor garden, wherein the same changes may be watched and enjoyed. And if one has no greenhouse something may still be done to preserve one's favorite plants during the severe weather. In fact, there are few states of life in which floriculture is not an available source of enjoyment.

### Modern Tastes

The florid, strictly geometrical, and stereotyped fashion of planting flower-beds with wonderful mosaic patterns, and borders with line after line of gaudy, tender exotics, graduated with almost mathematical exactness from back to front, has happily given way to a more sensible, beautiful, and appropriate style of garden decoration. Owners of gardens have realized that there is a hundredfold more pleasure and attractiveness to be obtained by the judicious selection and tasteful disposition of hardy plants of a permanent character than there is in the system of filling the borders with tender subjects whose beauty is of a temporary and doubtful nature.

The ideal of flowers for every month is coming nearer realization each year, and the disposition of heights and colors in such a scheme is correct, according as it does not err on the side of formality. Applied to the flower garden as a whole, it supplies not only a garden beautiful, but a garden economical, as the most gorgeous and pleasing effects from spring to late autumn are obtained without the use of glass and with very little trouble. In the days gone by there was often an ephemeral and painfully blinding blaze as of a fiery torch, and then the succeeding blackness and gloom, lasting until nine or ten months had rolled by. Herbaceous borders, on the other hand, composed chiefly of hardy perennials, arranged according to their season of bloom, become a perennial pleasure, and have done more to increase the enjoyment of gardening and decrease the cost than any other horticultural development of recent years.

As Messrs. Kelway, the eminent plant experts, of Langport, correctly state in their intelligent publication, "Garden of Delight," "A combination of the beautiful and practical has driven away the age of the Brussels carpet from our gardens, as woolwork and stuffed birds have been ousted from our drawing-rooms." There is no bare ground in a garden arranged on this plan; every portion of earth is made to yield its quota of beauty, from the birth of spring until the ground is frost-bound; and even then there are floral gems gleaming here and there amongst the snow. So that the enjoyment of a garden is extended as well as increased, and this is the basis of the garden as it should be today.

### Lovely Paeonies

Schemes of color are eminently successful only when composed by someone who possesses practical knowledge of plants, as well as artistic talent; a minimum of the latter suffices, but experience with the flowers to be used is essential. The taste for hardy perennial flowers has increased in a very marked degree of late. The paeony, for example, asks for nothing in the way of climate; only put it in good earth and its buds will unfold in the teeth of a driving north-east gale; the rigors of our spring are nothing to it. Even when other hardy flowers were torn to pieces I have seen paeonies blooming magnificently in a dozen gardens that I know during the late alleged summer. May visitors going to the summer flower shows see the latest creations evolved—the marvels of burnished gold stamens and silken petals in countless variations of cream and rose hues. It is a simple matter to get them, as the fleshy roots travel perfectly and may be planted now. The tree paeony, too, as distinct from the above-mentioned section, is one of the most admirable of plants for gentle forcing in pots under glass. Plants covered with lovely blooms in February and March are most decorative. They like plenty of air when inside. There is not a handsomer or more suitable plant for conservatories, large rooms, porches, halls, etc., than the tree paeony in pots.

### Draining, Digging, and Manuring

This is the season for all such measures as draining, trenching, double-digging, rough-ridding, and manuring. The earth, however, should not be operated upon while in a wet

state. It is even worse to wheel over wet earth. It helps to ruin the texture and hardens the tilth of gardens. In taking time by the forelock, and being on the watch for opportunity, suitable seasons may generally be found for all the necessary operations in gardening. The secret of success is to take the first chance that offers, for the sooner the earth is turned up to the air the better, and the sweeter the root run it will form next season. If manure cannot be got on now, dig or trench at once, and run the manure on when the frost comes, digging again afterwards. Never let the earth remain undug because it is too soft to bear the carriage of manure, nor puddle it into sourness by making it carry loads in a wet state. If time and opportunity offer, and the manure is ready, put it on at once. If not, turn up the soil, and put the manure on during frost, not spreading it out, but letting it lie in heaps.—D. McDonald.

## THE WAY TO PLANT FRUIT TREES.

We have just received an admirable little work on the culture and management of fruit trees and strawberries, published by Messrs. Bunyard & Co., of Maidstone, price 1s. Mr. Bunyard's experience of fruit-growing extends over many years, and his advice may always be relied upon. The notes on planting fruits may well be reproduced, as the subject is opportune. It is mentioned that trees received during frost should, without unpacking, be placed in a warm cellar or frost-proof house till the return of suitable weather for planting, and thus treated they will take no harm; the roots should not be allowed to become dry through the wind or sun. If trees appear dry or shrivelled on their arrival from the nursery, place them in water for twelve hours to plump them up before planting. All main coarse roots should be shortened with a sharp knife and injured roots cut clean away. Prune back the roots that go right down and remove the bruised portions—cutting from the underside. The best months for planting bushes and trees are the end of October, November, February, and the first half of March, or in open weather before Christmas. Merely digging a hole, cramming the roots in, shovelling the soil over, stamping it down and burying it, is the wrong way to plant, and can only result in failure. The right way is: 1. Never to let trees lie about with their roots exposed to the air. If several have to be planted, lay the roots in the ground first, and then plant at your leisure, or lay a mat over those to be planted within an hour. 2. Open a hole at least 1 ft. broader than the roots spread. Throw out the top spit, then well break up the bottom to the full depth of a fork or spade, replace some of the finer soil in a mound in the centre of the hole, and set the tree upon it. 3. If the roots are in any way jagged or torn, cut the ends cleanly off with a sharp knife from the underside, and shorten back all roots pointing downwards. 4. Place the tree in such a position at such a depth that when the planting is finished it will be at the same depth as it was in the nursery, as will be seen by the soil mark on the stem. The depth should be such that the upper roots will be about 3 in. or 4 in. below the surface when finished. 5. The roots will generally be found to be growing from several parts of the stem. Spread the lowest roots out carefully on the mound, and scatter a little fine earth over them; then spread out the roots next above these, adding more soil; also those higher up, and so on, giving a slight shake now and again to let the fine soil run in between the roots. 6. When all the roots are spread out and covered, add a little more soil, and tread it firmly, not hard, and fill up the hole slightly above the surrounding soil, as it will sink one or two inches. 7. Give one good watering, unless the soil is very damp. 8. Put a strong stake to the tree, and be sure the two are fastened together in such a way as to make it impossible for the bark of the tree to chafe itself against the stake when the winds blow. If two stakes can be used, so much the better. 9. Protect the trees from rabbits, cattle, and sheep. 10. As soon as the land is dry enough in spring, hoe the surface round the tree to prevent evaporation. Constant hoeing is one great secret of success in fruit-growing. No drought will hurt trees round which the soil is hoed every ten days. In America, fruit-growers hoe once a week.—Country Life.

## DON'T DOUBLE-CROP THE ORCHARD.

It is poor policy to try to take two totally different crops off the same land at the same time. Sod culture is all right in some sections, but taking off a clover crop would be dangerous unless there is ample rainfall in the growing season, and a heavy application of fertilizer is made to replace the plant food removed. Apple trees are particularly heavy feeders on potash, which a second crop of clover, ploughed under, would not furnish. Clover would draw heavily on the moisture supply of the soil at a time when it is needed by the trees. What is generally considered the best practice is clean cultivation in spring and summer, with a cover crop planted in the fall, to be turned under in spring.

## BANTAM AS UTILITY BREED

No doubt to many of our readers the above heading will seem strange, most of them remarking, "Whoever heard of the Bantam as a utility fowl?" Certainly up to now we have not looked upon them in this light, but this is no proof that we should not do so, especially

when we consider how many people would like to keep fowls if only they could find sufficient room. Further, how many are keeping, say, five or six fowls in a run hardly roomy enough for two, the result being complete disappointment, retiring from the poultry fancy thoroughly disgusted, fully confident they can buy what eggs they require much cheaper than by keeping a few fowls for their own egg supply. A case fully illustrating this point came to my notice a few months ago. A gentleman I know contracted the hen fever, bought six hens and a cock, kept them in a run wherein they could hardly turn round, and in a very short time informed me that what eggs he did get, which are very few, cost him at the rate of 25 cents each; and this I am afraid is not an isolated case.

To people with only a very few yards of ground at their disposal, who are desirous of keeping a few fowls for their own use, I have no hesitation in advising them to go in for Bantams; and if only the right breeds are chosen the result will be satisfactory financially, and a source of enjoyment to the owner as well. We must not close our eyes to the fact that a great secret of success in all branches of farming lies in suitable stock and sufficient land.

Apply the same to keeping large poultry on a few feet of vacant ground; they look nothing, and prove very unprofitable. Keep the same number of Bantams in the same space; they flourish, are quite contented, and very profitable. Unfortunately, Bantams by the majority of persons are looked upon as rather expensive hobbies, purely from a fancy standpoint, and outside the show pen as utterly useless, as egg producers complete failures, and for table purposes little better.

I myself have heard it said over and over again they are not worth the trouble of killing and cleaning; but this is a very mistaken idea, and simply strengthens my contention, and goes to prove how little they are understood. Where for its size can we find a fowl firmer, or one whose flesh is more delicate and juicy than the Bantam? If they are small, the bones of the bird and the necessary waste are small in from Rock and Wyandotte Bantams, which, when ready, take the scales at 2½ pounds. We must not forget the cost of keep is also correspondingly small. A pen of five birds can almost be kept on house scraps alone, certainly with a very small portion of corn thrown in. I know more than one ardent town fancier at the present time keeping Bantams in a small back yard with splendid results, having an egg average that would make many a small country fancier blush. Rock, Wyandotte, and Pelin Bantams are very profitable as utility fowls, contented, and capital layers in confined runs, the two former breeds of good-sized eggs; in fact, strange as it may seem, I know hens of these breeds, remarkable layers, whose eggs compare very favorably with many a pullet's egg.—Feathered World.

## BEST ALL-ROUND BREED OF FOWLS.

Fowls of this class, are generally speaking, the most profitable for farmers, unless they particularly wish to specialize in either egg production or table chickens, as they combine the two essential characteristics, without excelling in either; they are better layers than the table breeds, but less suitable for eating, while they possess better flesh qualities than the non-sitters, but produce fewer eggs. Hens of this class are our best winter layers, producing, when hatched at the right time of year, a large proportion of their eggs during the winter months. There are five good general purpose breeds, one of which, however is not so popular as it was a few years ago, owing to the fact that it has been surpassed by some of the newer varieties; I refer to the Langshan. One of the remaining four, the Faverolles, is a comparatively new comer; and although the breed undoubtedly possesses some sterling qualities, it cannot equal in utility characteristics either the Orpington, Plymouth Rock, or Wyandotte. Of the Orpington, there are several varieties, but the Buff is the only one with which we need deal, as it is generally understood by everyone who has kept both varieties, that the Buff is far superior to the black; of the Wyandotte there are seven varieties, but again we need only consider the White, silver, and Buff, as although the remaining ones possess some excellent characteristics, they fall a long way short of these three. The Barred and Buff are the two best varieties of the Plymouth Rock, the remaining ones being more particularly useful for exhibition purposes. The three breeds are almost identical in economic qualities, the Buff Orpington possessing just one advantage, namely the color of its flesh, which is white, whereas that of the Wyandotte and Plymouth Rock is yellow. Apart from this there is nothing to choose between the three varieties. They are excellent layers, especially in the winter; they are hardy and easy to rear successfully; for heavy fowls they develop rapidly; both the adults and chickens stand confinement well, the hens make reliable sitters and careful mothers; and the quality, flavor, and texture of the flesh leave little to be desired.—E.T.B., in Farm Poultry.

## MOPING FOWLS.

In nearly every flock some few fowls may be seen standing about in drowsy fashion, they neither lay nor progress. If caught and handled they are found poor and out of condition. This is one class, another is those which are over fat. The latter are usually great eaters, and have a particularly good appearance, but they do not lay regularly or perhaps not at all, and are quite as profitless as the others and

more expensive to keep. As an antidote to both conditions Mr. Gilbert says:

"I find nothing better than Epsom salts. They clear out all impurities from the drooping ones, and reduce the fat. It is quite remarkable how beneficially they act. Half a teaspoonful every other day for two weeks invariably produces good results. Mix a little soft appetizing food, add the salts, in proportion to the number of fowls, and let them take this when hungry. Another sure way of distributing the salts evenly is to dissolve them in water; then mix the meal in. I find this medicine so useful that I give salts to the fowls now and then, whether they seem to require them or not, as this acts as a preventive of disease."

## THE RUBBISH PROBLEM SOLVED.

Every rubbish barrel should be hidden from sight and yet be easily accessible. The following plan avoids the cost and delay of evergreens, and requires a minimum of space. It needs only one vine and this can be lifted aside just like a gate whenever it is necessary to remove and empty the barrel.

Set two posts firmly in the ground, one on each side of the barrel and close to the fence. Let their tops be slightly higher than the top of the barrel. Make the soil at the base of one of these posts deep and rich. With the barrel in place between two posts, fasten some common galvanized poultry netting, whose width is equal to the height of the barrel, to one post. When securely fastened bend the netting around the front of the barrel until the second post is reached, and cut off the surplus netting at this point.

In the second post screw three or four hooks, and over these loop the meshes of the netting.

At the base of the first post set a good plant of honeysuckle. Within a season the barrel can be completely screened by training the strongest shoots horizontally on the netting. The screening can be readily removed at any time, by simply unlooping the netting from the hooks and pulling it back toward you. It is just as easily replaced when desired.

Put three bricks at regular intervals on the ground, and rest the barrel on these in order to save its bottom, and bore a hole about two inches from the bottom to keep the barrel free from water, and from injury by freezing in winter. In summer cork the hole and allow sufficient water to collect to prevent the barrel from drying out and going to pieces.

A wooden fly-screen cover will keep out flies. If a stiffer netting with coarser mesh is desired other fence wires will be found suitable.

## TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

A little lime sprinkled over the potatoes will help to keep them from decaying or sprouting.

Write to your nursery firm now for a catalogue, so as to place your order for nursery stock for spring planting.

Keep an eye on the cellar. Vegetables and fruit ought not to be stored there, if there is any other place for them; but if there are such things in the cellar, be sure that they are not decaying. It is better to spend a little more time in sorting fruit and vegetables than a week or two under the doctor's care.

Every cellar ought to be ventilated. A simple method is to remove a pane of glass from one window, and replace it with a square L-shaped tunnel made of light boards extending about a foot from the window, and then for two feet pointing up. By this simple ventilating device, the foul air is removed from the cellar, and very little cold air gains entrance, being kept out by the upward current of air.

This is the time of the year to make plans for the coming season's work in the garden and about the grounds. There are a multitude of valuable hints and suggestions to be found in the various magazines and papers which publish articles on such topics. It is not a bad plan to have several scrap books for clippings, one to be devoted to the flower-garden, another to the vegetable garden, one to poultry, and so on.

All shrubs and trees should be inspected for the purpose of locating injurious insect pests.

Plants kept in the living room require plenty of water, but it is far better to water thoroughly at intervals than to make a light application of water every day. Wait until the plant is dry, and then water it abundantly. Cold water should never be used for watering house plants, and in the case of calla lilies, the water should feel warm to the hand.

The mission of horticulture is to clothe the earth with loveliness, to co-operate with nature in her most beautiful function, to instil into the affections of the people an appreciation of the art and a zeal for its products. And to serve and gratify this desire is the mission of the horticulturist. The materials in which he now deals were once classed among the luxuries of life, but the world is fast coming to recognize them as necessities of healthful and rational living, and as this sentiment grows, so also will grow the importance and influence of horticulture in the public eye.

## A TURNIP FOR GREENS.

The Seven-Top Turnip is a true turnip, but the root has not been developed as in other turnips. The leaves are large, dark green, leaves grow flat upon the ground. It is grown only for greens and is used only in the South.





HERE were three of the Finnerty's.

First, there was Pa Finnerty. Pa was one of those men who lose their faith in things when they lose their grip. Pa had lost his grip on the top rung of a ladder up which he was piloting a hod of bricks some years before, and since that time he hadn't had much faith in anything except the omnipresence of trouble—with a capital "T."

Then, there was Ma Finnerty. Ma was big and buxom. She had a face like a harvest moon, a face that made up in good-will what it lacked in beauty, and then had some left over. Ma had an arm that made the arm of Jim Jeffries look like a puling infant's wrist; in fact, Ma had two such arms, and she used them daily, with a rub-a-dub-dub, to earn the family livelihood, or such livelihood as the family had.

Lastly, as the preachers say along about the time you have made up all your lost sleep and are placing mental bets that the dinner is burned to a crisp, there was Patrick Finnerty, Junior. Patrick Junior was aged six. He was a normal youngster, with a Celtic temperament and all that that implies.

Two nights before Christmas Mrs. Finnerty—that is to say, Ma—had received a letter. If Ma hadn't received that letter, this story would never have been written. No doubt there will be those who will fervently wish, then, that Ma Finnerty had not received the letter. However that may be, the fact remains that she did receive the letter.

"Throuble enough we have," Pa remarked, gazing wistfully up at a "God Bless Our Home" that hung defiantly over the place where the fireplace might have been if there had been any fireplace. "an' the Lord knows, Norah, ye have worrked enough. But far be it from the likes of me to say anything agin it. Shure if the poor felly's widout any place to lay his head, an' it Christmas an' all, shure now we'll have to do the best we can fer him."

"Arrah Patrick, shure now an' I niver t'ought he'd come to this, an' him that smart! Why, at school he was that quick shure th' t'acher had to shstay up nights studyin' to kape ahead av him. An' such a broth av a bhoey he was entirely, thot kind and good-natured. An' to t'ink av him this night widout any place fer to shshape an' turnin' to his old sither, Norah, shure, bliss him. An' us widout the makin' av a dacent male in the place, along av me havin' the rheumatiz, an' you, poor felly, down and out entirely. But jist to t'ink av him remim-b'rin' his old sither; Ochone—"

Ma Finnerty's tears streamed down despite the punches she gave herself with her apron. She crumpled the soiled letter addressed to her in lead-pencilling in one big fist, and her huge frame shook with sobs. Pa tried to comfort her in the whining tone he had come to use constantly, and Patrick Junior, his dirty little face streaked with tear stains, looked from one parent to the other bewildered.

"Ah will," exclaimed Ma with a sigh and a final snuffle, as she arose and began to pile the few dishes one on top of the other preparatory to washing them, "he'll be here tomorry aven-in', an' it's a welcome he'll git if there aint much else."

That night, after Patrick Junior had been tucked into his crib in one corner of the big room, Pa and Ma spent a long time whispering together at the other end of the apartment.

"No, Patrick, I must till the poor child at want." Ma exclaimed at last, and waving aside the weak, crooning protests of her lord and theoretical master, she went to the little bed where the small Patrick lay sleeping. With a touch remarkably gentle, she roused the little fellow. The thin, pathetic countenance

lighted up when the boy found his mother standing over him, bitter tears in her eyes. The wonder grew in the lad's face when his mother tried to speak to him and choked. At last she told him: Santa Claus had just sent word that owing to pressure of business he would be unable to get around to the Finnerty tenement with the pair of skates Master Patrick Finnerty had requested. But he hoped to be able to call some time during the early weeks of the new year.

The blow was a bitter one to Patrick Junior. And yet he had never really expected to receive those skates. Life to Patrick Junior was a state where one was encouraged to expect and not to receive. This had been the first Christmas he had dared to think of such a gift as a real pair of skates. The idea had been suggested to him at Sunday School, the idea of writing to Santa Claus. This relieved father and mother of the necessity of spending hard-earned money for such luxuries, and as Santa Claus seemed to be handing out gifts right and left with lavish hand, Patrick Junior felt that it would not be too much to ask for those skates, the very apex of all that was desirable. And yet, because he wanted them so much, Patrick Junior never had really expected to receive them.

It took him some time, with his wan face turned toward the wall, to accept the disappointment and put it out of his mind. Then he turned back to his sobbing mother. His face was smiling when he put out one small hand to pat the big red one, and he said:

"Oh, that's all right, Ma, I'd just as soon."

Ma Finnerty, a few minutes later, still sobbing, tip-toed to the big chest, painted blue, and wid an 'F' onto one ind av it, which Patrick Senior had brought across from Sligo with him when he first came. That was before Ma had left her native shore, and before Patrick Junior was born. Now her tears fell listlessly on the odds and ends that half-filled the chest, treasures every one. Much stirring about of a big red hand among the odds and ends brought to light a dark green, creased piece of greasy paper, with the figure "5" in each corner, a piece of carefully-hoarded paper that had, in the weeks previous become associated in Ma's and Pa's mind with a certain pair of skates.

Ma Finnerty gazed long at the bit of crumpled paper. Pa, the pain in his legs having eased a bit, was snoozing in his deep chair. Ma turned down the light till it smoked. She looked long again at the crumpled greasy paper. Then she tip-toed softly across the room, and still sobbing, made her way down the rickety stairways to the white-lighted street where the shop windows lighted up gay holiday crowds and extended a flickering twilight into the region of squalor.

\* \* \* \* \*

The letter from her one and only blood relative, a brother slightly younger than herself, had come to Ma Finnerty most unexpectedly. It was dated the same day it had arrived. Therefore, Ma inferred, the lad was in the city. It was written in lead pencil and much soiled, and it said simply that the writer was without work and without money and without a place to lay his head, and that he was coming to ask a bite of his sister this Christmas Eve.

The eve of the Great Feast found the Finnerty's room unwontedly gay. The table had a cloth to cover its cracks, and a cracked but gaudy vase in its centre sported a sprig of holly with three berries glinting from it. Moreover, an extra bed, with a very brilliant curtain hiding it from public view, stood in the corner where the wash tubs had been. And Patrick Junior had discovered a most unusual array of parcels, along with two whole loaves of bread in the cupboard.

There was nothing extraordinary about the evening meal, however, except that, to Patrick's mind, it was delayed unnecessarily. It

was just as frugal and just as half-filling as ever, and it was dragged out. Ma seemed to be listening for some one that didn't come. The dishes were all put away and Patrick Junior had been asleep a long time it seemed, when a loud rapping at the door aroused him. He started up to hear the shrill voice of Mrs. O'Flaherty, who occupied the room under the Finnerty's on the floor below:

"Fer the love av Hivin, Mrs. Finnerty, they's a autymobile ferninst the dure, an' th' Saints presave us, they do be a felly comin' up the stairs to see yez this very minnit."

"Down the luck," exclaimed Ma Finnerty, with more fervor than elegance, "It'll be that furniture man, bad cess to him, an' me afther tellin' him I'd pay him next month. Did ye now—"

At this point Pa's strident voice broke in demanding of Mrs. O'Flaherty how she knew the stranger was bound for the Finnerty flat.

"How did I know? Sure didn't the felly ax me where wuz it ye lived, an' didn't Oi fair run the feet off av me to get here an' tell ye av it?"

The sound of heavy feet on the stairway below cut short the dialogue. Mrs. O'Flaherty made a rush for her own safety, and hid in the janitors closet at the end of the hall. From this point of vantage she whispered hoarsely through the half closed door:

"Divil th' bit would Oi let him set fut in the flat, Mrs. Finnerty."

And Ma Finnerty, minded to take the advice, shut the door gently and firmly, turned the key in the lock, and moved silently over to quiet Patrick Junior.

To the first firm rap at the door the Finnerty's made no response. After a pause there was a second rap, supplemented by a full, heavy voice inquiring:

"Isn't there any one at home?"

Ma Finnerty looked at Pa and Pa looked at Ma. Pa shook his head from side to side vigorously, as if to say: "Don't speak for the life of you," and as Ma never by any chance allowed her independence to be interfered with by Pa, she raised her voice harshly at once:

"Yis, we're at home to dacent folks, but to the loikes av yez, ye thafe av the worruld, we're niver at home. So jist put that in yer poipe an' shmoke it."

Something suspiciously like a chuckle was wafted over the transom of the door. There was silence for a moment, and then the chuckle, quite unmistakable this time, was repeated.

"So it's a joke ye t'ink ut is," bellowed Ma, boiling with rage, and striding to the door. She turned the key and opened the heavy door with one movement. The action was so abrupt that she almost collided with the stranger. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with laughing black eyes, but the rest of his features, and in fact, the greater part of his body, was lost in an immense fur overcoat, topped by an immense fur collar.

"May I come in, ma'am?" he asked, civilly, while Mrs. Finnerty glared at him. Ma Finnerty's hasty inspection of what could be seen of the stranger had convinced her that he was not the identical furniture man she had bought a bill of the day before, and she was rather taken a-back. The delay and suspense worried Pa, and just as Ma was preparing to slam the door, shutting the stranger out on the principle that he was some kind of a bill collector, furniture or otherwise, Pa's advice reached her ears:

"Bad ciss, to him, Ma, shut the door in his faace."

"Will, ye may as well come in," chirruped, Ma, promptly swinging the door wide, and the stranger stepped over the threshold.

He seated himself and surveyed the room without turning back his greatcoat, while Ma and Pa waited in frigid silence for him to state his business.

"Weren't you expecting me?" asked the stranger nonchalantly after a bit.

"Expecting you! I was not," replied Ma

firmly, now fully convinced that it was the furniture man: "I told ye thot I would pay yez next month, and not a cint will ye get be-fore thot toime."

This piece of gratis information seemed to worry the stranger. He stirred uneasily in his seat, but his eyes were dancing and laughing. Suddenly he stood up and whipped his collar back:

"I thought, Nora," he said, "that you would have got my letter."

The effect on Ma was that of a mild electric shock. She turned pale, then red. Then she screamed "Micky," and dove for the stranger, almost turning him over Pa's legs, while Pa, his eyes popping out of his head, kept repeating:—

"Phwat the divil" over and over in a bewildered way.

"Can't ye see, ye ould omadhaun, it's Micky," Ma shouted at Pa, between hugging and kissing the laughing Micky half to death. "Can't ye see it's me own brother Micky, him as we t'ought wuz widout—"

Ma broke off abruptly, and held Micky at arm's length. Her tone changed to one of surprise and injured expectation:

"An' what does this mane? Didn't ye go an' wroite me thot ye were staarvin' an' perishin' an' didn't Oi have t'ings all fixed up fer ye? What do ye mane be comin' lookin' loike th' premier at a Monthreal caarnival?"

Micky pushed her away from him into the seat he had just vacated. He gathered the bashful Patrick Junior, who had been lost in the excitement, up on his knee, and then followed the story of how he had struck it rich in the North, of how he was worth fabulous sums of money, and of how he had hunted and hunted until he found the Finnerty's address.

"But the lettther, ye wrote, ye spalpane," interrupted Ma.

"Well," said Micky, guiltily, "that was the letter I would have written if I hadn't struck it that last time. I was just about going to quit."

Then surprise followed surprise. The Finnerty's were to leave the tenement and go with Micky at once where he would set them up in a brand new house. They were to go that very night in the big automobile so as to be ready for Christmas.

"Good Lord, Micky, I can't," declared Ma, excitedly, wiping the tears of joy away with her old blue apron. "shure Oi've me washin' to finish up."

But despite her protestations, despite Pa's bewildered muttering of "Phwat the divil," Micky bundled the three Finnerty's bag and baggage, into the big automobile, and all the belongings he let them take with them was the big chest of treasures "wid the 'F' painted on to one ind av ut."

Two hours later they were settled in the finest house they had ever seen. Patrick had a room to himself, sure, where he couldn't sleep for the wonder of everything. It was early Christmas morning, and Pa and Ma had whispered and whispered until their jaws ached. Sleep overcame at last even the greatest of wonders. Pa sank back with a deep sigh, such a sigh as he had not heaved for many a year, and whispered sleepily:

"The saints be t'anked, shure Patrick will be afther havin' thim skates now."

And in the bliss of that moment Ma forgot to contradict him.

#### LUXURY IN SERVANTS.

Nothing is more indicative of the luxury-run-riot of this ultra-luxurious age than the present tendency towards the multiplication of servants of all kinds and classes.

One master, one valet, used to be the rule. There are men in society today who have a first, second, third, fourth, and fifth valet.

In great mansions, where one master of the boots used to suffice, there are now frequently three or four, each of them specializing in one particular kind of footwear. A mistress of the boots, too, has her appearance in certain smart houses, and her office is no sinecure either, when she is employed, as is usually the case, by a hostess who entertains largely and lavishly.

Such a one will frequently have a round dozen or more of her women friends staying with her at the same time, and each of them will bring with her two or three boot trunks, containing from forty to sixty pairs of boots and shoes. Of course, not all of these are usually worn, unless the guest's stay is prolonged beyond the regulation "dine-and-sleep," or "week-end," visit; but to properly renovate even the comparatively small percentage that are ordinarily used, is no light task.

#### One Dog, One Maid.

It seems only the other day, so to speak, since the kennel-maid made her appearance, and when to retain the exclusive services of one such for perhaps half a score of toy dogs was thought the high water mark of extravagance in that particular direction.

Now, a head kennel-maid, with at least one, and very likely two or three assistants under her, is considered the correct thing. Indeed, the tendency seems to be in the direction of one dog, one maid, as witness, for instance, the almost infinitesimally tiny toy terrier which the Princess of Thurn and Taxis takes with her everywhere.

Not even the dinner table is exempt from its dear delightful presence. Hall or mansion

or palace, it is all the same, alike to dog and mistress. It is even to be seen—alert in her lap—inside that gastronomic holy of holies, the principal salle a manger of the Carlton Hotel. So small is it, that it can be, and has been stood on all four feet upon a single sheet of ordinary notepaper, balanced on a solitary peche Melba. Yet for it are retained, year in and year out, the exclusive services of a highly skilled and highly-salaried maid, whose knowledge of toy dog lore is said to be, and probably is, altogether unrivalled and unique.

#### Modern Hunting Fashions.

Take the hunting field, again. How the old-fashioned riders to hounds of forty or fifty years back would have stared at the modern fashions of second horsemen, motor-cars to the meet, and such-like "fads and fancies," as they would most certainly style them if they were alive today.

Sturdy fellows they were, a bit coarse, but they didn't have a groom following them all over the country with spare mounts. If a horse couldn't stay out a day's hunting, they sold him or shot him. Those were the days when a M.F.H. could hunt his pack four days a week for £400 a year. It costs him £4,000 now, and it is doubtful whether he gets so much sport, or so good.

#### Dining Up-to-Date.

Probably, however, it is in connection with our eating and drinking that the difference between the service of yesterday and today is most marked. Contrast the modern maitre de bouche and his scores of dozens of appetizing and dainty confections, with the old-fashioned cook, often a woman, whose soul seldom soared beyond plain roast and boiled, with perhaps an occasional—a very occasional—supreme or noisette, produced with a vast flourish of trumpets for some extra special occasion.

The difference is as marked, the gulf is as immense, between the two as it is between the up-to-date wine-steward of today, with his intimate knowledge of brands, vintages, and prices, and the old-fashioned butler of our forefathers, who knew the taste of a good glass of port, sherry, or claret, and little else besides.

#### Palatial Kitchens.

What, too, would those self-same forefathers of ours have thought of the present-day fashion of having, not one kitchen, but half-a-dozen, each with its separate staff?

How they would stare, could they but visit some of the stately palaces that modern wealth has been able to rear in our midst, to find there a hot kitchen and a cold kitchen, a soup kitchen, a fish kitchen, and a vegetable kitchen, to say nothing of separate accessory departments wherein the coffee is roasted and made, fruit and flowers dealt with, salads mixed, pastry prepared, and so on!

The result of all this multiplication and subdivision of the labor incidental to gastronomy is, of course, to greatly increase the staff of domestics in this direction, and incidentally in all others.

Twenty, or thirty years ago, from twenty to thirty servants were thought ample for even quite large sized mansions. Today, staffs numbering considerably over one hundred individuals are common.

#### HE WAS EXCUSED

Judges listen to all sorts of excuses from men wishing to avoid jury duty, but seldom to one the pathos of which is as touching as in the case of a frontiersman who rode four hundred and twenty miles to state it. The incident occurred in California several years ago.

When Clerk Neale was calling the roll of the grand jury, in department No. 1 he came to the name of Joe Mandevil. At the sound of his name Mr. Mandevil stood up. Tall, with slightly bent shoulders, and with an air about him that bespoke the hardy frontiersman, he made a striking figure in the court room.

"Your honor," said he, "I should like to make a statement."

The Court signified permission, and Mr. Mandevil continued, "I live away up the Colorado river, a long way above Picacho Landing."

A few dapper young men about the court room smiled audibly, but the frontiersman ran his hands through his hair, and continued:—

"Fact is, it's four hundred and twenty miles the way I have to come from my home to this city, and when I received word that I was summoned, I didn't have the money for the trip, and was compelled to borrow fifty dollars at two per cent. a month to pay my fare."

"I've got three little children out there on the desert, and they're all alone, for my wife died three months ago, and I ought to be home looking after those kids now."

"No one thought of laughing. Even those well-dressed youths sobered up most surprisingly, and all listened intently while the widower finished his story.

"I've had a little trouble lately," he said, simply, "and a lot of assessment work on some mines needs to be done. I ought to be there to do it, and I'd like to be excused."

"I guess you may be," said the Court, and so Joe Mandevil went home to his three motherless children out on the desert.

A major in a certain regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind, and is also somewhat impatient. A sergeant once complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major, testily. "See if you can find one, and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber, ventured to expostulate.

"Why!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"





# FEMININE FADS AND FANCIES

## THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Although the celebration of Christmas has been shorn of many of its ancient glories, it is still the holiday in which, above all others throughout the year all classes of society most generally participate. If you go into the matter you will find that the people who grumble at Christmas, and at all that it entails, are, in nine cases out of ten, disagreeable or old. To them the greeting, "A Merry Christmas," is an absurd and outworn salutation—a meaningless "politesse," which they would like to see abolished. The unfortunate thing is that some people don't understand that the exchange of conventional civilities has a value in itself, whether it means anything or not. After all, Christmas is to each family and to each person, in fact, very much what each individual chooses to make it.

Each Christmastide will find some hearts full of joy and some of sadness. We do not speak of those, but of the majority of people who at the moment are neither particularly happy nor particularly miserable. What Christmas is to such as these depends very greatly on themselves. Christmas, or rather, the way people keep it, has always had its ups and downs. Once, if we believe old tales, it was all show and mummings and waits and carol singers. At yet another time the Puritans tried to smother all its merriment and innocent feasting—would have suppressed the very pudding if they could. Fancy a Christmas without its appropriate dish.

The craze for abolishing unnecessary things is all very well, but it may be carried too far, and all the good old customs, that delighted the hearts of our great-grandparents would be done away with if the abolitionists had their way.

For English people are shy of all compliments. One has only to compare our epistolary forms with those of other nations to realize this. In Spain and Italy, France and Germany, the writer flatters his correspondent by assurances of respect for his "nobility." It seems a great waste of time to the curt Englishman; but one should not be too sure that the observance of the form is useless. We have heard that in Russia the salutation, "Christ is risen," with which everyone, policeman or peasant, grand duke or revolutionary, greets each other on Easter morn, is responsible for allaying much bitterness and irritation, and that the friendliness induced on that day exerts its influence throughout the year. In the same way, although we no longer burn Yule logs, or encourage "waits" and carol singers, and, curiously enough only cling pertinaciously to the two Christmas customs which are of foreign and comparatively modern origin, the Christmas tree and the pantomime, in the same way one likes to think that the greetings and compliments we exchange at Christmas time shall have their influence on us, and encourage us to express a few "politenesses" at least once a year.

## THE COMPANY IN LIQUIDATION.

By M. B. H.

"It is one's duty to do something for humanity at Christmas time, and especially for humanity in the most extraordinary crisis of its life," said little Nora O'Brien, with the utmost seriousness.

"And what would you regard as the greatest crisis in a person's life?" asked Mr. Bob Beresford, with an air of one seeking information.

"At that period when they are usually supposed to be what is vulgarly known as in love," said Nora, unflinchingly—she was only twenty, and quite pretty; but she had very decided opinions. "I see"—Mr. Bob Beresford nodded very slowly, and seemed inclined to talk upon that subject with this particular listener with some earnestness. Knowing the listener, however, pretty well, he decided to wait, for when you are twenty you are very much, in earnest in quite another way from the earnestness that comes to you with experience. "And you would help people"—he waved his hands vaguely, as he made the suggestion—"assist them at that particular crisis, eh?"

"I would, Bob." She raised her eyes to his, and he found himself looking into the eyes wondering if by any chance she would be willing to help him in the crisis that had come into his life.

"So many blunders are made, there is so much that a person of experience—and—and common sense might explain and smooth away. For instance, think of the mistakes that are made every day by people who suppose they are in love with each other—"

"Horrible," he ejaculated, coming a little nearer to her. "People falling in love with the wrong sort of people—insisting on doing it, in spite of dreadful warnings, and all that sort of thing."

"Bob—you're laughing at me." She looked around at him, with eyes that were almost despairing. And he had a disgraceful feeling for a moment that he would like to take her in his arms, and to tell her then and there that the good old world had gone on managing its own love affairs for a good many years, with some small amount of success, and might be trusted to do so for a few thousand years more. But he knew Nora—and he knew that that was not the way.

"On my honor," he protested, "I am not laughing at you—I think it's a splendid notion; I can see countless generations going down to their graves blessing you for the happiness of their lives. I can see men and wo-

men who might, under ordinary circumstances have quarrelled inevitably through all their days, settling down with the right partner—glad at the thought that they had not committed a fatal blunder—"

"Yes, I know, Bob," she said, speaking earnestly, and laying a small hand on his arm; "but how are we to set about it? You can't go to a man and say to him, 'Look here, I'm quite sure that Miss So-and-So is not at all suited to you, and that you would do much better to marry another girl I will point out to you—can you?'"

"Not very well," he agreed. "Personally, if I was the fellow, I should have a word to say to him privately."

"We must be diplomatic; we must go to work in secret. Only gradually must it be known"—the sweet, serious face turned up to his was a temptation in itself, and once more he wondered, in a vague, hopeless way, what would happen if he bent and kissed the pretty mouth—only slowly must it come to be understood that we are the people to be relied upon in an emergency. Now—how shall we begin?"

They had been friends for many years—ever since, in fact, he had been a lanky youth home for the holidays, and she a slip of a girl in a white frock, and with her hair down her back. He had been in love with her then, and he was in love with her now; but he told himself always that he was not the man to mate with her; that someone deep in matters he did not understand—learned matters that bewildered him—would in all probability capture her mind, if not her heart, at some time or other, and leave big Bob Beresford out in the cold. Their friendship was something, however; and to that he clung, though never with the hope that it might lead to something better. If anything had been needed to show him how hopeless his love was, surely this mad suggestion on her part would have been sufficient. Perhaps he did not realize that only anyone as young as Nora could take that theme of love, of all others, for serious discussion. There was this about it, however; that there was a secret satisfaction in being able to discuss such a subject with her at all.

"I think it wouldn't be a bad idea," he replied, whimsically enough, "if we made a little company of it. Nowadays, you know, everything is done in this fashion; one forms a company—generally of a limited order—and so works the thing more successfully."

"This will, of course, be very limited," she broke in, a little scared at the notion. "Just the two of us—at least to begin with."

"Just the two of us," he assured her, "and I would call it 'The Love Company, Limited.' " "That sounds splendid." She clapped her hands, and looked at him with open delight. "All sorts of companies are formed for horrid things; but that one should be formed for love is delicious. Now, how do we begin?"

She leaned her elbows on the table and looked across at him. "You are so much cleverer than I am."

He drew a sheet of paper towards him, and took up a pen. "First—rules and regulations," he said. "Now, what shall be the first of the rules and regulations?"

"Only those in love—really and truly in love—to be looked after and advised," she replied. "Please put that down."

He wrote it down carefully, and looked up for fresh inspiration. "What next?" he asked. "It shall be the duty of the directors—I suppose we are the directors, aren't we?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "it seems to be a sort of joint stock company, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so. Now, where are we? 'It shall be the duty of the directors to adjust all love affairs coming under their notice; to give lovers the benefit of their advice and experience; to warn them when they are contemplating matrimony with the wrong parties; to take them by the hand and gently lead them together when it becomes obvious that they are deserving of help and protection.' Have you got that down?"

"Most of it," he panted, laboring hard with the pen. "I say, this is going to be a rattling prospectus."

"Please don't be flippant," she corrected him. "Now, please write: 'All business will be conducted with the strictest secrecy. The co-directors will meet occasionally—'"

"I should have written 'frequently,' " he pleaded.

"—Will meet occasionally," she went on, mercilessly, "to discuss the affairs of those in whom the company is interested." I think that is all."

"Now, whom shall we begin with?" he asked; "there must be lots of people we know absolutely hungering for our services—absolutely waiting to be put on the right path. Whom do you suggest?"

"There's young Mr. Peters—and that girl—"

"He seems very fond of her," suggested Bob. "Perhaps they are not exactly suited to each other—but then, that's their look out."

"Mr. Bob Beresford." She sat up very stiff and stern, and looked at him. "Pray for what purpose is this company formed? Are we merely amusing ourselves, or are we working for the good of humanity?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied, humbly. "We are working for the good of humanity. Let us proceed to business."

As a matter of fact, they found their hands very full within a remarkably small space of time. More than that, the co-directors found that it was absolutely necessary that frequent

meetings should be held to discuss the love prospects, not alone of Mr. Peters—and that girl—but of others. And it became necessary for Bob and Nora to make appointments with each other, four days out of five. More than that, Bob gave a tea party in his rooms—at which, artfully enough, not only Peters and "that girl" were invited, but another couple, equally infatuated with each other, and equally unsuited to each other. But the tea party was not a success. The infatuated Peters devoted himself to "that girl," to the exclusion of everyone else, and was not even commonly polite to his host, except when, in going, he thanked him effusively for having brought him and "that girl" together. It seemed that the parents on both sides were bitterly opposed to the match. They begged for another early invitation, and when they went away they were grateful almost to tears.

"I'm afraid that's a failure," said Nora, when the two were left alone.

"But, surely, you contrived to say something to Peters—to put in a word of warning?" Bob asked.

Nora shook her head dismally. "I did; but he took it quite in the wrong way," she said. "I asked him if he had carefully considered what sort of girl that girl was; I told him it was a great step he contemplated taking."

"And what did he say?" asked Bob, with his eyes dancing suspiciously.

He shook me violently by the hand, and said that he was so glad that I had noticed his feelings towards that girl, and that he was glad, too, to know that he had my approval. Then, before I could explain, he rushed back to her, and didn't give me a chance of a word."

"Better luck; next time, perhaps," said Bob. "There are other people I think we could advise with more success."

It was when she rushed in distractedly one day, with the news of the elopement of the infatuated Peters with "that girl"—and they had actually sent a telegram thanking Bob and Nora for their good offices—that the crisis came. Nora sat down and wept for the fate of the Love Company. And that made it possible for Bob to go down on his knees in the most natural way beside her, and take her into his arms the better to comfort her.

"We haven't done with the Love Company yet," he whispered. "As a matter of fact we have another client, someone who really wants advice badly, and will really be glad and willing to take it. And she won't have a word to say to him."

"She must be talked to, and have her duty explained to her," exclaimed the girl, drying her eyes, and sitting up with the light of battle in them. "Is she a nice girl?"

"She's the nicest girl in the world," he assured her. "As a matter of fact, I want the advice of the Love Company, and I think the other director ought to give it to me. I'm in love, and I'm quite sure it's with the right person."

"I'm disappointed in you," she said, and her face was a little white and a little piteous. "Who can you be in love with?"

"I'm in love with the other director," he said, "and I want her help and advice. After all, dear, if we can't manage other people's love affairs, we might contrive to settle our own. Besides, it would be such a pity to wind up the company, wouldn't it?"

She thought about it for a moment; and then a bright idea occurred to her. "Perhaps we can do good after all, Bob," she said. "We can set a good example."

So that is why the company went into liquidation.

## FAMOUS CHRISTMASES IN THE LIFE OF HIS MAJESTY.

"Christmas Day at Sandringham was spent in a quiet manner. Their Majesties attended morning service, and remained to Communion, driving afterwards to York Cottage, to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the afternoon the Christmas tree in the ball-room was on view, the presents from which were afterwards distributed."

Such was the record of the King's Christmas in the year of his coronation, and such may be said to be the record of the average Christmas spent by His Majesty, whose Yuletide festivities as a rule deviate not one iota from those obtaining in thousands of country houses within his realms.

Although he has visited Canada, the United States, and Far East, and every court in Europe, the Christmases that His Majesty has spent away from England have been comparatively few and far between. Sandringham, Osborne, and Windsor have been the scene of the King's Christmases in the great majority of years. And it was at the last-mentioned castle that, when less than seven weeks old, His Majesty and his elder sister, to quote from a letter written by the Prince Consort to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, were "they know not why, full of happy wonder at the German Christmas tree, and its radiant candles."

Details respecting the King's initial Christmas are few in number, for, unlike the previous year, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert did not drive down to Windsor until the 23rd—it took their carriage and four, escorted by a company of Lancers, two hours and ten minutes to cover the distance—they left Buckingham Palace on the 7th of the month, three days after the Gazette had notified that the Royal Mother had granted let-



ters to be passed under the great seal, creating "His Royal Highness the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester."

A somewhat heavy burden of honor for an infant of less than one month to bear.

With regard to the earlier Christmas days spent by the King, the most that can be gleaned from contemporary journals points to the fact that they were very much like those spent by the ordinary boy of his years. The Christmas of 1861 will undoubtedly be recalled as the saddest Yuletide in the King's life. Early in the December of that year, when the nation was pulsating with the excitement engendered by the "Trent" affair, the King was hastily recalled from Cambridge, where he was in residence, to Windsor, owing to the attack of gastric fever from which his father was suffering taking a turn for the worse. On the 14th of the month his royal parent breathed his last, and on the 23rd was buried at Windsor, his eldest son acting as chief mourner. The Queen remained at Osborne, and the day after the funeral was joined there by the King, who on that sad Christmas day was inconsolable.

The royal Christmas of 1863 was chiefly noteworthy for the fact that it was the first Yuletide spent in England by Queen Alexandra, whose marriage to the King had taken place the previous March. To the Queen this Christmas must be recalled as a period of great anxiety for her father. King Christian had only just ascended the throne of Denmark, and was already involved in the difficulties with Germany that ended with the war with Prussia.

It was a very quiet Christmas, that of 1863 and typical of many passed by Queen Victoria in her early widowhood. In the morning the royal party attended Whippingham Church, and at 4:30 in the afternoon they all assembled in the servants' hall, where the gifts for the workmen and laborers on the Osborne estate were removed from Christmas tree, and personally distributed by the Queen and her children. On the occasion of the distribution of the King's Christmas gifts to his tenants on the Norfolk estate in 1868, it was remarked, "There is little chance of their Royal Highnesses making a stay at Sandringham for some time to come, as there is no possibility of the new mansion being completed for another year."

As a matter of fact, the Christmas in question is one of the comparatively few that the King has spent abroad, the festive season on this occasion being passed by His Majesty among his wife's relations in Denmark. How the Christmas following the tenth anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort was passed can be gathered from the following bulletin that was issued from Sandringham on Christmas Day: "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has passed a quiet day. The progress of the recovery continues to be satisfactory.—William Gull, M. D.; John Lowe, M. D."

It was on the 19th November that the Prince was attacked with typhoid fever, the germs of which, it is popularly supposed, were acquired at Scarborough, during a visit to Lord Lonsborough, although some historians ascribe the attack to a visit he paid incognito to the battlefields of Sedan and Metz shortly before, and to the fact that he slept one night at the latter town, which was then in a very unhealthy state owing to its proximity to the battlefield. Be this as it may by the first week in December all the nation was consumed with anxiety as to the result of the illness; but on the anniversary of the death of his father, a day to which the superstitious looked with the utmost misgivings, he took a turn for the better, and by Christmas day was able to send word by Lord (then Sir W. Knollys) to his tenants at the annual distribution of meat to six hundred and fifty persons, "that he deeply regretted being unable to attend in person to distribute the gifts; but he was thankful to Almighty God to be able to send that message to them."

Of all the Christmases that the King has spent away from England, that of 1875, the year in which he first landed on India's shores, was undoubtedly the most remarkable.

Leaving Dover on the 11th of October, Bombay was reached by His Majesty on the 8th of the following month, and Calcutta on the 23rd of December. On Christmas Eve the King held a reception at Government House, a residence that cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to build, that was attended, among others by the Maharajah of Puttiala, who literally blazed with £300,000 worth of jewels, and Holker of Indore, who was credited with a fortune of £5,000,000 sterling, and a strong desire to present his future Emperor with a Christmas box of £50,000.

After the reception a most bewildering levee appears to have been held, at which a great majority of those presented had their names called out inaccurately. The evening was spent at the lovely villa of a native gentleman, living some miles out of Calcutta, who provided a brilliant display of fireworks and illuminations for the delectation of his guest, who must by that time have become a trifle weary of pyrotechnic displays.

The morning of Christmas day found the King attending Divine service at the cathedral, with Lord Northbrook sitting at his right and Miss Baring on the left. After service the Prince, the Viceroy, and suite repaired to the Serapis, whose deck had been transformed into a semblance of winter by means of a plentiful display of cotton wool, and glistening white powder that was scattered about a perfect plantation of shrubs and plants. Holly and ivy wreaths decorated the vessel, and across the fore-castle appeared the legend, "We wish you a prosperous journey and a safe return to us." Lunch was served on the main deck, and to the King fell the pleasant task of proposing the health of Captain Glyn and the officers of the ship that had brought him in safety to the Indian Empire, to which he has since succeeded. In the afternoon the royal party drove to the Viceroy's Lodge at Barrackpur, where, in the evening a quiet reception was held.

Many Christmases have followed since that date, some joyous and others tempered with sadness; but without doubt the Christmas of 1875 will remain in the royal memory as the most gorgeous of all he has enjoyed. Be this as it may, I am quite sure all my readers will join with me in wishing our readers will join with me in wishing our benediction in this year of 1909, and the usual toast, "God bless our King."

## HAPPINESS—CAN IT BE CULTIVATED

"No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness."

What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mold, and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.

Lucy Snow, in "Vilette." Yes! This sounds very well and is a beautiful bit of writing, by a distinguished author. But is it true? Will it hold water? Not a bit of it! Do not you believe it. Beautiful as the paragraph is, this is a dangerous doctrine to teach. Happiness a thing that heaven only sheds upon us by fits and starts, as rarely as a summer's day. Happiness a thing with the attainment of which we have nothing to do—a thing as uncertain as the sunshine! We are to wait until it is showered down upon us, and make no effort of our own to further its growth! No, this is not true! Happiness can be cultivated, just assuredly as potatoes and cabbages by those who have a mind to the work—those who are not going to give way to morbid introspection and sentimental imaginings, but are determined that the world around them shall be the better for their having come into it.

That is the way to "cultivate happiness." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

That is the secret of success in banishing unhappiness. Vigorous effort of any sort is quite sure to bring happiness and a sense of satisfaction in its train. A much better sort of happiness than what comes from mere amusement, which is generally but a transitory thing at best.



# A VISIT TO NANAIMO

by Earnest Mc Caffrey

To sail into Nanaimo's harbor at the sunset hour is to pass through a scene of almost unparalleled beauty. Fortified by islanded bulwarks, rising proudly on the heights beyond, with the gaily colored sails of Japanese fishing boats flashing on the sea-green waters below, and snow-crowned heights in the distance, so stands Nanaimo, framed in a loveliness all its own. It is a city with a splendid future, and a most promising present; with a position which makes it a great natural distributing centre; with resources so abundant and varied that capital will of necessity compel their development; with advantages which even in the bare recital makes a long and imposing list.

We came into port after a comparatively smooth voyage along the east coast of the island, with a panorama of ever-changing beauty all along the route. Peak after peak rose and fell to the right and left of us, their whitened crests matching in spotless hues the foam that churned in our wake. The gulls winnowed the air with a myriad of wings, and long-necked cormorants rose awkwardly from the sea waters and scrambled clumsily out of our track. Lines of rhythmic and ribbon flight marked the passing of numerous flocks of ducks, and higher than all, the eagle ringed his lofty circles through upper ether.

The entrance to Nanaimo's port through the Narrows, brought us close in to the nature fortresses which could securely guard the city in time of war, and which in times of peace lend an additional charm to the city's environments. Long before we reached the dock, the smoke from tall smoke-stacks, and the movement alongshore denoted that we were coming into a community of many and flourishing activities.

For Nanaimo is no longer "the coal city" alone. It has passed this mile-stone, even maintaining its supremacy in that particular direction. The present monthly pay-roll of The Western Fuel Company alone ranges from \$110,000 to \$125,000, and still the coal-mining operations are likely to be pressed hard in the next few years by the herring fisheries. Forty million pounds of these fish were caught last season, and new companies are being formed and going into the business from time to time. It is a lasting pity that the Japanese fishermen have so largely monopolized this industry, as it promises in the future to be of enormous value.

Nanaimo is an obviously advantageous site for manufacturing. The extension of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway to the Alberni District, which will undoubtedly be finished not later than the spring or fall of 1911, and possibly sooner, will bring the city into direct touch with an Oriental outlet for manufactured goods, while the extension of the same railway system to the north end of the Island—which must come soon—will make Nanaimo, with its present growth and advantages, a most important and powerful link in the island railway reckoning. It is the centre of a district rich in coal, copper, iron and other minerals. Here are the essentials of manufacture. With her Oriental outlet via Port Alberni and Alberni has an immense angle of advantage. With her nearness to Vancouver, 38 miles across on the mainland, she has connection with the whole of Canada, and with her direct connections with Victoria she can reach the Panama Canal and European markets.

Already the list of her larger industries total impressively. Among them are the Western Fuel Co., the Pacific Coast Coal Mines, the Hamilton Powder Co., the Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Co., the Ladysmith Lumber Co., the Red Fir Lumber Co., the Union Brewing Co., and various canning companies and other lesser institutions. To walk through the streets of Nanaimo, and figure what her future position as an island metropolis will be, is something fascinating in the way of possibilities. Her people boldly assert that she is destined to be the largest city on Vancouver Island. They have adopted as their motto, "Nanaimo: that's the place," and to an unprejudiced observer the city only needs a spark to light it into an era of unprecedented prosperity.

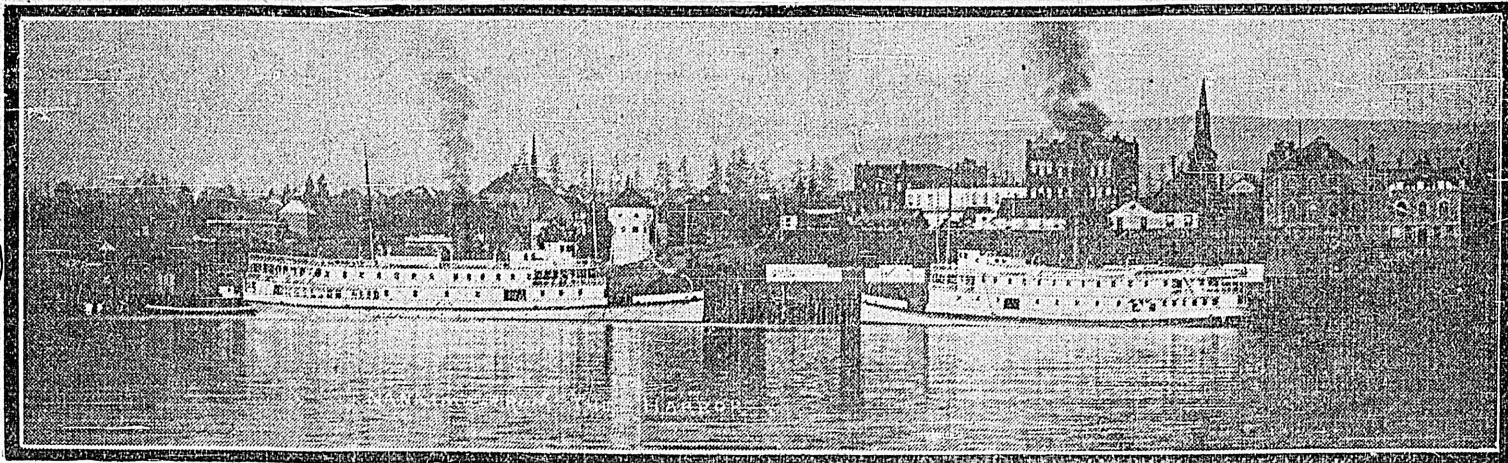
Without any particular effort, Nanaimo has grown until it is the second city on the island. Its staunchest partisans say it must be the first. That is the spirit which wins. As a matter of fact, there are some features about the city which are ahead of its present general surroundings. One of these features are its stores. Some of these would be a credit to a city of 50,000 people, both in their line of merchandise, taste in display, and up-to-date management. The Nanaimo courthouse is one of the handsomest buildings on the island. The hotels are particularly excellent. The city has its own water system, and is this year spending close to one hundred thousand dollars in improving this system. Electric light, gas, and telephone companies combine to lend these modern needs to the community, and an electric tramway, for which ample water power

is assured, is now one of the necessities for which the citizens are agitating.

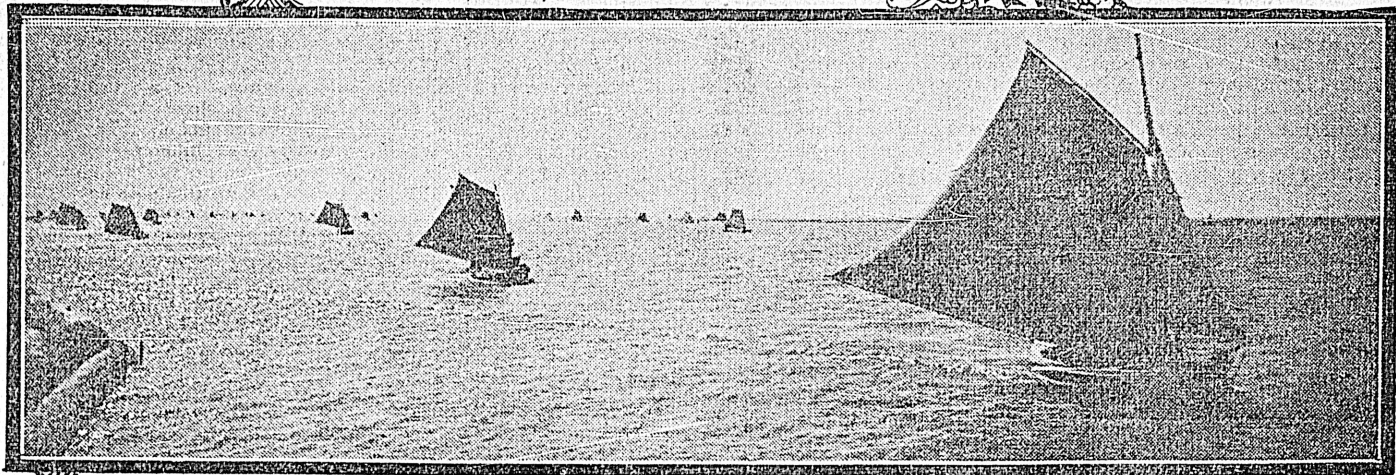
Another movement in the same direction towards which Victoria is trending, is the building of a new opera house. This will be a splendid addition to the city, and the work of bringing this movement to a successful head is being carried on with true Nanaimo vigor.

The Citizen's league of Nanaimo, in the person of its officers, met us at the Windsor Hotel, and together with a number of members of the League, gave us a hearty greeting. The meeting which we had come to attend was scheduled for eight o'clock, and during the interval we had dinner, and Mr. Chapman had an opportunity of meeting a number of Nanaimo's prominent citizens, and seeing some little of the down-town portion of the city.

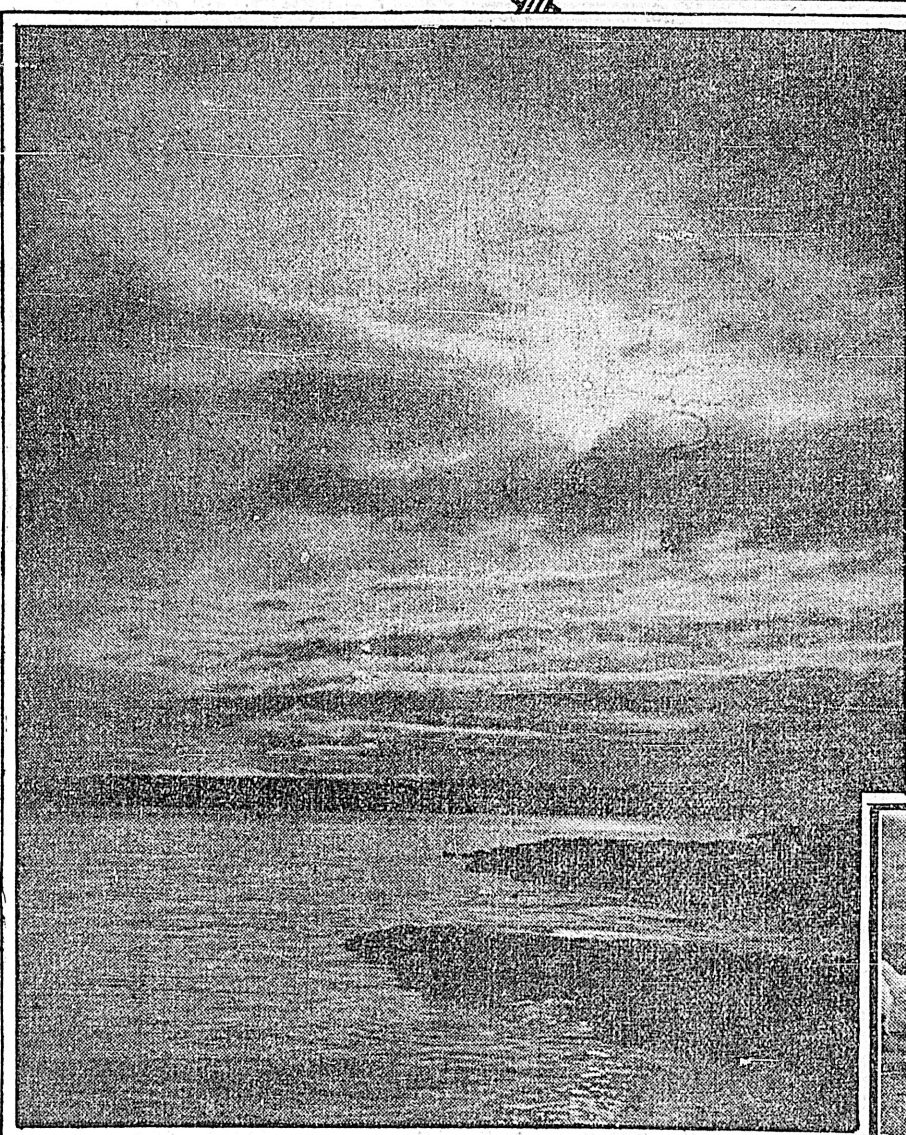
The gathering at the Opera House was a representative one, and the seats were filled early. The audience that applauded the rais-



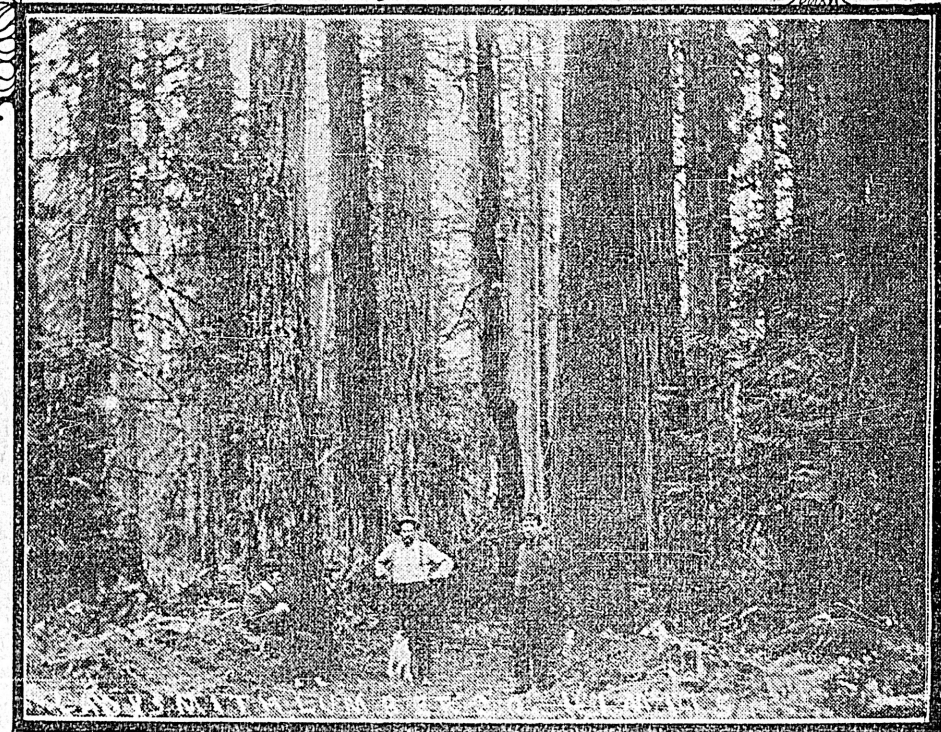
NANAIMO FROM THE HARBOR



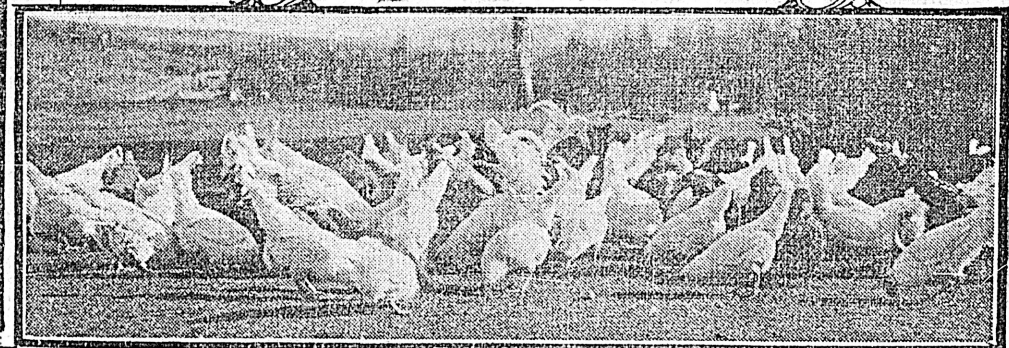
FISHING BOATS OF THE HERRING FLEET



MOONLIGHT — NANAIMO HARBOR



TIMBER NEAR NANAIMO



POULTRY FROM NANAIMO



QUARRY NEAR NANAIMO

ing of the curtain was a first-rate one, and quite a number of ladies were present. The Orpheus Glee Club, with about fifty of its members on hand, gave a rattling chorus of "Rouse ye Comrades," to enthusiastic applause. Mr. J. W. Coburn then made a short address in his capacity of first vice-president of the Island League, and president of the Branch in his home city. "The Citizen's League of Nanaimo." Mr. Coburn's talk was a thoroughly practical one, and detailed at length the work which had been accomplished for Nanaimo by the efforts of the Citizen's League of Nanaimo. Mr. Coburn mentioned the bringing in of the dredge, the King Edward for the purpose of dredging of the harbor and improving it in every way possible, the work the Citizens' League had done in the line of establishing trails and roads, the local work it had set in motion, the aid it had given the city in bringing in settlers through advertising and co-operation with the Home Branch at Victoria, the enlargement of the local post office, and many other items of practical benefit to the people of the city, much of which, in the opinion of many with whom I talked is due to Mr. Coburn and the Citizens' League's highly efficient secretary, Mr. E. W. Crouch.

The Glee Club next gave another rousing vocal number entitled "The Soldiers' Chorus," after which Mr. Coburn introduced, in some well-chosen remarks, the speaker of the evening, Mr. C. C. Chapman, the noted publicity expert.

Mr. Chapman made one of his characteristically happy addresses, paying particular attention to the necessity of a hearty spirit of

enthusiasm and co-operation as a moving force in all development work, and laying emphatic stress on the value of an adjacent agricultural population. He detailed at considerable length the efforts of the United States to get men "on the land," declaring that agriculture after all, was the mainstay of every country's prosperity. Mr. Chapman's address was punctuated by a number of amusing stories, at which the audience laughed heartily. But all these diversions merely pointed a moral, or drove home a point. His listeners interrupted him frequently with audible evidences of their approbation, and at the conclusion of his speech he was greeted with loud applause.

Mr. Coburn then made an appeal for financial support to the Citizen's League of Nanaimo, pointing out the absolute impossibility of doing justice to the important work now on hand, and to be taken up in the future, without sufficient funds to carry on such work with vigor and success. This short address was the very core of the evening's discussion. Nanaimo has every reason to be proud of the work that her Branch of the League has been doing, and it has certainly proved itself worthy of generous financial backing. The growth of Nanaimo will be the signal for additional development of the splendid farming land lying almost at her threshold, and an additional market for her merchants. It will spell activity all along the line, and her newspapers, her hotels, and her entire business body, will all receive steady and permanent benefits from the increase in population. The mining population will not increase in proportion as the city grows, since this is work not only extra hazar-

dous, but requiring special knowledge and experience. But the growth of the city will come

from manufactures, from the population necessary to carry on these industries, from the ex-



tension and completion of new railway lines, the establishing of car-shops, etc.

The agricultural land now standing comparatively idle, except in some localities, will be changed to prosperous farms, and the prices of farm produce lowered to the people of the city. At the same time, this rural population will draw their supplies of all kinds from the Nanaimo merchants. As a residence city Nanaimo is possessed of rare advantages, and from her magnificent heights there will one day rise thousands of handsome homes. Even now the view from some of the city residences surpasses the power of description.

It is absolutely essential to go to the records to show what a vast outlook there is for this city. The foreign-going tonnage entering and clearing through the Nanaimo Custom House is second to none in the province. The city sends its own members to both the provincial and Dominion parliaments. It has won enviable reputation as a city with an athletic career famous throughout Canada. It is the centre of a sportsman's and angler's paradise. It has the finest roads imaginable, and the opportunities for the autoist to reach the loveliest and most inviting scenes in nature's gift cannot be excelled from any other portion of the Island. This is not flattery. It is simply a cold statement of fact.

As I walked through the bright and bracing atmosphere, with the sun striking across the white mountain tops at the back of the city, I was reminded that I had never seen it rain at Nanaimo during my different visits to the city. As a matter of record, the annual rainfall is 40 inches, approximating about half that of Vancouver's rainfall, and there is but little snow in the winter months.

One of the most significant things about Nanaimo's geographical position is that it is both inland and seaboard. You cannot isolate Nanaimo. With two harbors that will float the largest of sea-going vessels, and a railway connection which will inevitably grow in strength and importance, Nanaimo can face the future perfectly assured that her advantages as to transportation can be denied by none. And yet, with all these main manifold attractions, with building stone and granite at her doors; with the herring fisheries and the coal mines; with vast timber belts at hand; with a fertile agricultural country close by; with a city which ought by natural rights to have 30,000 instead of 10,000 inhabitants, Nanaimo has so far been conserving her strength, and resting on her oars. But the dawn of the new day is at hand, and the trend of events is moving so surely towards her greater power and importance that Nanaimo will have to assert herself and give her resources room to grow.

Her newspapers are alert to the situation, and so are many of her merchants. A good number of her wide-awake citizens are pushing the city's claims forward, and all that is needed is an energetic campaign with the energy of the old Nanaimo football spirit, to make the city prosperous beyond the hopes of the most sanguine.

The manufactories are bound to come; they cannot help it. But there should be a spur of the railroad running to the harbor docks, there should be a publicity campaign adequately financed, a public support of all and every movement looking to Nanaimo's advancement and a determination to let no other city on the Island distance her in the race for supremacy. You have only to go into some of her elegant stores to see what Nanaimo can do when she takes the notion; you have only to walk through the city to see the immense, the patent advantages which she possesses, her schools, churches, public buildings, and private residences.

When Nanaimo really gets to "going" there will be nothing to stop her.

I came back in that venerable and skittish old craft, "The Charmer." She had been laid away for the season, but the "wash-outs" had rudely disturbed her senile dreams. She came back part of the way sideways, part of the way "over-hand." Every once in a while there would be a scatteration below decks, and such yells as "you're carrying away her bulwarks," or "avast there, do you want to wreck the dock" floated up to the cabin. The "old girl" would be headed by the sou-sou-east and going along like a street sweeper across a pile of brick-bats, when she would take a notion and strike out on her own hook nor-by-nor-west, and never mind the man at the wheel. I think we stove about five holes in her trying to uproot several docks we butted into, but as the sea was light, these only afforded additional ventilation. A fine old boat "The Charmer," an expressive name—possibly, I presume when they loaded her that night they simply heeled her over and let the cargo slide out through the holes.

As we left Nanaimo, the little blue and red-sailed fishing boats skimmed along the harbor like winged sea-fowl, Mount Benson loomed in snowy majesty beyond the city's background, the smoke from the sawmill smokestacks wound in inky coils skyward, and the streets began to wake into the life and bustle of a busy day. Here's to Nanaimo! May she not only live long and prosper, but may she be what she can be, a banner city in every respect, a really great city, looking out from a harbor unsurpassed and on to a future truly glorious.

#### KEPT THE RAIN OFF.

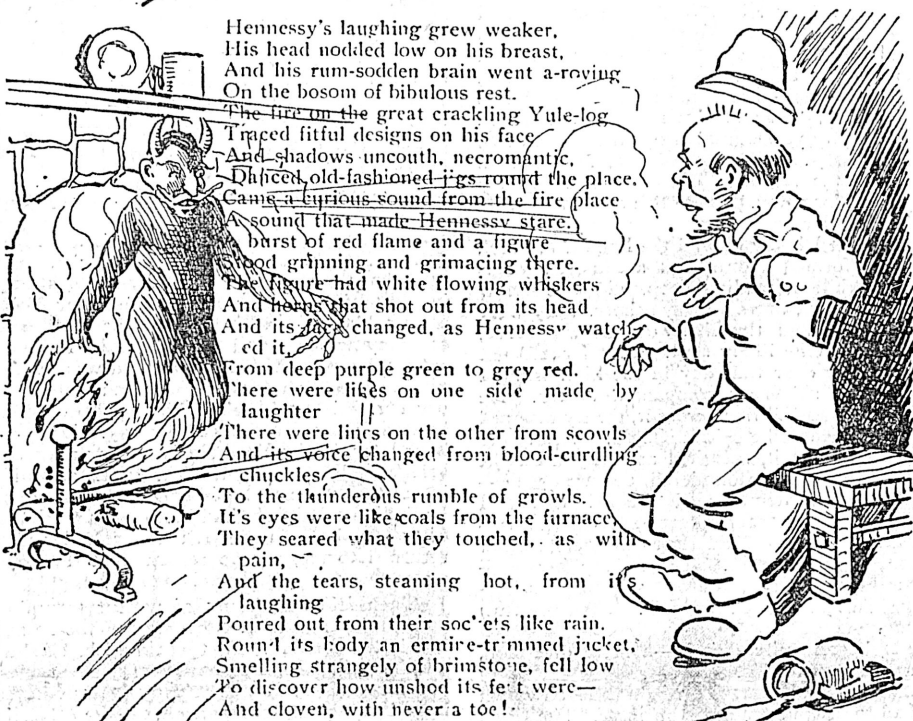
Two young cockneys hired a horse to drive. They were told that the animal would be perfectly quiet if they kept the rein off his tail, and during their journey they paid strict attention to the advice. For when they returned they told the astonished owner of the horse that as they had had one sharp shower they had taken it in turns to hold an umbrella over the horse's tail.

## HENNESSY'S CONVERSION

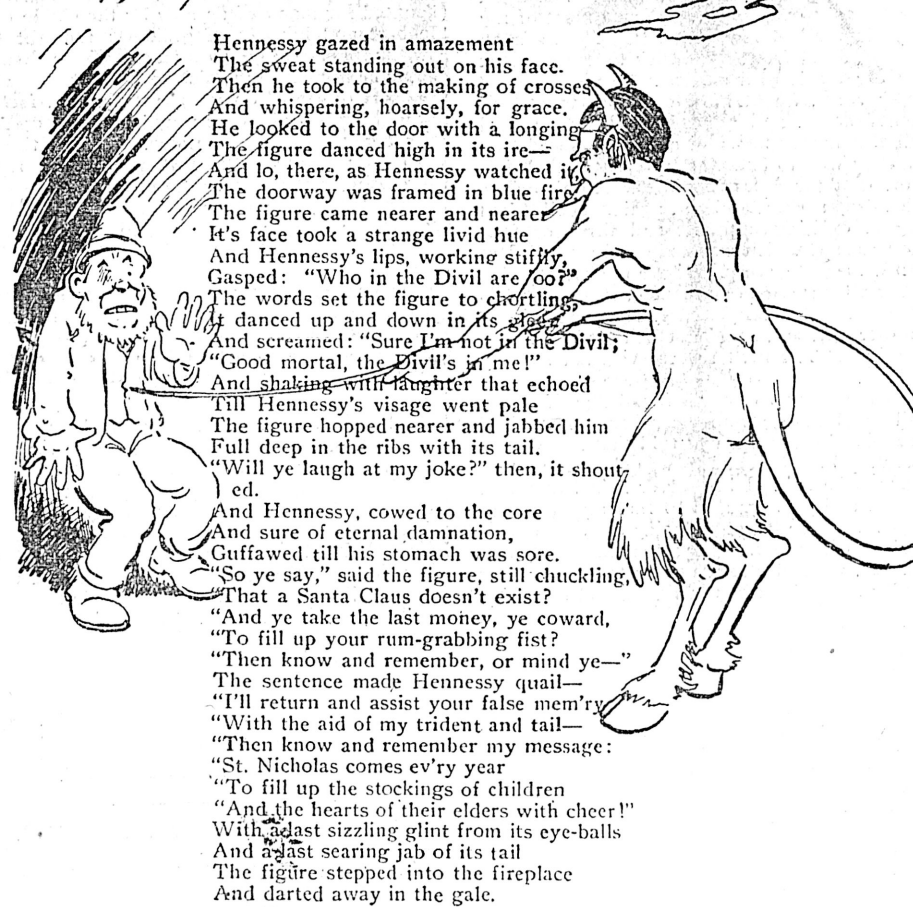
BY C. L. ARMSTRONG



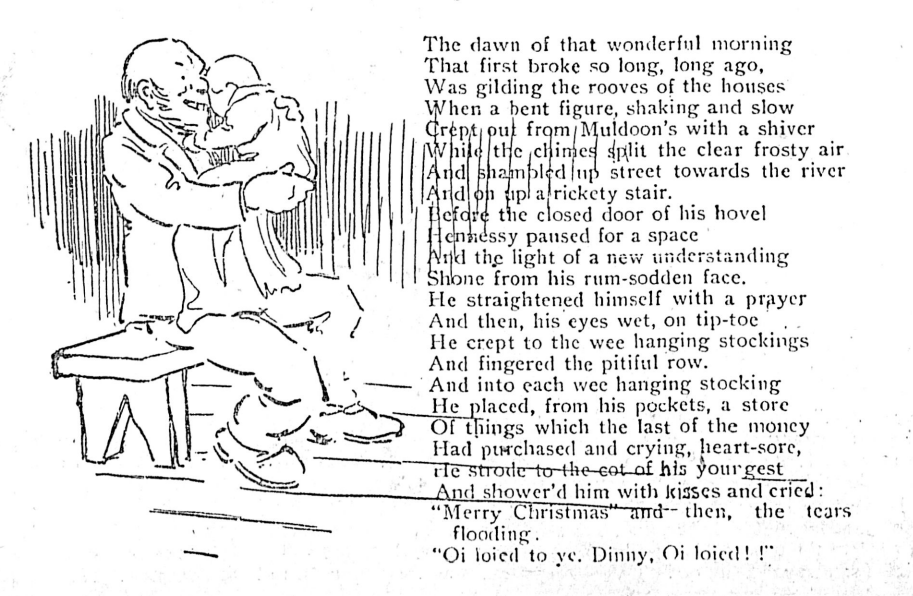
Hennessy laughed 'till he spluttered,  
'Till the tears came and stood in his eyes.  
"Fill me wid Hill an' wid Hivin'!"  
Saz Oi, 'But don't till me thim loies.'  
"An' the 'ould wumman croied wid vexa-  
tion  
"An' the childher caught up on her knee  
"Whoile Oi tuk th' lasht bit av money.  
"An' ja'nted down here, as ye see—  
Muldoon brought the rum and the bitters  
And filled up a noggin, and then  
Hennessy spilled it with laughing,  
And Muldoon filled the noggin again.  
"Saz Oi to the childher, 'She's lyin';  
"Not a prising ye'll git, be the Laws,  
"For the reason thot Oi've got the money  
"An', Oi till ye, they's no 'Santy Claus!'  
"The ould wumman up thin a-cryin'  
"The tears streamin' down from her eyes—  
"('Bejabers thot wumman's a Tartar!)  
"He loies' sez she, childher, 'he loies!'  
"She gathered thim up, wid me laughin'  
"An' blarneyed thim thore on her knee,  
"An' Oi tuk the lasht bit av money,  
"An' ja'nted down here as ye see—



Hennessy's laughing grew weaker,  
His head nodded low on his breast,  
And his rum-sodden brain went a-roying  
On the bosom of bibulous rest.  
The fire on the great crackling Yule-log  
Traced fitful designs on his face,  
And shadows uncouth, necromantic,  
Difficent old-fashioned jigs round the place.  
Came a furious sound from the fire place  
A sound that made Hennessy stare  
A burst of red flame and a figure  
Good gripping and grimacing there.  
The figure had white flowing whiskers  
And horns that shot out from its head  
And its face changed, as Hennessy watch-  
ed it,  
From deep purple green to grey red.  
There were likes on one side made by  
laughter  
There were lines on the other from scowls  
And its voice changed from blood-curdling  
chuckles  
To the thunderous rumble of growls.  
It's eyes were like coals from the furnace.  
They seared what they touched, as with  
pain,  
And the tears, steaming hot, from its  
laughing  
Poured out from their soc'e's like rain.  
Round its body an ermine-trimmed jacket,  
Smelling strangely of brimstone, fell low  
To discover how unshod its feet were—  
And cloven, with never a toe!



Hennessy gazed in amazement  
The sweat standing out on his face.  
Then he took to the making of crosses  
And whispering, hoarsely, for grace.  
He looked to the door with a longing  
The figure danced high in its ire—  
And lo, there, as Hennessy watched it,  
The doorway was framed in blue fire.  
The figure came nearer and nearer  
It's face took a strange livid hue  
And Hennessy's lips, working stiffly,  
Gasped: "Who in the Devil are you?"  
The words set the figure to chortling  
It danced up and down in its place  
And screamed: "Sure I'm not in the Devil;  
"Good mortal, the Devil's in me!"  
And shaking with laughter that echoed  
Till Hennessy's visage went pale  
The figure hopped nearer and jabbed him  
Full deep in the ribs with its tail.  
"Will ye laugh at my joke?" then, it shout-  
ed.  
And Hennessy, cowed to the core  
And sure of eternal damnation,  
Guffawed till his stomach was sore.  
"So ye say," said the figure, still chuckling,  
"That a Santa Claus doesn't exist?"  
"And ye take the last money, ye coward,  
"To fill up your rum-grabbing fist?  
"Then know and remember, or mind ye—  
The sentence made Hennessy quail—  
"I'll return and assist your false mem'ry  
"With the aid of my trident and tail—  
"Then know and remember my message:  
"St. Nicholas comes ev'ry year  
"To fill up the stockings of children  
"And the hearts of their elders with cheer!"  
With a sizzling glint from its eye-balls  
And a sizzling jab of its tail  
The figure stepped into the fireplace  
And darted away in the gale.



The dawn of that wonderful morning  
That first broke so long, long ago,  
Was gilding the rooves of the houses  
When a bent figure, shaking and slow  
Crept out from Muldoon's with a shiver  
While the chimies split the clear frosty air  
And shambled up street towards the river  
And on a plucky stair.  
Before the closed door of his hovel  
Hennessy paused for a space  
And the light of a new understanding  
Shone from his rum-sodden face.  
He straightened himself with a prayer  
And then, his eyes wet, on tip-toe  
He crept to the wee hanging stockings  
And fingered the pitiful row.  
And into each wee hanging stocking  
He placed, from his pockets, a store  
Of things which the last of the money  
Had purchased and crying, heart-sore,  
He strode to the cot of his youngest  
And shower'd him with kisses and cried:  
"Merry Christmas" and then, the tears  
flooding,  
"Oi loied to ye, Dinny, Oi loied!"

#### HUMORS OF PLAY PRODUCING.

Arnold Bennett, in the Scotsman.

The fact is, there are no humors of play-producing. I speak from the author's point of view, and I say that there are no humors of play-producing. The one amusing thing about producing a play may occur on the first night, when, on your being called before the curtain for the audience to look at you, applaud you, and boo you, the said curtain, owing to your lack of spryness of movement possessed by practised performers, comes down with a prodigious bump on your head. That, if you are not by chance killed or maimed for life, is really a great joke; and everybody appreciates it.

Otherwise, the events that accompany the production of a play are matters for sorrow rather than laughter, unless you have the peculiar sense of humor which caused the man from Wigan to double up in smiles when he saw an old lady fall out of a fourth storey window.

#### A Miracle.

In another meaning of the word "funny," it may be said to be an extraordinary, an amazingly funny thing that a play ever gets produced at all. Because its production depends upon the goodwill and the honest endeavor of so many different persons. Each time a play is produced, a miracle, rather than a play has been performed. To begin with, it is the honest conviction of the principal people concerned—namely, the manager, the financial backers of the manager—the public never sees these haughty individuals, but their importance exceeds the importance of all the rest—the stage manager, the "producer," the stage doorkeeper, and conceivably the author, that the play is just the play of all plays that cannot be satisfactorily cast. The council of casters, it is not called that, indeed has no name, will meet and argue for hours without food or drink, and will discuss the suitability of seven thousand and seven different actors and actresses, all favorites of the crowd, and all geniuses in certain lines, and at the end of the seance there will remain chiefly half a dozen sore throats and half a dozen parts absolutely uncast. This exciting process may continue for several days; and then suddenly the manager or the leading lady, or the stage doorkeeper will announce that such-and-such talent has been definitely selected for such-and-such roles. Everybody is staggered, and nearly everybody is sure that the selection will utterly kill whatever slender chance of success the play ever had. But everybody is so tired and so hoarse that the selection is accepted in silence.

#### The First Call.

Then there comes the first call. Now the public in its beautiful simplicity imagines that at the first meeting of the actors and the acted, the acted, surrounded by a picturesque and admiring group of the actors, reads the play aloud with appropriate gestures and inflections. Not so. That is to say, scarcely ever. Many of the performers have already perused the play, and arrived at their own peculiar notions of it; the entire business is horribly late, and those in authority deem that time must not be wasted in reading the play. Moreover, the author is usually incapable of reading his play in an intelligent manner. So that rehearsals start with no absurd preliminaries.

The author then has the spectacle of a devoted band of men and women wandering up and down the stage with little oblong books in their hands, glancing at the book, flinging a few words at one another, glancing at the books again, flinging a few more words, stopping, starting, drawing back, glancing at the producer for help, gazing at the author with a mute inquiry as to why he had taken the trouble to be born, and punctuating their feats of interpretation with apologies, exclamations, private asides, and gestures to heaven which defy description. It may be taken for granted that several performers are not present; either they can't come, or they haven't been told to come, or they have a chill on the liver, or there is a fog in the Bakerloo Tube. Their parts are read by the author or producer, or by anyone who happens to be handy. The producer is the god who is riding the storm. He knows—in his own mind—where each character is to stand at any given point in the act, where each character is to rise or fall or sit down, with which hand each character is to take hold of the door knob as he exits, and precisely where each cross-over is to occur, and, in each cross-over which performer is to have the privilege of blanketing the other.

#### The Producer's Mind.

He knows all this, I say, in his own mind. The mischief is that his own mind is constantly changing, so that after about an hour, during which a quarter of the first act has been accomplished, the whole multitude has reached such a state as fills asylums for the mentally infirm.

Glance, now, over the producer's shoulder, and you will see that his copy of the play is scored thickly everywhere with several layers of hieroglyphics. These hieroglyphics, which are Sanscrit to all but him, contain the secret of the play—the positions and movements of every person in it. And mark well my words—before the play reaches the first night the book is sure to be lost, and thousands of pounds offered as a reward for it. At this point in the play's career it resembles golf, "position of everything." Probably the author had never thought of position. Probably the author regards his wondrous speeches as more important than the precise geographical position of the man who speaks them. But he is wrong. He is always wrong. He is particularly wrong, he sees, in supposing that his play is a fine play. The truth is forced upon him, in the midst of this welter

of baffled humanity, that his play is not in the least what he hoped it was. He looks about him and observes that everybody is like himself, gloomy, jumpy, and disillusioned. The only calm and cool persons are a couple of stage hands who are carrying on a loud, distinct conversation in a corner, despite the commands of "Silence" printed in letters eighteen inches high all around them, and the charwomen, who, with much wringing of cloths and clanking of pail handles, are washing the floor in "the front of the house."

#### A Legion of Rehearsals.

The next morning you will probably receive a card to the effect that the next rehearsal cannot be held on the original stage, and that its venue is accordingly changed. It may be held on another stage, or it may be held in a studio, or it may even occur in a refreshment saloon or in a foyer. One would suppose there were enough stages in London to cope with rehearsals. But there are not. The number of rehearsals, especially of provincial companies, that take place every day of the week in London is simply astounding. Before you reach the first night you may have rehearsed in on every decent stage in the West End, except the stage on which it is ultimately to be performed for the diversion of the public. And on every stage new and complicated difficulties occur. There are a hundred reasons why a play may not be rehearsed on the stage for which it is destined. Some are comprehensible, some are not. Anyhow, the dilemma created when a part of the companies assembles at one theatre, and another part at another theatre, is not among the humors of play producing.

There ultimately comes a time when the performers have surely more or less learnt by heart their positions on the stage at every point of the play. You had ceased to hope that that time would ever come. But it does come. And geography is no longer the most important element of the play. The question that then burns up your mind is: "Will they ever know their words?" There they are, still marching about with the little books in their hands, and glancing at the book, instead of into the lady's eyes, at the moment of declaring their love or hate. Up to now there has been no acting, nought but a mere saying of the lines. And immediately a little acting does begin, the essential and appalling wrongness of the casting makes itself apparent. Everybody sees with precision then how the play ought to have been cast. And none sees this with more awful clearness than the actors themselves.

#### A Frequent Dialogue.

A frequent dialogue between the author and an actor is as follows:

Actor: "I suppose you know who ought to have had So-and-so's part?"  
Author: "Who?"  
Actor: "Me, of course. There's simply nothing in my part, whereas I could have made a tremendous lot of—etc., etc."  
Author, absently: "Ah, yes."  
Actor: "I told the chief. He quite agrees."  
Author: "Ah, yes."

The author who permits himself to reply vaguely more than "Ah, yes" is a fool. For whatever he says is certain to get round to every member of the company.

Even on the last days the performers are still reading from their little books. Occasionally, with great daring, they stuff their little books into their pockets. But as sure as ever they do so they will be compelled to snatch them out again. The author resigns himself to the obvious fact that the words never will be learnt, and that the truly important passages of the piece will be spoken by the prompter from the wings.

However, the importance of the words, in its turn, drops into insignificance, and the importance of the "properties" occupies its place. Such crucial points as to whether the bankrupt shall drink vermouth or whisky in the second act employ hours of cerebral activity; or whether a chair shall be a chair, an arm-chair, or a sofa; or whether a window shall have red curtains or blue. And then, finally, the properties fall into the background, and the supreme problem of problems arises. The leading lady leads you with a conspiratorial air into a corner, and murmurs:

"I have got a pink frock for the third act. Now about my hat—?"

By a series of prodigies all matters seem to get themselves arranged on the day before the dress rehearsal, and on that night the author may possibly get a quarter of an hour's sleep.

But the dress rehearsal. However, a volume would be necessary to describe all that occurs between the dress rehearsal and the first night.

#### BEGINNERS IN BEE RAISING.

As I have handled bees for thirty years, but not extensively, would say, if you are inexperienced, commence on a small scale, as raising bees is a deep study. A man can learn as long as he lives, and yet will not know it all. I claim a man that never farmed or raised bees had better try farming. Although he may have lived near bee-iven all his life, yet he is likely to know nothing about bees.

Now let us see: Do you know the queen when you see her? What part does the drone do? Does the queen mate in the air? What do bees make comb of? Do you know when you have a barren queen? Do you know when queen is dead and what to do to save the colony? What to do when two or three colonies come out at the same time and settle at one place, which they will sure do if you have many bees?

There are many more things I could ask the beginner in regard to bee-keeping, which I will not mention at this time.



# Good Sport and Christmas Cheer to all Sportsmen

## A LOST CHRISTMAS IN THE KOOTENAYS.

A Yule-Tide Reminiscence: By Richard L. Pocock.

Seeing that "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," according to the old rhyme, it is a serious thing to lose a Christmas out of one's life, but that was precisely what happened to the tenderfoot trapper the first winter he was in Canada, and his old partner, Boise Basin Jack. You see, when you are away up in the hills of the Kootenay, at an altitude of a few thousand feet more or less above the level of the lakes, which are themselves a few thousand feet above the level of the ocean, where it starts to snow in September, as a general rule, and keeps it up steadily, with rare and short intervals, until the end of March or the beginning of April, when you have forgotten to provide yourself with a calendar to hang up on the wall, and the only breaks in the monotony of the daily round of the traps and the daily shift in the prospect tunnel are the capture of a specially fine marten or the striking of a pocket of good stuff in the working face, there is some excuse for the losing count of Sundays and holidays.

We were just two, putting in the winter together, working a copper claim, which was sure thing going to make our fortunes in the Spring, but, in case of any little accident to delay the coming of sudden wealth, we were also tending a line of traps, hoping to catch therein sufficient for a grub-stake for the coming summer's prospecting trip. Having started rather too late in the season, the job of building our log cabin the logs being green, the sap froze in them and helped to keep the cabin cool during the winter months. Before the roof was finished, the snow began to fall, and then it snowed, and it snowed, until, in a few weeks, we had to cut steps down to the door of the cabin, where at the time of the building we had one step up to the threshold.

Every morning one of us used to sally forth on bear-paw snow-shoes to visit the traps and free them of numerous over-inquisitive squirrels, and flying squirrels, and an occasional marten, while the other would take the beaten trail to "the mine," and work single-handed with hammer and drill following the stringer of rich copper ore which Jack was certain was going to lead us to a mother lode, which would make the Silver King a thing of no moment by comparison with our Paragon. At midday we would meet for lunch, after which we would double up in the mine until it was time to retire to the cabin for the evening meal and a smoke, before turning in to rest and recuperate. Tomorrow's repetition of the programme of today. On Sundays, as near as we could keep count of them, we would break the monotony of the week-days-work by cutting firewood and washing shirts. For neighbors we had the timber wolves, who used to serenade us at a more or less respectful distance, the porcupines, who were not so respectful, and would come right up to the rubbish heap for the grease, and the snowshoe rabbits, which used to spend the night gamboling around the door; judging by the multitude of the tracks they left in the fresh snow, but were so hard to see in the daytime, as they squatted under a bush or a tree, that they did not often help to fill the pot, but when they were esteemed a delicious change from the regulation pork and beans; a flying squirrel occasionally would find its way down the big open chimney at night when the fire was out, and would make things lively in the cabin until one of us would brave the shock of leaving the warm blankets to light a candle and either chase it out with chunks of firewood and rubber boots, or finish it in desperation with a shot from Betsy Anne, which would leave the atmosphere even more sulphurous than the language which preceded it.

Other day time visitors were the crossbills and birds like the English grosbeak, which speedily made friends and came down regularly for their breakfast of crumbs. One fine morning towards the spring, when the sun was beginning to get back his strength, a family of fool hens foolishly settled on a tree in front of the cabin and gave us the opportunity of an impromptu imitation turkey shoot, turn and turn about at two bits a bird, a hit anywhere but in head or neck to count a miss. Extraordinary birds these foolhens—I killed one that same winter with a snowshoe, just inside the tunnel where it had come to scratch for gravel.

Such was our "simple life." Every six weeks, or so, it fell to my lot, being the younger and stronger man, to make the trip to town for mail, and that was no picnic either. Wet snow on an unbroken trail is hard going even to the experienced man, too hard it had proved for old Jack the first time when we went together, and he only just managed to make the cabin long after dark on the return trip, with the aid of kicks and rude remarks from his almost equally exhausted companion, and, although it was only six miles from the claims to the railroad track, and another seven miles of level going along the track to town, it was a good day's work for the tenderfoot even on the down grade, and all he wanted on the up journey, even though he could take the morning train to the foot of the mountain, and then had only the six mile uphill grind to plug through. It was, therefore, a matter usually of three days to fetch the mail, one day to go down in, one to rest in town, and one for the return journey.

Three days before Christmas by our reckoning, behold him then, starting out with the first daylight, under a bright, clear sky, follow-

ing the almost buried blazes to keep to the trail, which had been filled and obliterated since the last excursion. The first three miles or so were on a steep down grade, and except for a trip or two over a hidden snag, and a plunge or two head first into the soft wet white stuff the poets are so fond of, the going was comparatively easy and rapid. Here and there a squirrel would chatter a morning salute as it scuttled along a little way and stopped to survey the human intruder on its playground, before starting in again to nibble its breakfast from the fir cone held between its two fore-paws, or a bluejay would scream in impudent derision of the awkward-looking monster ploughing its laborious way through the deep snow, while he could flit silently and easily from limb to limb. When the going was easier and he had more breath to spare, the tenderfoot would whistle a bit or sing a stave—where none could hear and criticise the vocal effort, to keep his spirits up, and keep down the home-sick feeling which would rise as he thought of the last Christmas spent in merry old England, and the contrast between the festivities then, among a crowd of life-long friends and the tete-a-tete Christmas dinner which was to be the lot of himself and old Jack away up in the snow-bound forest of the mountain tops of Kootenay. There is nothing like the silent forest to make a man think, and the sad thoughts will sometimes come uppermost.

The lights of town and the cheerful warmth of the big box stove in the bar room of the old Nelson Hotel, with the jovial artist on hand to dispense "Tom and Jerry" soon helped to dispel the blue feeling, and it was impossible to be anything but cheerful with the old town "tillicums" shaking one's hands and shouting "Merry Christmases" and all the good wishes of the season to one another.

The next morning it was good to rest an hour or two longer than usual in a nice warm bed, and it was not until a fashionable hour that I met the aforesaid jovial artist at the breakfast table. To his enquiries as to how long I meant to stay in town I answered that I was going to spend that day in resting, and buying the necessities for our humble little Christmas festivities in the cabin on the hills, and the next day, the day before Christmas, would be spent in plugging up the trail with the pack.

"The day before Christmas," echoed the artist, "why that is today, you must have dropped a day out of your reckoning."

And so it was, we were one day out of our count, and, if I could not hit the trail that day, there would be no Christmas dinner that year for Jack and little Willie. It was too late then to catch the train, and the whole thirteen mile trip on foot was out of the question. It was beyond my powers going light to get there before dark, and I knew that it would be simple madness to attempt it loaded with the pack of Christmas cheer, which the old man would be looking forward to, and the bundle of Christmas mail from the Old Country for which he would be watching still more eagerly. Newspapers are heavy things to pack and bottles are too, and there simply had to be some of the latter, for what would the mince-pies be without a little brandy, and what would a Christmas dinner be without something a little stronger than coffee? There was nothing for it, we had to lose that Christmas and celebrate it the day after. That night it snowed, as of course it should on Christmas Eve, to satisfy the traditions of Christmas literature; it looked very pretty, but my thoughts were on that trail, and I thought of the way the snow was filling it, and undoing the work of the down journey. The trees would be dropping great masses of it here and there, and my Christmas day's work beating my way back promised to be no pleasant little jaunt by any means.

I think, as a matter of fact, it proved to be about the hardest day's work I ever put in in my life, but I made it somehow, almost I was tempted once or twice to throw away the liquid part of the Christmas cheer, the heaviest part and most uncomfortable to pack (outside), but I made it eventually just after dark, when the old man was beginning to get anxious and make preparations to come and meet me with a lantern. I did not break the news to him that day, but in the morning, when he started in the preparations to make him emcee-pies and roast the sirloin in our little "tin" stove, and had sampled the quality of the best part of the cheer to pack (inside) I told him that we had lost count of a day, and that Christmas Day had gone behind us. Do you think it made any difference? Not much! We celebrated Boxing Day instead, in the good old way, and the roast beef was just as good a change from the old stand-by beans, and the baker's bread from the sour-dough bannocks as if it had been Christmas Day, and the substitute for coffee—well, that helped a little, too, I must admit.

## THE FALL OF PRIDE

At last I know what is meant by a person who speaks of the value of life's discipline. I have often before wondered, vaguely and mildly, at the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, which seemed to be spent upon rather a lowly quarry. Now I understand. Failure to grasp the bubbles of life, such as fortune, reputation, social position, and so forth, was merely part of a necessary hardening process, to prevent one from utterly collapsing under irretrievable disaster. Disaster came! Was repeated ad nauseam! I am chastened, but still alive; and not using more violent language than, I trust, the Recording Angel may feel able to summarize under the general heading of "Tut! Tut!" Really I suspect that I felt

an honest pride—possibly what among members of the medical profession might be diagnosed as "caput succedaneum." I am cured, but my nerves are a trifle shaken, as by experience I know that they generally are after an earthquake, which one cannot prevent from recurring, and cannot do much to avoid.

In the course of my life I have killed a dozen salmon, varying between 7lb. or so, and 18lb. I know men who have done as much in a day, and made no fuss about it. Still, considering my limited opportunities, the dozen fish were not to be sniffed at—nor did I sniff. And I realize now that I was pleasantly aware of not having lost any fish once hooked.

The spring of this year on this river has been notorious for lost fish. My angling acquaintances whom I met now and then by the waterside said that with one voice. They are men, too, who have known the river for years, and fish it well and regularly. Day after day I heard of fish raised, hooked, and lost after being played for various lengths of time. Of course I was polite and sympathetic. I reminded them, from my store of (bookish) experience, that these things must happen. If A. had lost two in a day, I was sometimes able to assure him that B. had owned to four fruitless battles. I knew, too, that these discomfited men would, fishing any season through on equal terms with me, take three or four fish to my one. Still, while I listened, condoled, and philosophised, I believe a little devil was whispering, "Queer! You never lose them. What a pity you cannot try your luck at these short-rising tender-mouthed miracles!" Well, through the kindness of someone, I did try my luck, for a day. Three fish came, and were fought under quite sufficiently exciting conditions—one I know had all the line off my reel, and performed gymnastics a hundred yards away, while I, wading deep, did not know which was the one safe way ashore. They were all landed, and the little demon whispered, "There!" One likely spot, which I could not get my fly over that day in the high wind, I asked my shivering companion to try. He threw a beautiful line across it, the fly dropped precisely where he said it should, a visibly big fish dashed at it, splashed and kicked on the top of the water, floundered, and was gone—and the little demon said "There!" again. I was out for another afternoon, and got two fish, and continued mutely to wonder at other people's misfortunes. It was roughly estimated that one rod, in about a fortnight's fishing, had lost about forty fish. Then my turn came.

It began quite quietly—a mere diversion, an amusing episode. I proposed for myself an hour or two of trout fishing on the loch which I had to pass in my day's business. The Good Samaritan, to whom I have owed most of my sport in the last few years, suggested a spot, and a modest trout fly, which together might possibly result in a salmon. The salmon actually came, found me alone with my boat's anchor down, and a good wind up. I had pulled against the wind, and then found that the only way to fish was to drop the little anchor, cast for a few minutes, weigh anchor, drift, drop anchor, and cast again. Well, I had several exciting minutes, and three or four good rushes, which made my reel scream. But at last the gut gave just above the hook, and I, not at all surprised or ashamed, was pleased to have had such an experience. That was episode number one, and I did not fish again for several days. The next reverse was not so easy to bear.

A week or two later I found myself at the Fall Pool in the late afternoon. The river was dead low, and I was told that since there was very little breeze this was almost my only chance of a fish. I had never fished this pool before, and was amused to find myself hanging over a bridge and watching a small double-hooked Black Fairy playing immediately below me, worked altogether by the stream. It hardly seemed serious business, and reminded me of far-off days, when I leant over a parapet and watched bleak about my paste bait in the Lea at Tottenham Marshes. However, when a salmon came from the depths, as he did, and threatened the Black Fairy, though without touching it, I began to take things seriously. "Try a bigger yin o' the same," my mentor suggested, but the "bigger yin," as I anticipated, did nothing. My companion asked for my flies, and calmly offered me a larger still, "a sort o' eagle," he called it. I suggested doubt. It seemed more likely to prove a scare than a lure, but he was unshaken, and the "sort o' eagle" had only worked twice or so across the fall when up came the fish again in the same place, and took the fly under my nose.

The next twenty minutes or so gave me new sensations. The fish, which we often saw clearly, and which my companion judged at about 10lb., seemed bent upon going up the fall beneath us. Strong though the current was, he kept right in the middle of it, boring up, and making my grisle rod bend in almost its whole length. Now and then he rose with a swirl, or crossed from side to side of the narrow stream, but always returned to head up under our feet. After ten minutes or so of constant strain I suggested getting off the bridge and trying to drag him down. That, however, I was told, meant a very long line out, and almost certain loss. "He's droonin' himself fast," I was told. "He canna go on like that. No! Something'll give, if you pin on mair strain." Could not he go on like that? He did for apparently another ten minutes, then we saw a silvery streak as he turned over. "We'll hae him soon," was the remark made.

Incautious remark! The fish at once left the stream for the first time, and, tearing down the pool to the tune of a screaming reel, leapt twice far away. Still on! I was surprised.

There he was, on his side again. "A fine fish—and a fine fish for the mistress," said my friend. "He's fair done." Was he? The words were no sooner said than the fish flashed up again till right under my feet, leapt twice at the fall, and—the "sort o' eagle" played once more in the stream, alone.

"Well!" I said. My friend supplied an emphatic rhyme, and we leant over the bridge together, peering into the dark pool for what we were never to see again. "A good fighter. He deserved it," was all that I could say. To my surprise, only two or three minutes later, in spite of the racket that plucky fish had made, another came at the still larger Mar Lodge which I was advised to try. Came, and came well, but seemed to miss it owing to an eddy in the stream, and would not come again. So ended my second reverse, but I was not sufficiently humbled. That was reserved for my next day out.

That day I went alone. The river was very low, and it seemed likely that I should not raise a fish at all. A gillie seemed superfluous, and, besides, the lower water where I went was so small that it could all be fished from either bank. If I saw the rod opposite, I meant to slip away and leave him in undisputed possession. I sneaked along, therefore, in very poacher-like fashion, spying the water now and again with my glasses. Fate meant me to have my lesson, and gave me a free hand. My possible vis-a-vis kept to the upper water, and actually was kind enough to leave my old battlefield, the Fall Pool, unvisited, because he thought I might go there.

Let me tell my sorrows briefly. In the Otter Pool, that romantic pool hidden among the firs and edged with heather, where the Merganser flaps away before you, and you may sometimes see, as I have, the red stag standing watchful in the wood, in the Otter Pool, from a likely lie, which I could barely reach, came my first fish, and took hold. Him I played for some four or five minutes, and was beginning to look for a convenient place at which to use my little gaff, when the small double-hooked Black Doctor came away. Half an hour later, in the Ford Pool almost under the bridge, stalking along the low water, and hiding at that moment half behind a big boulder, I raised another fish, had him on for a minute of two, and then my small Dusty Miller also returned to me, for no reason that I could guess.

Then followed hours of patient tramping and casting and useless changes of flies, until late in the evening. By that time I had fished all the fishable water twice without moving another fin. Then about 9 p.m., throwing a long line across the stream of the Rawlin (haunted for many of us now by the shade of the best and keenest of gillies) I thought I saw the fly checked for a moment, where there should be nothing but a fish to check it. I had my "sort o' eagle" on for the dusk, and, feeling nothing, I let it come round, and cast carefully again. Again the check, and this time the least possible pull. I struck firmly; my third fish for the day wallowed on the top of the water, the fly came back, and my fifth consecutive failure was achieved. I plodded sadly home through the dusky summer night, quite sufficiently humbled. I don't know how to kill fish, and if anyone will kindly tell me how to hold them when I've got them, I shall be obliged.

I thought my jeremiad had ended, and I hoped my misfortunes had ended, too. But listen! Meeting F. G. G. after I had finished writing this, I was invited to join him for an hour or two for trout on the loch. I told him that I had set down my tale of woe, at which he chuckled, and suggested that even now I might possibly raise a fish and change my luck. Presently, close to the boat, showed a huge fin. I held my breath, and my hand, till I felt a pull, then struck. "That is a big trout!" quoth my host carelessly. "Trout!" I gasped. "A big salmon!" There was a flurry, the flourish of a mighty tail, a strain, which I tried hopelessly to relieve by pulling line off the reel—then a smash.

The big fish had rushed under the boat, smashed the top joint, and carried off the fly. The rest is silence.—R. S. in The Field.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH BEARS.

We were at Sprinkle's camp when the events I am about to relate took place. We were all three griffins—that is Anglo-Indian for greenhorn, new chum, snooker—and I hope this explains the term clearly enough. The three were Sprinkles, my brother and myself. Sprinkles was camped in a beautiful tope—or grove—of mango trees, which provided a very grateful shade at that time of year—that is the month of April. We were a very youthful and inexperienced trio, but we were very keen on shikar, very anxious to slay something big, which up-to-date none of us had succeeded in doing. We were in very good country for all sorts of game, from tiger downwards, and our men were out holding the hills for bears, etc., while we had several buffaloes tied up in likely places for tigers. It was about eleven o'clock in the day, we had had breakfast, and were enjoying our pipes when Cassim, Sprinkle's head shikari, appeared, and, salaaming low, informed us that he had got a bear marked down. You may be sure that this news excited us not a little, and we were soon on our horses, and on the way. Before starting we drew lots as to who should have first shot—a very great mistake, as will be seen later on. It was a terribly hot day, and we felt the sun considerably as we proceeded to look Bruin up. We had to

ride at a walk, to allow our shikaries, gun bearers, etc., keeping up with us, and we had a distance of some four miles to get over. On drawing near the spot where the game had been marked down we dismounted and proceeded on foot. Cassim had left two men to watch the place and to see that our quarry did not move, and these men now met us with the information that all was going well; Bruin had not stirred from under the thick bush in which he had ensconced himself when the day began to warm up, and was still enjoying his siesta.

He had chosen a most shady and retired nook, a narrow, deep ravine about halfway up the side of a chain of low hills, over-shadowed by small trees and high bushes, and thus completely protected from the rays of the sun. Sprinkles had won the right to fire the first shot, and as it was decided by Cassim that no beating was necessary, we proceeded to walk the bear up, Cassim showing the way, Sprinkles next, and my brother and I bringing up the rear. We went forward very cautiously until Cassim came to a stop and pointed to his front. It was then that we found out what a mistake we had made in drawing lots as to who should fire the first shot. Sprinkles had drawn the longest straw, and was therefore entitled to open the ball; but unfortunately he was extremely short-sighted, and he could not, for the life of him, make out what Cassim was pointing at. It was the bear. Rather difficult to make out in the dark shadow of the bush under which he was lying, even to a man of ordinarily good sight, his color being black, and therefore blending in with his surroundings. "What is it?" asks Sprinkles in a whisper. "The bear." "Where?" "There." The colloquy naturally got louder and louder, and equally naturally, woke up the bear. My brother and I could see the beast all the while easily enough, and could have killed it as it lay, had it not been for that unlucky drawing for first shot. When Bruin at last discovered our near approach, up he got. Sprinkles saw him then, and fired at once, whereupon the beast turned, and, rushing up the hill, was over a slight rising and out of sight in a minute, Sprinkles giving him another shot to hurry him up as he went.

We followed in hot pursuit, and on gaining the crest of the slight rising alluded to, we saw our game lying apparently dead a little way down upon the other side. Sprinkles gave vent to his feelings in a wild yell, and, forgetful of the fact that he had not reloaded after firing off both barrels, and that he was consequently defenceless in case of anything happening, dashed down on to our seemingly defunct foe. When he had got about halfway down the slope, and was only about ten yards off, up jumped the bear and went for Sprinkles, who promptly turned to come back again; but alas, in turning, his foot slipped, and down he came right on to his face. Luckily the bear gave me a broadside chance as he made his rush, and I bowled him over dead with a curious shot, which we found, on cutting up the carcass afterwards, had raked him almost the whole length of his body, smashing up his liver and heart and various other internal arrangements in the most wonderful way, and eventually lodging in the brain. Sprinkles did not seem to mind much and soon recovered both his wind and his equanimity.

We were still talking it over when a messenger arrived from another party of watchers, to tell us of still another bear that had been marked down. It was now past one o'clock, but we determined to push on at once, and getting back to our horses, we set off in search of the new game. After going about two miles we met some of our men, who told us that the present object of our search was a she bear, with two young cubs, and that she was lying up in a valley on the other side of the hill we had now reached. The hill was tearfully steep and the grass on it very slippery, consequently we found our guns uncomfortably heavy to carry. Sprinkles, indeed, found his so heavy that he handed it to a native. On we went till we got to the top of the hill, and here the place where the new bear was lying up was pointed out to us. It was a cluster of rocks and bushes near the foot of the hill, on the further side of the valley we had opened up. Delighted with our success so far, we began to descend, when bang, bang, went both barrels of Sprinkles' rifle. He had handed it over, as I have just mentioned, loaded, to a native, who was devoured with curiosity to find out how the gun that broke in half—it was a breech loader—was worked, and in fumbling about with it, he had inadvertently touched both triggers, with the result described. The poor fellow was horror-struck at what he had done, and in his panic fell over, not doing much good to the rifle thereby. Sprinkles naturally used much bad language over the incident, and I rather think my brother and I spoke very feelingly to Sprinkles about being more careful with loaded weapons. The bear woke up and went for her life up the opposite hill, up which we watched her go with her two cubs on her back, and that was the last we saw of her. However, we had bagged one good bear, anyhow, and had had quite a thrilling time of it. We went back to camp that evening three fairly happy griffins after all. I don't know how we should have contained ourselves had we bagged both bears.—D.F.B.

The Lady—My husband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to; 'e's promised to go round the town with the unemployed.





A Merry, Merry Christmas to every boy and girl, big and little, in Victoria this Christmas morning. It is the Children's Day and one of its lessons is that new life came to the world through a baby, and that still children are the most precious of the world's gifts.

When the Babe of Bethlehem, of whom you have all learned such beautiful and wonderful stories, grew to manhood, He never turned himself away from the sufferer. No disease was too loathsome for Him to cure; no sin too terrible for Him to help men or women to free themselves from. He showed them that God was their Father, and that they were brothers. Over and over again He taught this lesson of love. Just one thought more. The most beautiful life ever lived on earth, the purest, the strongest and the tenderest was not that of a woman but of a Man—the Man who on Christmas Day long, long ago was born in the manger at Bethlehem.

#### CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Alice, Helen, you must run off to bed at once, or Santa Claus will not come while you are not there."

"All right, mother."

"Now, are you quite sure that you have your stockings ready?"

"Yes, mother; you gave them to us right after tea."

"Well, then, good-night, girls."

"Good-night, mother."

The children went up the steep staircase to their little room in the east gable.

"Oh," said Alice, "lets have a peep at our presents to see that they are safe. Now, where did you put them?"

"In the lower drawer," replied Helen.

"Don't my handkerchiefs look nice," said Alice.

"And doesn't my little bag look lovely," said Helen; "won't mother be pleased?"

"I am so glad I got that pipe tray for father. I think it is very pretty."

"I am sure that father will be delighted with his tie. Now let's go to bed. Quick, Alice, put the things away; I hear mother calling."

"Alice and Helen, aren't you in bed yet? It's half past eight."

"No, mother, but we will be in a minute."

Alice and Helen were awakened next morning by "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" ringing all over the house.

"Let's run and get our stockings."

"Such lovely things were found in those stockings, dolls, toys, books, fruit, and candies, just what each wanted. There was such a bustle all through the house. The girls ran and got their presents for mother and father. After breakfast the happy children started for grandmother's, to take the presents they had bought for grandma and grandpa and aunts and uncles. There was to be a Christmas tree there. The air was crisp, the snow was falling, and everybody was calling 'Merry Christmas!'"

M. FRANCES NORRIS.

#### A PIONEER'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve, the wind was screeching and the snow was falling about the strong old house in the country where the Mackay family dwelt. The children were playing about the fireplace, in which a roaring fire was burning. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay were in the children's playroom arranging the things on the Christmas tree, which was to be the great event of the morning. Grandma Mackay was sitting by the table knitting. Grandpa was sitting in his favorite chair drawing long and evenly at his pipe, and gazing into the fire.

"It was the summer of—"

The rest of his words were drowned by the wild shout of joy with which the Mackay children always greeted a story from grandpa.

At last they got settled as close to grandpa's knee as they could crowd, and grandpa began again. "It was the summer of '67 when my chum Bob and I got a grant of government land in one of those fertile valleys in the Rockies on the side that is now in British Columbia."

"There were very few white men on the Pacific side of the Rockies in those days besides a few at the trading stations which were scattered about the country."

The first thing we did on our land was to erect a strong log cabin, with strong wooden shutters for all the windows.

"We had got along all right so far with the Indians. There was one fellow called Silverpine who regarded our strong little cabin and patch of garden with considerable hostility, while Blackfoot, the chief of a nearby tribe, was very friendly. His little son, Whampole, used often come and visit us."

After we had been there for about six months, an event took place which caused not a little excitement around our shanty. It was the 20th of December. Whampole had been at our place for a couple of days, and he intended to go back the next day, as there was to be a great feast, and his father was expecting him to attend.

"During the day I had seen several of Silverpine's warriors sneaking around the clearing, but I had thought nothing of it. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the growling of Hector, my huge Dane. Jumping out of bed, I went to the window, and looked out. Not seeing anything, I was just getting back to bed when I heard a loud noise just outside the door, at which Hector began to bark furiously. This awakened Bob, who bounded out of bed and went to the window and took a good look around. He was just going to draw his head in again when he saw something moving outside. 'Who's there?' he yelled. He was answered by a volley from the edge of the clearing. He immediately drew in his head and locked the shutter, while I ran and double-bolted the door. Joe was putting on a few clothes, so I did the same. By this time the air was resounding with wild yells, and we had no doubt that it was Silverpine and his band. As soon as they saw that we were awake, they began trying to batter down the door with their clubs and tomahawks."

"We had better make them quit that," said Bob, seizing a musket loaded with buckshot, and going to a loophole, he fired into the group of savages without. After I had fired into them from the other side, and Bob had emptied a couple more muskets into them, they retreated to the edge of the clearing until daylight."

"Bob proceeded to cook some breakfast, while Whampole and I kept watch. During the morning they didn't attack and we engaged ourselves in cutting a plentiful supply of powder and ball at all the loopholes. Occasionally we would take a chance shot at an Indian as we would see one in openings between the trees. At about twelve o'clock the Indians attacked the house on all sides, but we pelted them with buckshot so hotly that they were glad to retreat. They never showed themselves again that day."

"About ten o'clock at night we saw lights approaching, and fired in their direction, but they came

Silverpine with his own hand. Bob and Whampole and I sallied out of the cabin and added our numbers to Blackfoot's, and helping them to hurry the enemy in their flight."

"It was now only two days to Christmas, so we persuaded Blackfoot and his warriors to stay and have Christmas dinner with us."

"The next day we all went out on a grand hunt to get the supplies for our Christmas dinner. The next day I spent one of the best Christmases in my life. Bob cut down a fir tree, and we stuck it up in front of the door, and decorated it with bits of colored cloth and paper. Each Indian received as his present from the tree a string of beads or a looking-glass, and they were as well pleased with it as a boy with his first peashooter."

"The next day the Indians departed, each carrying a simple gift."

GERALD STEVENS.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Two little children called Willie and Jane, lived with their mother, who was a widow, in the old seaport town of Portsmouth. Their mother had been ill for some time, and only able to do a little sewing. Willie had done the best he could in carrying parcels for a grocer's shop; but it was now Christmas Eve, and cold and wet. They had hardly any money to buy food with, and nothing at all for Christmas presents. Just before it was dark Willie and Jane were looking out of their window at the man lighting the street lamps, and watching the people carrying home their parcels and wishing they could go and see the Christmas shops, and that Santa Claus would bring them some presents. Then they saw a sailor coming

#### PLAYING SANTA CLAUS.

One Christmas Eve there were two little boys, one was ten and the other eight. After the youngest boy went to sleep, the eldest thought he would like to play Santa Claus; so he waited till Santa Claus brought their presents. Then he got up, and dressed. He put on his sister's opera cloak, and made himself look as much like Santa Claus as he could. He got a basket, put the toys into it, then got a ladder and climbed upon the roof. He got into the chimney, and was going to slide down, but he stuck fast. There was just a little fire in the fireplace, and the smoke that came up almost choked him. His arms were sore, and his eyes were sore too, with the smoke. He cried out, and his mother heard him. She and his father got up and tried to get him out. But they had to get some men from the village to help them. They at last got him out. He didn't need a scolding, for he was all bruised up. When he got well, he never wanted to play Santa Claus again.

ROBINA ISA-BEL EVANS.

Kokilah, B. C.

Age, 12 years 9 months.

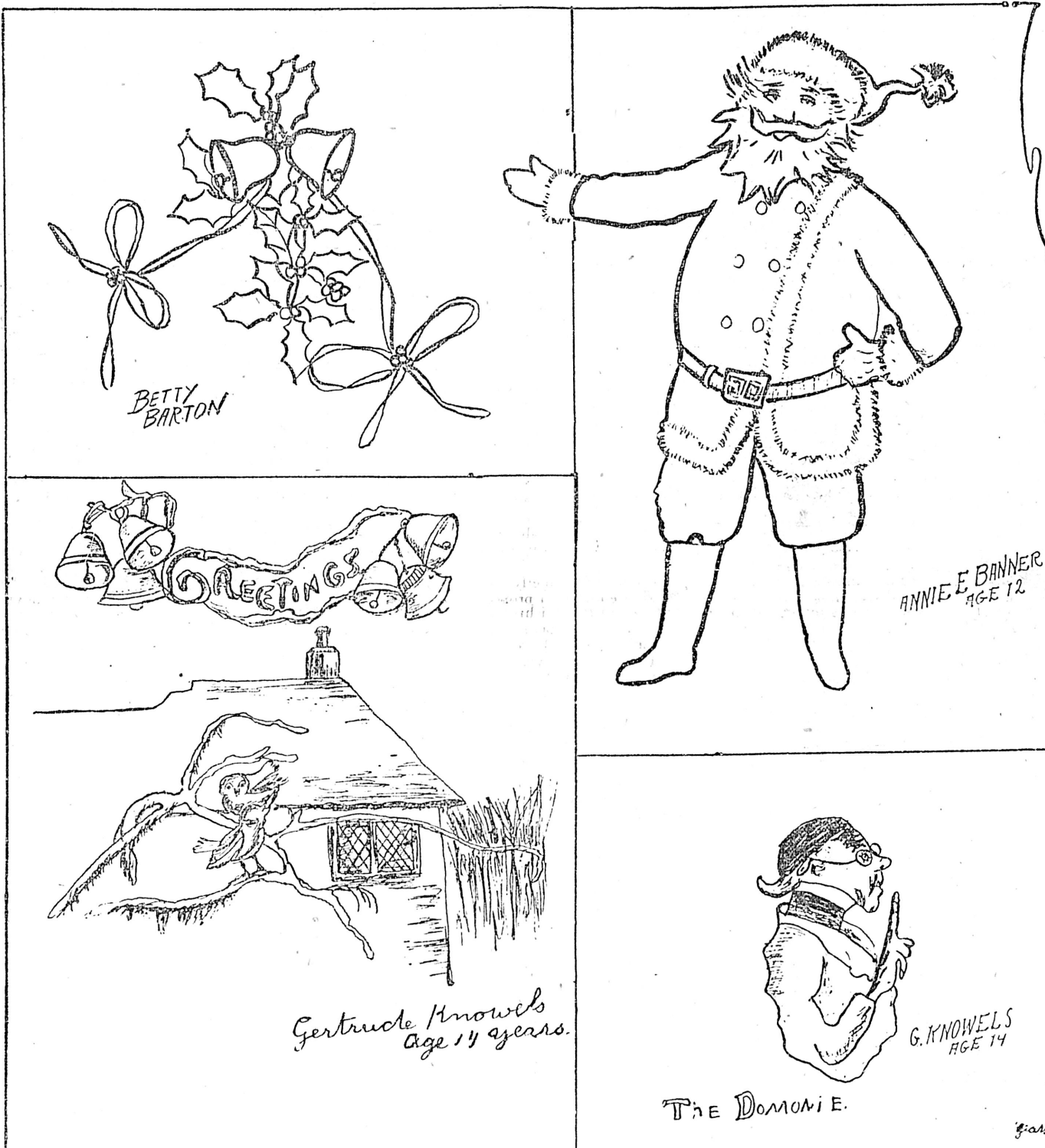
#### ESSAY ON CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is Jesus' birthday. The Saviour of the world was born in a stable at Bethlehem over 1900 years ago, and the angels sang with gladness "Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of goodwill," and a bright star shone in the heavens. Christmas is a happy day. Children always think it is.

Santa Claus will come on Christmas Eve to fill all good little children's stockings with such a lot of nice things.

Age 7 years.

VIOLA ROBERTS.



on so rapidly that we could not possibly stop them. The Indians came right up to the house and threw the burning brands upon the roof. It was the work of a minute to knock a hole in the roof and pour in with water, of which we had a great abundance, there being a well in one corner of the cabin. While I threw water over the roof Bob and Whampole fired charge after charge of buckshot. After several more unsuccessful attempts they retreated, only to return about an hour later with bows and flaming arrows. This attack also was unsuccessful.

"Blackfoot, surprised at the non-appearance of his son, sent three of his chief warriors to our cabin to see what was delaying him. Hearing firing when they were about a mile away, they came forward cautiously. On nearing the edge of the clearing they saw a number of Silverpine's warriors, so they started back for their own village. When Blackfoot heard the news he gathered a number of his warriors and started off to relieve the cabin. There was a stubborn fight when the two war bands met, but it ended in a victory for the relief party, Blackfoot killing

up the street and asking everybody if they knew where Mrs. Harvey lived. The children opened the window to hear what the sailor said. They called out to their mother: 'Mother, mother, there is a strange sailor asking for you.' The mother came to the window and looked out, and almost fainted for joy when she saw her sailor brother, whom she thought had been drowned long ago. He had just come back from South America, where his ship had been wrecked some years ago. The children had never seen him, and were delighted to think they had an uncle, and drew him into the room. He had made a lot of money, and had come back to take his sister to live with him in British Columbia, where he had bought some land. He looked around the poor room, and then took the children out to buy all sorts of nice things, so that after all, they really had a very happy Christmas, and when their mother was better he took them right across the sea, and then for a whole week in the train, until they reached British Columbia.

Age 11.

GRACE BURRELL.

#### HOW THE POOR SPENT THEIR CHRISTMAS.

Once upon a time there were some very poor people, and it was getting near Christmas, and they knew that they would not have a very nice Christmas. But there were some people who were very rich, and they knew the poor people. So one day before Christmas they bought a lot of things, which they thought would be very nice for a Christmas dinner. Then they cooked the things which needed to be cooked, and put everything into a large box and sent it over to the people. On Christmas day one of the girls happened to go to the front door, and when she saw the box she ran to tell her father and mother, and sisters. Her father took the box inside and opened it. Then they laid the cloth and had a happy Christmas. But the rich people were happiest of them all, because they knew they had made other people besides themselves happy. But the next Christmas the rich people went to England, and the poor people did not have any Christmas dinner, because the father had been killed, and they were left

alone. But the children tried to make their mother and themselves happy. Wishing the editor a Merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

MARGARET HENNEY.

#### CHRISTMAS IS NEAR.

Three wise men saw a wonderful star; and they followed the star wherever it went. And at last it stopped over a shed, where Christ was born. And the three wise men gave their gifts. Christ was born in Bethlehem, in a manger, for all the houses were full of people. That is why we celebrate Christ's birthday. Christ, when he was on earth, healed the sick. On Christmas we hang up our stockings and give each other presents, and go to church and celebrate by singing of the birth of Christ. We always try to have goodwill and peace on Christmas.

LAURA LEES.

Age 9.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When Santa Claus came to a certain house, he saw a little mouse.

"Hello!" said the little mouse, "A Merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you."

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I stayed up to watch you," said the mouse.

"You are very welcome, sir."

"Oh! what a lot of things you have," said the little mouse. Skates, sweets, and all things that children like."

Santa filled the stockings, then he went up the chimney again. Then the little mouse gnawed a little hole in each stocking, and the things fell out on the floor, and when the people came down next morning they saw the things on the floor, and they were holes. The little mouse was up on top of the Christmas tree all the time watching them. Kate saw him and told Tom to go and catch him. Then the mouse began running all over the Christmas tree. In a little while the children forgot to see where the mouse was, and they went on playing with the toys that Santa Claus had brought. There is no Santa Claus, at least for little children to see.

Age 9 years.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We keep Christmas because Christ was born on the twenty-fifth of December, 1909 years ago, in a manger in Bethlehem. He was weak and sick, just as you and I were. And there was a great star that led three wise men from afar. And the angels told the shepherds not to fear, and told them to go into Bethlehem, where the Saviour was, and they brought gifts with them, of gold and incense, and they went down on their knees and worshipped Him. And that is why we give and receive gifts, and go to church and sing carols.

W. H. RYAN.

Age 10.

#### CHRISTMAS ONCE AGAIN

Christmas comes but once a year, and on the 25th of December. Every child looks forward for Christmas presents and toys. But some little boys and girls in great cities never know what it is to have a present given to them.

Christmas is the birthday of Our Lord. Nearly all children have a Christmas tree, and upon it their parents put hosts of presents, and the children receive their presents from it. About two or three weeks before Christmas our mothers begin to make their Christmas cakes and puddings for the merry day. On Christmas Eve all the children go to bed early, and try to lie awake till Santa Claus comes, but they generally fall asleep, and in the morning when they awake they find all their presents, and they think it is a mystery how they came there. On the morning of Christmas the children play with their toys, and in the evening they look forward for the good old Christmas dinner of plum-pudding, mince-pies, nuts, etc., and after dinner they play games and crack bon-bons. After that they look forward for New Year. They also have a dinner on that day, but it is not the same as the Christmas dinner. I wish the editor a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Age 12 years.

#### A STORY OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas means Christ's birthday. I like Christmas. It is 1909 years since Christ was born. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem. He is the son of God, and the woman who was his mother was called Mary. When Christ was watching the sheep he was called the Good Shepherd. So on Christmas we all celebrate and give presents to each other for his memory.

Age 11.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

In England there are very many poor people, who have sons, and they send them out to sell papers. I know of one boy, who was out selling papers on Christmas day. His clothes were in rags. He was very cold, and was trying very hard to sell his papers. Just then a tall lady came and said, "Little boy, would you like to come with me and have a Christmas dinner and see Santa Claus?" "Oh, yes; and can mother and father come too?" "Yes, of course. Now I must tell you, this lady belonged to the Sunday school, so she took his mother and him to the place. Never before had the mother and the son seen such a beautiful place. They had soup and turkey and a plum pudding, and at the end Santa Claus came and gave them all a present. The mother got some money. Every Christmas they went and had a good feast."

Age 11.

#### A STORY ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem 1909 years ago. On Christmas day we invite our friends to dinner. We have turkey. On Christmas day we go to church and sing Christmas hymns. We give each other presents. We have a Christmas tree and at night we light it up and have fun. And when we are playing we wonder why we keep Christmas. Just before we go to bed we hang up our stockings.

Age 9.

#### A STORY ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

We keep Christmas because Christ was born on that day, the 25th of December. It is 1909 years ago since Christ was born. We have a very good dinner on Christmas day. We hang up our stockings on Christmas Eve, and they are full of very good things. Sometimes we have a Christmas tree. We set it near the fireplace. Then when we wake up the things are on the tree, and in the evening we have a big dinner of turkey, plum pudding, and everything that's good; and that ends the story.

Age 9 years.

#### AT CHRISTMAS.

When Christmas comes everybody has a very happy time; some people don't have as happy times as others have, but they make it as pleasant as they can for the children. We send presents to our friends. We gather money to send to the poor in London. We hold Christmas since ever Jesus was born. That was 1909 years ago. He was born in a manger in Bethlehem. Mary was the mother, Joseph was the father. They were very poor people.

A. MOFFAT.

#### SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus is a jolly old man; a jolly old man is he. He is hundred of years old. I often wonder how he comes down the chimney. I think he must be pretty near squashed, coming through that small space. I tried to see him one Christmas night; but no, I couldn't see him anywhere. But when I was sitting quiet, suddenly I heard some bells, and then I was glad when I knew he was there. Then under the blankets I hid myself for fear he would see me. The next morning I woke up, and there I saw all my toys, and just the very things I wanted.

Age 9.

JACK MILLER.



# Samarkand—The Beautiful Garden of Asia

Far away, perhaps, and yearly growing dimmer in our memories, but ineffaceable till death, are a dozen or so of childhood's mental pictures. We all have them, and it is in these sudden and rather bewildering understandings or the realities of the outer world that education begins. They must be due to some flash of imagination that came unbidden to light up a dreary page of dates or boundaries or staple products; some thrill of sympathy, some first understanding of what the meaning of even the cold paragraphs of a school book must be. Among these outstanding catch-phrases there is one, the fascination of which many grown men feel today. There is something in the very solemnity and slowness of the syllables of "The great Hunger Desert" that brings home even to a childish mind the horror of a vast world in which no man lives, no beast, no bird; wherein is no tree nor shrub, not even a few scanty bents of desert grass hiding at the bottom of the dry watercourse. Worse than all, it is a land wherein there is no respite from the sun, not even the shadow of a great rock. Over the hot, white, merciless expanse of broken sand, the hot, blue, merciless heaven fits closely; one can picture the foolhardy adventurer creeping across the seared waste, thinking of, praying for, intent upon nothing except that four-day distant patch of stagnant moisture, the untimely evaporation of which means for him and his camels inevitable death. But behind this childish picture of the Hunger Desert there always lay a rich and splendid city stretched out at her ease among green gardens and gallant walks embowered in orchards and forest fringed lawns. The catastrophe of failure and burial in the dry, ever-creeping sands was tenfold the bitterer for the knowledge that all the time beyond the cruel horizon that mocked the traveller's agony with wide stretches of lapping mirage lakes, lay Samarkand, with her blue and silver minarets, her luscious fruits, and, above all, her real fountains and her trickling watercourses.

Today the Hunger Desert lies out as insatiable as ever. There is no other road to Samarkand, for behind her there lies the upturned cataclysm of impassable Himalayan snowfields and iron peaks. Across the desert the traveller still must go, either through the Red

Waste to the north, or through the Black Desert to the west. But today—if you have the special permission of the Russian War Office—you may run through both the one and the other almost as comfortably as if you were merely travelling from Moscow to Odessa. It is, however, a matter of "almost," not "quite." The famous Orenburg-Tashkend railway was not built for the comfort of inquisitive tourists. It is a military line first, last and always. The permanent way is no where metalled. Only a slight causeway of desert sand is heaped up a foot above the surrounding desert, and to the sleepers, which are placed athwart this crumbling way, the scanty rails are tied by knocking the heads of tenpenny nails down upon their lower flanges. The slowness of the train is excessive, even for Eastern Russia, and the dust is a never-ending plague, which at the end of three or four days is apt to get on the traveller's nerves. Yet even this is a pleasanter line than that which runs west from Samarkand to the Caspian Sea. Here there is no river course to follow, and the burning waste of ochre is scarcely relieved here and there by a suggestion of trees and greenery. Only to the south is the horizon's level edge broken by the faint blue outlines of the last of the western spurs of the mountain ranges, whose distant snows stand sentinel behind Samarkand. Today it is merely slight discomfort; in old days it was danger to life itself. But even that must have been worth facing if the goal were Samarkand.

## The Gardens of Samarkand.

She is the green emerald in the crown of Asia, and the gardens of Samarkand have provoked more eulogies from travellers than all the verdure of all the other paradises of this world. The old proverb runs true: "A Passage Perilous maketh a Port Pleasant." Ibn Haukal especially is enthusiastic about this oasis. For him, and he was a mighty traveler, for his day, there are but three perfect prospects on earth. One is Damascus, another is the Valley of Aileh, and the third—and the best of the three—is the Sogd of Samarkand. He gives us a picture of eight days' travelling through gardens and orchards and villages, where both on the right hand and on the left there were pleasant cornfields and handsome villas, and, what must have been far more pleasing to his parched eye, streams and foun-

tains and reservoirs everywhere. In these early days, the people of Samarkand would seem to have been as kindly as their surroundings. Ibn Haukal tells us that throughout the oasis, which extends from Bokhara to Samarkand, the doors of some houses were nailed back against the walls, and had been so from time immemorial, so hospitable were the people of the land. This is a pleasanter picture of the place, than that which is called up by the brutal murder of two unhappy Englishmen in Bokhara so late as 1842.

There are few more curious pictures of human development or the reverse than that which the attitude of Central Asia towards strangers affords us. Early travellers give, on the whole, a similar account of the kindly reception which they met with in these remote parts of the earth. The journeys of the Polos and Ibn Batuta and Rubruquis and the other great Asiatic travellers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries would have been an impossibility two or three hundred years later, and there is visible, even to this day, the same slow but universal tendency on the part of Asiatics to shut up hitherto accessible regions in Central Asia. It is a fact that Tibet, Afghanistan, and Nepal are all less penetrable now than they were a hundred years ago. The intrusion of Russia into Central Asia has indeed broken down barriers which would otherwise exist in Turkestan, but it is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that it has been safe for Europeans to show themselves unattended in the bazaar at Bokhara. In old days—apart from the risk of spending twenty years as a Paynim slave—travelling, though intensely slow, dirty, and disagreeable, was rendered dangerous by nature rather than by man. Now man is taking his part in keeping intruders out, and it is not entirely creditable to our boasted civilization that the mere report of our coming should so effectively dry up before us the ancient well-springs of Oriental hospitality and kindness.

## The Tomb of Timour.

Samarkand consists of gardens and orchards on the one hand, and on the other of the ruined remains of the great Timour. One can well understand that the thirsty travelers of old days thought more of the former than of the latter. Today, however, thanks to the com-

ing of the railway, the mosques and tombs of Samarkand are of the greater interest. Among them one building stands out supreme. The tomb of Timour ranks with Fatehpur Sikri of Akbar, or the Ta Mahal of Shah Jehan, as one of the most suggestive relics of Asia. You may travel through and through Samarkand in all directions; you may buy silks from the placid and contemptuous merchants in the bazaar; you may steep yourself in the color and life that throbs and burns all day long in the courts and corridors of the Reghistan; you may sketch among the trees that have grown up all round the mosque of the Lady Princess; you may contrast the east and the west at Chai-Sinda; but at the end of every day it is to the Emir's tomb that you will inevitably return. Here, in the quiet shadow, you will recall to yourself the most brilliant career that any monster of mingled cruelty and shrewdness has ever lived. Richard III., crippled like Timour, has earned an ugly reputation for brutality, but he is a mere child in crime compared with the splendid savagery of Timour the Lame.

With what looks like an anticipation of Western symbolism, his plain block of marble stands out black under the dome among the surrounding white cenotaphs of his wives and relations. The vault rises above the little platform littered with plain cut stones. To the eye of some it may seem but a dingy place. The translucent belt of jasper that runs round the walls at shoulder height, crying forth the nine and ninety names and the ineffable glory of God, is darkened with centuries old grime. You hardly distinguish it at first from the time-darkened lime-stone of which the walls of the tomb are built. Yet there is both in the jasper and the limestone as beautiful a play of tints as ever was taken on by the walls of a human shrine. Color there is in profusion. Mauve purples lurk in the recesses of the stalactite masonry that here and there clings to the corners of the tomb like a gigantic wasp's nest of amber and dull stone. Here in the light the belt of jasper is translucent amber—there in the shadows smalt grey, and over the plain, undecorated surface of the walls, there are flashes of nameless colors, that change from minute to minute as the sun's mote-laden gnomes of light wheels slowly over the quiet tombs. The windows are heavily tracied,

and the sun's intrusion is but a pastime of the late afternoon. At mid-day the light creeps in through the unglazed gratings, so tempered by the rich verdure of the forest trees outside that you may see three mysterious and changing tints of green underflushing the sombre coloring of the vault overhead. There is silence absolute within the chamber. Silence such as this does but remind one the more of the stormy life of him who sleeps below. Timour had no punishment for fault or shortcoming but death or mutilation, and he stretched his red hand in conquest as cruelly and almost as far as Genghiz Khan. One could imagine that the very foundations of his tomb were laid upon the bodies of the millions that he killed. As one sits in the twilight beside his resting-place, one cannot fail to recall the splendid story of how Tamour and the Frost King met at last by the side of the frozen Oxus and banded taunts as to which of the two had slain more human beings. The Spirit of Cold sneers at his human rival: "If thou art a fiend of hell, why, so am I. We have both grown old in the self-same work. But thou shalt pass and I shall endure. Go on with thy task, sweep the unhappy world with fire and sword; wipe out mankind beneath thy feet. Yet, for all thy skill in slaughter, my cold fingers kill more surely and more widely still. Set all the earth in a blaze about thee, and yet in the midst of thy fires shall my chilled right hand find thee out." And Timour presently died.

This was in 1405. He was buried at once in the tomb which he had long prepared. But those about him played out a hideous comedy for many months. No whisper of his death was allowed to circulate. In his name the government of Central Asia still went on. Some Europeans, who by some ill chance were present when the news of his death came, were sent away under heavy threat of punishment should they breathe a word of the disaster. Indeed, so real and enduring is his personality, as one sits in the dusky hush of Timour's tomb, one could almost believe that his counsellors had been successful beyond their expectations, and that there still heaved below that gloomy black marble oblong, wrapped still in linen and still scented with musk and roses, the blood-stained form of the first of this world's butchers. —Percival Landon.

## The Battle of Quiberon Bay

Today is the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Quiberon Bay, says the London Times of Nov. 20. That famous action in which Hawke "came swooping out of the west" to shatter the flying fleet of Conflans and finally to frustrate the French projects of invasion which had kept this country in a turmoil of anxiety all through the year. The year 1759 was the annus mirabilis of the Seven Years' War. The campaigns which marked it extended from the banks of the St. Lawrence, where Wolfe fell on September 13 and Quebec surrendered a few days afterwards, to the banks of the Weser, where on August 1, Ferdinand of Brunswick checked the advance of the French into Hanover at Minden, and even to the banks of the Oder, where on August 12 Frederick the Great sustained one of the most crushing defeats of his life at Kunersdorf, from the Straits of Gibraltar which La Clue passed on August 17 intending to join Conflans, only to be overwhelmed a few days later by Boscawen at Lagos, to the North Sea, where Thurot, having escaped from Dunkirk in October and taken shelter in Scandinavian ports, had to be watched by a British squadron all through the winter. Of this vast theatre of war the central position, the pivot of all the French projects of invasion, was occupied by the fleet of Conflans at Brest. There he was closely watched by Hawke throughout the summer, and, being further hampered by difficulties of supply and equipment, was only able to get to sea on November 14, when Hawke had been driven off by a gale. In the ports and estuaries of Quiberon Bay a large body of troops had been assembled under D'Aiguillon and transports had been collected for their embarkation. These were watched by a small squadron under Duff, one of Hawke's most capable captains, and, so long as Conflans was sealed up in Brest, their exit was thus rendered impossible. Such was the situation when Hawke at the most critical moment was driven by a gale from his station off Brest and compelled to take shelter in Torbay.

Quiberon Bay lies on the south-eastern coast of the great Breton peninsula some 150 miles southeast of Ushant. Its shores extend from Croisic northward of the mouth of the Loire to the long peninsula of Quiberon which stretches out to the southward. The mainland of the Quiberon peninsula is extended some fifteen miles to the southward through a series of detached rocks and shoals until it ends in the dangerous rocks known as the Cardinals. Between the Cardinals and another series of dangerous rocks known as the Four some five or six miles to the eastward lies the principal entrance to the bay. The whole bay is also beset with many other impediments to navigation, and these were very imperfectly charted in the days of Hawke, who had, moreover, no local pilots to assist him. We have already seen that Hawke was absent from his station when Conflans finally made his escape from Brest; but the same wind which carried Conflans out of Brest also enabled Hawke to

get away from Torbay. Conflans, of course, was making for Quiberon, intending to drive off Duff, to pick up D'Aiguillon with his troops and the transports, and to make away forthwith in order to carry out the concerted project of invasion. Both commanders were hampered and driven to leeward by adverse easterly gales, and though Hawke never completely lost touch of Conflans, it was not until the morning of November 20 that the two fleets sighted each other, when Conflans was already rounding the Cardinals and hastening to the pursuit of Duff, and Hawke was still hull down astern. Then in the twinkling of an eye the whole situation was changed. A hard gale was blowing from the westward, and the French Admiral might fairly anticipate that Hawke would never venture into those dangerous and uncharted waters and fight a desperate action, with darkness quickly coming on and a lee shore close at hand. But Hawke never hesitated for a moment. He ordered a general chase so that his fastest ships might press on with all the sail they could carry, and directed his leading ships to form a fortuitous line as they came up and to attack the enemy without waiting for the lagging astern. Even his sailing-master protested, and received the memorable reply, "You have done your duty, sir, in showing the danger, you have now to comply with my order and lay me alongside the Soleil Royal"—which was the flagship of Conflans. The French fought bravely, but they could not withstand the furious onslaught of their relentless foe. Their ships were scattered in all directions, some on the shoals, some on the shore, and two of them were sunk either by the raging of the sea or by the crushing broadsides of the British ships opposed to them. Conflans himself, unable to weather the Four, anchored his ship off Croisic, where next day she was driven on shore and burnt together with the Meros, which had struck during the action but had managed to make her escape. Seven other ships fled to the northward and eastward and anchored off the Vilaine, where, having cast their guns overboard, they managed to crawl next day over the bar and never got to sea again for hard upon two years. The remainder succeeded in getting away to the southward and ultimately reached Rochefort, where they were forthwith blockaded. Hawke lost two ships cast away on the Four. "Night was now come," says Hawke in telling the tale, "and being on a part of the coast among islands and shoals of which we were totally ignorant, without a pilot, as was the greatest part of the squadron, and blowing hard on a lee shore, I made the signal to anchor and came to" in a position about midway between the Cardinals and Croisic.

Thus ended one of the most deperate actions ever fought by a British fleet. So intense was the anxiety felt at home for many weeks before Hawke's victory relieved it, that on the very day that the fleet of Conflans was destroyed, Hawke was burned in effigy at home. There were some excuses, although no very good reasons, for this state of appre-

hension and depression. Only a few days before Wolfe conquered and fell on the Heights of Abraham he had written home a most depressing despatch, in which he announced to Pitt the breakdown of his health, the failure of his plans, and the small hope he had of eventual success. At the same time it became known that Hawke had been driven away from his station off Brest, and shortly afterwards the news was received that the blockade of Dunkirk had been broken, thus allowing Thurot to escape. Then came a sudden but transient reaction, when the glorious news of the fall of Quebec was received and the weather once more allowed Hawke to resume the blockade. But not even Hawke could keep the ships of those days at sea in all the stress of November weather in the Atlantic. Early in November he was again back at Torbay, and, as we have seen, Conflans got away in his absence. In the eyes of the groundlings and alarmists, who had not even then learned what manner of man they had in Hawke, all now seemed to be lost. Conflans was known to be at sea, Hawke had disappeared from sight, and for many days none knew what had become of either. This was how Hawke came to be burned in effigy on the very day that he won immortal fame and saved his country by his own splendid persistence and the intrepid valor of his fleet. Never had a victory been more decisive or more opportune. Never had a British Admiral shown a more superb contempt for dangers which no seaman could ignore. Never had British seamen more triumphantly vindicated his confidence in their prowess and their seamanship to overcome them. The unexampled steadfastness of Hawke's blockade of Brest was scarcely even bettered by St. Vincent and Cornwallis in later days. The splendid audacity of Nelson's attack at the Nile was hardly as brilliant a feat of arms as Hawke's irresistible swoop upon Conflans in Quiberon Bay. For this reason it is worth while, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, to recall for a few moments the memory of one of the greatest of British seamen and the achievements of one of the most glorious days in the annals of the British Navy. It is also worth while to recall, if only to point a contrast, the treatment that Hawke and his heroes received at the hands of their countrymen and their rulers. Carlyle tells the story in his "Frederick the Great," at the close of what is perhaps the most graphic and concise account of the battle that ever was penned. Hawke's fleet kept the sea for some time after the battle, engaged in watching the fugitive French ships in the Vilaine and the Charente. "Supplies of fresh provisions," says Carlyle, "had come to him from England all summer; but were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which in the fleet arose this gravely pathetic stave of sea poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humor grinning in it:

"Till Hawke did hang Monsieur Conflans  
You sent us beef and beer;  
Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,  
Since you have nought to fear."

Laffan—"You are rich enough to buy an automobile. Why don't you do it?"  
Groat—"Because I'm not rich enough to own one."—Chicago Tribune.

## Expert's View of Rockies vs. Alps

A generation ago the Alps offered to the true mountain climber all the joys of the world; but that day has gone forever, and while the beauty of the peaks remains untouched and will forever draw to their slopes those who love nature, the charm for the real climber has passed never to return. There remains no field for conquest in the Alps. It has all been done, and the best the most ambitious climber can hope to accomplish is to follow in the footprints of some pioneer. The Alps remains the school in which the climber becomes initiated, but soon when discovery and conquest call to him, he will turn his back on Switzerland. He may roam in Norway or the Caucasus; he may try the Himalayan or the Andean snow, where, if he seeks hardship, he will be content, but the true pleasures of mountaineering are not to be found on these immense heights.

### The Undiscovered Peaks

Where, then, shall the climber turn? There are only two great Alpine fields for him to open out, and the London Times declares that the greater of these is the Canadian Rockies, the other being the New Zealand Alps. Comparing the Swiss mountains with those of British Columbia, it is found that the latter are, on an average, 2,000 feet lower, most of the peaks being from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and Mount Robson, the highest known at present, being just short of 14,000 feet. However, the actual work of the climber and the impression of height on the eye are much the same as in the Alps, and the snow line is not so high. Taken range for range, the Times' expert holds that the beauty of the Alps is superior, but says that individual peaks in the Rockies, like Robson or Assiniboine, can be compared with anything in Switzerland.

### Rocky Mountain Lakes

Another advantage possessed by the Rockies is in the more direct rise from the valleys. Often the peaks seem to spring starkly out of some lonely little mountain lake, while the Alpine valleys, as a rule, are narrower and deeper, cut away under lower slopes which tend to hide the summits themselves from view. Switzerland has nothing to equal the beauty of such lakes as Louise or O'Hara, and though these are the best known of the Rocky Mountain lakes, there are many like them, of which the public has not yet been informed. In one respect, the Canadian mountain climber has not the advantage of his Swiss colleague. The rocks here are usually bad, and make climbing more difficult and dangerous. Like a poor track for horses, they put really brilliant record-breaking exploits out of the question. In the Selkirks, however, the rocks are better.

### The Real Problems

In the matter of weather, the Times authority finds little difference. In the main chain, the number of fine days between the beginning of July and the middle of September is probably somewhat greater than in the Alps. In the Selkirks the climbing season is rather shorter. A Rocky Mountain drawback that is unknown in Switzerland is the haze

often caused by forest fires, which obscures the beauty of the peaks. Another disadvantage is that the problems of accommodation, transport and supply are much more serious in the Rockies than in Switzerland. For the climber who is content to follow in the footsteps of others, one who is satisfied with beauties upon which crowds of others have gazed, these problems are solved by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has good hotels and trained Swiss guides. These conveniences, however, extend to only a mere handful of peaks, compared with those which must be reached by long, hard marches. For a mastery of many of the peaks one must travel hundreds of miles, carrying with him his supplies, before the real climb begins.

### A Spur to Endeavor

Yet no one would say that the conquest of Mount Robson by Rev. George Kinney last summer was not ample recompense for the difficulties that this climber had to surmount before the real ascent began. Any mountain climber worthy the name would gladly have undergone larger hardships for the honor of going on the rolls as the first to scale so famous a peak. Dr. Coleman, of Toronto, might speak feelingly on this point. It is not, however, the hardships, but the time required, that tends to discourage climbers in the Rockies. It is true that they can get from Liverpool to the field of action in less than a fortnight, but it may require a month of tramping before the base of the coveted mountain is reached; and making a small allowance for the time consumed in the actual ascent, the round trip might well consume a couple of months, time in which a man might circle the globe. But difficulties were made to be overcome by climbers, and the lure of virgin peaks in the Canadian West will exercise a fascination unknown in Switzerland. Moreover, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will open up new mountains, and will remove much of the tedious preliminary work that is now considered a drawback.—Exchange.

### HE WAS NO JUDGE.

The force of natural and instinctive pride in one's country has been endlessly expressed in literature of all times and climes, but rarely more dramatically than in the following little incident.

Greig, as everybody knows, is the musical idol of all Norwegians, although it has been the fashion of less talented outsiders to underestimate him. One of his detractors was the German composer, Bargiel, a man of an instinctively jealous nature.

One day, one of his pupils, a Norwegian girl, brought for her lesson a concerto of Greig's. Bargiel took it from her with a smile of most superior disdain.

"But I told you to bring your music, and Greig is no music!" he said, scornfully.

"What! Greig no music!" was the indignant reply. "Adieu, Herr Professor!" and she swept out of the studio, never to return.



## Pan and the Automobile

By Grease Paint.

The Shepherd sat under a tree, and his sheep grouped themselves around him, contemplative. He had a new pipe, and was waiting for Phyllis. She was late.

The Shepherd was a goodly youth. For all his raiment he had a wisp of goatskin about his supple loins and a spray of myrtle twisted in his hair. He was tall, broad in the shoulders, excellently shaped. His clear, appealing eyes were luminous grey. His hair was the color of burnt gold. His teeth were perfect, and his mouth was fine. The little vagrom winds caressed his brows and fluttered on with whetted appetites. It did not seem, all things considered, that Phyllis could be long. The cloudless sky was of a singing blue.

Phyllis came. Her nut-brown hair rippled about dimpled shoulders, and strayed sunbeams caught in those dark tresses died happy. Her hands and feet were small, her whole lithe, gentle body seductive as a symphony of seraphs. Her mouth was an incarnate kiss that thirsted exquisitely for its twin. Her happy eyes were velvety and deep. Her costume was of the Golden Age: a costume especially effective in those green shadows where the sunbeams wanted.

Corydon (that was, of course, his name) produced the pipe, and after some premonitory nervous flourishes, made music. The melody was a trifle reedy and vague, but it had atmosphere. Phyllis smiled contentment, and the white sheep sighed in concert. Corydon moved his head to the right a shade, so that the nymph's face might be really comfortable. The distant hills were soft against the sky, like a vapor of pearl.

"Honk! Honk!"

The automobile whirled down the road beneath them. A shaggy figure moved swiftly through the covert of the curve. A man in the motor swore. Men in motors are always swearing. I don't know why. Corydon laid aside his pipe. Phyllis gave certain furtive touches to her hair. The sheep smiled gently as they commenced to nuzzle the herbage. A grey film of cirrus crept across the sun.

A moment later they saw the Princess coming up the slope toward them from the road. Phyllis pouted; but Corydon looked and—said nothing.

The Princess had hair of shimmering gold, eyes of a subtle scintillating green, a petulant mouth that coyed and flickered over tiny gleaming teeth, and a voice of liquid moonlight made blood-warm in the sun of evening. She wore American shoes, an ample motor-costume, made half-transparent by the adroit costumier's art, and a roguish cap and veil that strangely gave the crowning flavor to her so-disturbing sweetness. She was altogether winsome and unusual, and Phyllis (idyllic in her innocence) blushed, and looked again, and blushed—and wondered.—But the Princess only smiled, inscrutably as she gave the shepherdess a piece of gold. Her name was Yvonne, but she was born in New York and lived mostly on steamships.

"My good girl, is so fortunate that I should come across you!" The Princess paused a moment here as she looked at Corydon; and her eyes went into shadow. "I want you to go down to the village and get me a postage-stamp. Don't hurry yourself; we are likely to be around here for quite a time."

The docile Phyllis left them.

"What is your name?" asked the Princess.

"Corydon, lady."

"Then tell me, Corydon; who is the shaggy loiterer, so confident and so uncouth, who sent me up to you? He has yellow eyes that expand and recede, that glow and darken, and a red mouth that flashes strangely on one through the tangles of his beard."

Corydon looked at her—looked and marvelled. His eyes were eloquent, and his gaze unwrapped her.

"That can be no other than Pan," he said.

"But why should he send me up to hill to you?"

"I know not, lady; unless it be that you are beautiful, and we both are young."

The Princess blushed. She knew not why. It was not her habit.

"You—you think me beautiful?" she faltered.

"Beautiful! You are divine. Your eyes are flames from which Love's fires are fed. The bees of Hybla toil right gladly through all the drowsing days to bring stores of honey to your peerless lips. Your hair is a sea of gold in which the sunset burns—the sunset and the innumerable night of stars!"

The sheep and all the breezes were asleep. A train boomed along through the remote haze over against the hills. Only the birds saw—the birds and the bees that paused in full flight with their fragrant cargoes till her lips should be disengaged.

"You put things so well!" murmured the Princess. "It must be a gift."

Corydon laughed, and Pan laughed in joyous echo below there in the road.

You may make a picture of the Princess to be a constant glory of your dreams. You may sigh in gladness of sympathy as you think of the sheep that slept, the breezes that were still, and the bees so oddly patient on the wing. You may rejoice over these Arcadian trifles as you will; but you shall not

forget

the

road.

In the dusty roadway by the bend the big red automobile was standing; and on his back, under the automobile, the Prince, very hot and red in the face, was lying with his mouth full of little screws and oddments. The Prince wanted to swear some more; but because his mouth was full, he could not; and this was a grievous torture. Pan sat on his haunches in the road, and he appeared to have great joy in the situation.

"'Tis a strange conveyance," he was saying. "Egad! Of old, man went slower, with some comfort and some ease by the way. But now they have harnessed the lightning and the vapor; even by own breath have they harnessed in a measure. Methinks you are in pain. Have no fear, man! Such slight misadventures kill not. Your lady is resting on the hill beyond there. Young Corydon, the best of all my shepherds, hath her in charge, and will see to it that no harm befalls her. You are over-aged and fat to have a wife so winsome and so fair."

The Prince made an apoplectic noise.

Corydon laughed on the hill, and Pan, from the roadway, sent up a reverberating echo. At the same moment, the Prince wriggled from under the machine. Whereupon, Pan nodded to some invisible servitor, and the fore-tire on the driving side burst with vehemence.

The Prince snarled.

"This comes of touring with a drunken chauffeur," said he.

Pan only chuckled as the Prince went back to work. The patching of the tire was a matter of time; but when matters were finally righted, the Princess arrived. She came smiling down the hill, with many covert glances back across her shoulder.

"Most interesting young shepherd there," she told the Prince, as they drove away. "Quite an authority on bee-keeping."

## The Point of View

Written for the Colonist.

The fog hung over the city like a mantle. It was not a London "particular" but a clammy, sneezy kind of fog, swept about in banks and wrathly mists by the caprices of a light breeze. Park Lane was deserted, save now and then when a bus lumbered through, the noise of its passage sounding ghostlike in the muffled fog.

The Christmas dinner hour had arrived and Number 75 was a blaze of light. Lord— and his family sat round a table laden with Christmas dainties. All the costly viands and wines which money could procure were there. Light conversation mingled with gay laughter, glasses clinked, noiseless footmen hurried to and fro anticipating the wishes of the diners.

There was a lull in the conversation. Dinner was nearly over. The children had been allowed into the dining room to share in the dessert, a privilege only accorded at rare intervals. The youngest, a prettling, chubby-faced boy of six years old, sat on his father's knee.

"Father," he suddenly exclaimed, looking up into his lordship's face; "did you see the

banks of the river which he could hear sullenly flowing past him tonight? Was it of his happy childhood, of the glorious days at Oxford when he won his blue and stroked his eight to victory? Was it of his start in life as a barrister, of the accumulation of events which had made his career a failure, of his tramps up and down London in search of work, day after day, week after week, month after month? Was it of his descent lower and lower in the social scale, until he had become what he was now, a human derelict? Only that day he had stood before Lord—'s house in Park Lane, Lord—, whom he had known so well in earlier days. With hundreds of men, as miserable as himself, he had shook his fist at the house, where the friend of his boyhood days lived. He pictured that friend now, surrounded by a happy family, banqueting in good old Christmas style. And he was one of the unemployed. He, for whom his lordship had fagged at Eton.

Thoughts such as these whirled in amorphous shapes through the brain of the shuddering form. At one moment he was back in his childhood days, the next he was peering over the wall of the Embankment seeking anxiously to get a glimpse of the river, the remorseless, never resting waters, which day by day were closing over the miseries of human beings such as he.

Christmas Day, without a friend in the world. All day long he had begged hard for a penny to buy some bread. He had joined the procession of the unemployed, not that he expected to gain anything, but such company was his last link with human sympathy. He had left them in disgust as night fell. He wanted to be alone. Hunger was gnawing at his vitals. He had abandoned hope. The despair which the inexorable law of failure bring in its train bore in with tenfold vigor on his fever-stricken brain. He felt his grasp on reason slipping away. The fog gloom was bright sunshine compared with the pall of darkness enveloping his soul.

The waters of the murky river lapped against the sides of the Embankment in rhythmic fashion. How fast they ran, carrying in their grasp out to sea, beyond human indifference and mortal anguish a ragged form, on whose thin face was a look of happiness at last.

The stone recess on the Embankment was empty.

## CHRISTMAS AT SEA IN A SAILING SHIP

(Continued from Page 2)

to pieces on the Cornish cliffs would last. I well recollect our captain's grim remark, "You boys had better say your—prayers," and I think some of us did too.

It ended all right of course, otherwise I ourselves half-way up the Channel again and our tiny crew had managed to bend, after a very crude fashion, three spare top-sails and a few fore-and-afters. Off Saint Catharines Point, two tugs took us in hand, and from their masters we learnt that six large and many small vessels had been lost during the gale. Included amongst the former was the "Primrose Hill," which was driven up the Irish Sea and dashed to atoms at Holyhead, all hands with the exception of one man being lost.

On New Year's Day, the folk along the Thames waterfront watched a large fullrigged ship pass up to Gravesend, to come to an anchorage there. They were more than surprised to learn that the vessel was the "Mount Stewart," which had passed down only a fortnight before looking so spick and span. We were in a sorry condition, having lost every rag, furlled and unfurled—the long canvas streamers, which waved from each of our spars and from our backstays and rigging, represented cracking testimony to that. The broken fore-t'gallant-mast and sprung yards—the tangled maze of bare wire icicles, stays, etc., together with the long ends of frayed running gear and sea swept decks, were ample proof to onlookers that our Christmas had been a merry one. The paint upon our hull was almost obliterated by the liquid rust pouring from between the doublings of our rivetted plates, whilst in the lower hold the contents of some five hundred oil barrels, swished and rolled from side to side in keeping with the vessel's motion. Evidently our adventure was going to cost the owners and underwriters a somewhat large figure. On the afternoon of New Year's Day we moored to No. 1 Buoy at Gravesend, and shortly after, our valiant fo'castle crew of twenty-two hands all told, were bundled into a police launch. Each received "six months hard" and a "bad discharge," no "cat" being administered.

Our troubles were now all over, and as we lay quietly at our moorings it was with feelings of thankfulness that we looked back upon our providential deliverance. The same night however, during a spiteful little breeze which howled up the river, we dragged the buoy from its moorings and carried by the tide, crashed into a large steamer anchored astern of us; only our collision bulkhead prevented us from sinking.

We boys were all tired, weary and disgusted with the sea, and unanimously agreed and sternly resolved to "chuck it," but such is the peculiar constitution of a sailing ship man, that within the brief period of a fortnight, I was once again outward bound as 3rd officer of the "Mount Stewart" to "do business upon the great waters."

"I'd like to get on some big New York newspaper."

"What could you do on a New York newspaper?"

"Well, I believe I could write the unconfirmed rumors,"—Pittsburgh Post.

## "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

When Clement Moore dashed off the following lines, away back in 1882, he probably had no idea of the wonderful popularity they would acquire throughout America. The poem was received with marked approbation when it first appeared. Then its merits attracted the committee that was selecting material for one of the school readers, and it was incorporated. Thus school children all over the country became familiar with it. It was gradually taken up by elocutionists, and eventually it became as a household word. It is easily one of the most popular Christmas poems ever written:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,  
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;  
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave lustre of midday to objects below.  
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer;  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name—

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer!  
Now, Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Blitzen!"

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"  
As dry leaves that before a wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-tops the coursers they flew  
With the sleigh full of toys, and Saint Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I hear on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples were merry—  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!

The stump of a pipe he held firm in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his eyes and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to the work,

And filled all the stockings, then turn'd with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,  
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

## THE BEST MULCH.

The best all-round mulch for the amateur gardener to use is strawy horse manure. If it is not practicable to get, and leaves can be obtained, use them, for they make an excellent mulch, and the following spring they can be turned to leaf mold. If neither of these can be used, then use salt hay, any lo nglighter that can be found about, or some pine needles. If these latter are used, a two-inch mulch is deep enough. Do not make the mistake of mulching the bulb or other beds before the ground freezes, for it gives the ground mice an excellent chance to make a winter nest.

## POP'S EXPERIENCED VIEW

Tommy—Pop, before a man is married he calls himself a bachelor, doesn't he?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.

Tommy—And after he is married what does he call himself?

Tommy's Pop—There are times when the things he calls himself would not be fit for your ears my son.—Philadelphia Record.



CHRISTMAS MORNING

"Alph!" grunted the Prince. "Those immortals are becoming an infernal nuisance. They ought to be stopped."

The Princess smiled subtly. "Why, certainly, my dear, if you wish it. You are always right, you know."

As she looked back, Phyllis was coming up the road, an ivory delicious against the greens, and on the hill Corydon was piping plaintively to his sheep.

Pan laughed.

"Honk! Honk!"—attenuated by distance this time.

The automobile whirled out of sight in a cloud of its own dust.

The cloudless sky was of a singing blue.

## INSULT TO INJURY

"Move on, there!" cried the driver of the smart carriage to the loiterer in the narrow street—"move on, there!"

"Move on yourself, then!" called the loiterer, whose burly form prevented all vehicular progress. "I'll move on when I'm ready."

An authoritative gentleman in a top hat popped his head out of the carriage window.

"Go and boil your face," derided the loiterer.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" shrieked the top-hatted one. "I have M. P. at the end of my name."

"Right-ho!" retorted the loiterer. "That's nothin'! Every blooming shrimp has that!"

Mrs. Buggins (sniffing suspiciously)—John, you've been drinking.

Mr. Buggins—Well, you see, I walked home so fast I had to stop in the saloon on the corner to get my breath.—Philadelphia Record.

procession today?"

"No, my boy."

"Oh, such a lot of men carrying flags. They looked so cold and hungry. They were dressed in rags. I saw them from the nursery window; and they stood outside the house and shook their fists, and sang a song about paying taxes and starving poor old England. What were they?"

"Those were the unemployed, my son," laughed his lordship in reply.

"But why do they march about like that; why are they cold and hungry?"

"Because they have no money, my son."

"Won't you give them some, father? You have plenty."

"No, my boy, they deserve to starve. They are a disgrace to London."

A murmur of approbation went round the table. Her ladyship rose as a signal it was time to leave the gentlemen to their wine. The children were taken back to their nursery, and his lordship entered into an animated conversation on the chances of his colt in next year's Derby.

Huddled up in one of the stone recesses of the Thames Embankment rested a tattered form, whose only indication of life was a shudder at intervals, as some biting breeze, laden with fog, drifted up from the river and wound its clammy folds around the object. The object was a man—one of the unemployed. No food had passed his lips for three days. Hugging his knees, he sat, the hundred thousandth part of the human flotsam which littered London that Christmas night. What was he thinking of? Was it of his old home on the



# The Growth of University School—Its Purpose

In the educational economy of Victoria there is no more characteristic institution than the University School. It is a school that is building up clean, worthy, traditions—a school with a future. On Friday last the school held its first speech day.

The guests assembled in the gymnasium of the school, which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the proceedings opened with the warden's report, which was as follows:

"My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen—We welcome you most heartily to this our first Speech Day. Whilst University School has been very many years in the making, dating back, as I may safely say, to the days at Esquimalt in 1888, our voice has not hitherto been publicly raised; we have preferred to work quietly, letting our work for the boys tell its own tale; but now a stage in our evolution has been reached when we can no longer remain a silent force, when a large and ever-increasing number are looking upon us with great interest, and when our well wishers are no longer possible to count.

To me, then, it falls, as the First Warden of this school, to lay before you certain facts which will doubtless prove of interest, and show you that University School is in our fair province of British Columbia to stay.

"Our Numbers"  
"Omitting the preliminary stages of our growth, I come to February first of this year, when, after much hard work on the part of many, our business friends, our workmen, our workwomen and ourselves, we took up residence in the present building. We then had 74 boys in attendance, 41 being boarders, 33 being day boys. When we opened this the third term of the same year we had reached the century mark—there being on September 1st 63 boarding pupils and 37 day boys, and we have passed that mark since then.

"The beginning of things is ever the hardest pull, but now that we are well started and have such a host of willing helpers to push the good work ahead, there can be no doubt that it is only a question of time—and that a short one—when we shall test the full capacity of the buildings, which is a double century, 120 boarders and 88 day boys.

"Our Aim"  
"For, as I said when the foundation stone was laid, we are not going to be content with this one building. This is to become the supremely great boarding school of the West. It is to have no peer. It is to have its name ringing from Winnipeg to the sea in the West, from the Northern climes of Alaska to sunny California. It already draws from far as well as near. And here I may rightly say that the real test of a school's worth is what it can draw, not from hundreds of miles away, but from its own locality. In the home city all is known, lynx-like eyes are ever on one; if a school can stand that test and find such splendid support as we have, there can be no shadow of doubt that the school is good.

"We are happily strong in provincial boys. Vancouver, throbbing as it is with eager business life, looks, with ever-increasing numbers, to us to educate her sons; and from Winnipeg and Edmonton, from Portland, and even far-off Honolulu, they come; with more, far more, to follow.

"And so we are looking forward to other houses and the laying of other foundation stones. Our principal, Mr. Harvey, has so eloquently and graphically described our future by another generation, as can be read in the last issue of our school magazine, that I dare not venture to compete with him in that line. But I do not say, may his prophecy come true, but the rather, I know that it will come true.

"Victoria is growing, British Columbia is growing, the great West is growing; and divine Providence's hand is plainly seen in setting us here at the right time, in the right and only place, Victoria, and bringing from the Old Land such a splendid combination of principals as Mr. Harvey and Mr. Barnacle.

"The hour is here, the men are here, and we are ready. We are doing this work from a high sense of duty to the Empire. The British Empire is great because of character; not muscle, nor brain,

nor money, nor energy could have brought us to our imperial greatness, but for our character. That character has religion as its basis, and the whole aim of University School is to turn out boys of character, worthy sons of a worthy Empire. Could there be nobler work to engage the energy of men! Not sordid gain is our aim, but we are impelled to the work by the fascination of it, by the great honor of it, and by what it means to the glorious heritage that is ours.

"Our Success"  
"Our curriculum is so arranged as to enable a boy to pass the preliminary examination to the professional life, the entrance matriculation at McGill University, or at the Royal Military College at Kingston.

besieged by eager buyers. Whilst it is under the management of Sergeant and Mrs. Adye, and run financially wholly apart from the school, yet it is under the control of the Principals, and its laws, whilst unwritten, are unalterable. "No credit. No chewing gum," and of course, neither strong drink nor the fragrant weed find entrance there.

"Then, after many difficulties, we have solved the water problem. Our first well not proving sufficient, we have bored a second well 140 feet through solid rock, finding an abundance of water of the finest quality—no impurities here, neither microbes nor sprats. Both wells are worked by two powerful pumps, driven by electric motor, which are set up in an engine house standing well

will grow in all good time, and our children's children will sit under the pleasant shade thereof.

"We hope to plant an avenue of trees along the drive way, and in many other ways give evidence that we believe in the uplifting character of beautiful surroundings and the gifts of nature.

"Not least in the way of buildings I call your attention to this stage, which we owe to the genius of Capt. Cullin, whereon you are about to see actors move and speak. Victoria has been for some time past talking theatre; we, or rather our Bursar and Mr. Harvey, have done deeds and the Mount Tolmie Theatre is a fact today. Here we intend to develop the latent talent of future Irving's and Macready's: here eloquence will have its earliest

we had to part with Mr. Yates, who was a capable teacher, and one who had the highest ideals as an educationalist, but who felt so strongly the inward call to other work that we could not say him nay. In his place we have welcomed Mr. Thomas, who, with Mr. Sparks, make a team that we hope may be spared to us and the boys. In teaching and in play they are whole-hearted, and I am here as the spokesman of the boys to bear witness to the love they bear them.

"No household is complete; no homelife really possible without the woman's presence, and her gentle hand about. Neither Mr. Harvey nor Mr. Barnacle seem as yet willing to give us this great blessing by entering into the bonds of matrimony; and I

ject—the leading of the boys to knowledge. From Mr. Harvey we shall also expect to hear concerning the cadet corps, of which he is the moving spirit; and from Mr. Barnacle we shall as naturally expect to hear of the athletic side of our life.

"Health of the School."

"The health of the school has been excellent. This is ever a matter of great concern to those entrusted with the care of others' children. From all serious sickness and injuries we have been graciously spared; and though boys will trust Providence to the very limit, and consider that it is not for them, but for their guardian angel to look after their health, they have come through the year 1909 in health and safety.

"Discipline of the School."

"The discipline of the school is excellent. Little escapes the eagle eyes of principals and staff, as the boys know full well, and oftentimes to their cost. Whilst severity is sometimes needed, and gentleness would be but weakness, there is more often the gentle word and the kindly touch that go straight to a true boy's heart.

"My Lord, ladies and gentlemen:—This school is undoubtedly the life work of my two able and younger colleagues; and for myself I cannot at this late day put my hand to other plough. I am content to have my name, when it is but a memory, connected with this great enterprise; most certainly not as the master builder, but as the humble pioneer who laid the first foundations. Those foundations were laid in the faith and the fear of God, and I pray that when my voice is silent, and any little influence I may have had for good is but a tradition, the good work will go forward with ever-increasing force, till countless parents throughout the teeming West sound the praises of University School."

This was followed by the examiners' report, which follows:

Form V.

The mathematics of the Fifth were on the whole very satisfactory. One-third of the class sent in excellent papers, and one-third very poor. The papers of Mathews, Rich and Sutherland are deserving of special mention. Mathews obtained 100 per cent in trigonometry; Rich 98 per cent in euclid.

In French, every boy obtained the pass standard of 40 per cent, but Mathews and Rich were decidedly the best, the former obtaining 87 per cent in French grammar, thus winning the special prize presented by Mr. Alexis Martin.

In Latin, with the exception of Mathews, the papers were hardly satisfactory.

In English subjects, Mathews was easily first, with over 70 per cent; Ambury was a close second, and of the rest, all but two were satisfactory. Mrs. Watt's special prize for an English essay on a Canadian topic was won by Mathews, the subject being "The International Relations of Canada."

The papers in Chemistry were very uneven. Rich's paper was very good, obtaining 86 per cent, but with two exceptions, the rest were poor, calculations being the weak point.

All this work, it may be mentioned, is that prescribed for the entrance examinations to McGill University and the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Form IV.

In Mathematics, the papers were quite satisfactory, with the exception of euclid; it would be better if we attempted less in this subject and did it more thoroughly. The papers sent in by Tatlow and Emanuel in algebra were excellent, while Woodward's paper in Euclid is worthy of mention.

In Arithmetic, Macdonald, Tatlow and Potts obtained 80 per cent.

In Latin, on the whole, the results are hardly satisfactory; but six or seven boys did really excellent papers. Otter, Creery, Bagshaw and Gordon did well in the upper division, while Crawford deserves mention for obtaining 97 per cent in the lower division; Cooper, 89 per cent, being second.

In French, the results are decidedly better, only five boys failing out of 27. Otter and Mackay were easily best, the former securing the prize by a very narrow margin.

The English subjects were good, on the whole, geography being the best subject. It must be remarked that in English grammar the weak spot is parsing. Creery's work in these subjects deserves great praise.

In Chemistry, about half the class obtained the pass standard; the work of the rest showing a distinct falling off from the results obtained at half term. The papers sent in by Creery and Emanuel were very good.

Form III.

The Arithmetic of the Third Form was well done, showing careful and correct tuition, the neatness and arrangement of the work being noteworthy. Chaloner's paper was really excellent, gaining 100 per cent. The euclid was satisfactory, Palmer being easily first with 90 per cent. The work in algebra, with a few exceptions, is not strong. All the mathematical papers sent in by Wyld deserve credit for neatness and good arrangement.

The Latin papers were extremely good, the first half of the class obtaining over 77 per cent, Chaloner being first with 95 per cent.

The results in French were also highly satisfactory, Palmer, Cave and Robertson sending in excellent papers.

The English work of this form was in every way satisfactory. Palmer was easily first; Shaw i sent in a good history paper, while Mackinnon was bracketed first with Palmer in geography.

The Composition prize was won by Henderson for a vivid description of "A Trip Across the Rockies," his style and vocabulary being most creditable for a boy of his age.

The standard in Drawing was good, being much higher than that of last year.

The Writing of the form is, on the whole, good, Woodward ii and Stanley deserving particular mention.

Form II.

The Arithmetic papers of this form were excellent; 85 per cent of the class passed, Thorey, Burton, Kingham and Costerton all obtaining over 75 per cent. The answers were generally neat and well arranged.

The Latin was decidedly good, only five boys failing, while eight boys obtained over 70 per cent, Woodward iii being first, with 93.

In French, the results were not so satisfactory; Woodward ii, Shaw ii and Burton did well, but more than half the class failed. The translation was good, but more repetition of the earlier grammatical rules is advisable.

The papers in History and Geography were well done, but no little attention was given to neatness and arrangement of the answers. Bell-Irving ii got 80 per cent in History, and Shaw ii 90 per cent in Geography.

The Spelling of the form is exceeding 90 per cent of the marks. Composition generally was good, the prize being won by Holms.

The Science paper was too much for most of the form; Rickards was easily first with 60 per cent, being the only one to show any real grasp of the subject.

In Drawing, every one obtained carefully taught. Taylor ii and awarded 100 per cent.

Form I.

The Arithmetic was well done, the elementary work having been carefully taught. Taylor ii and Errington were best.

In Latin the declensions have been well learnt. Williams i and Matson i deserve special mention.

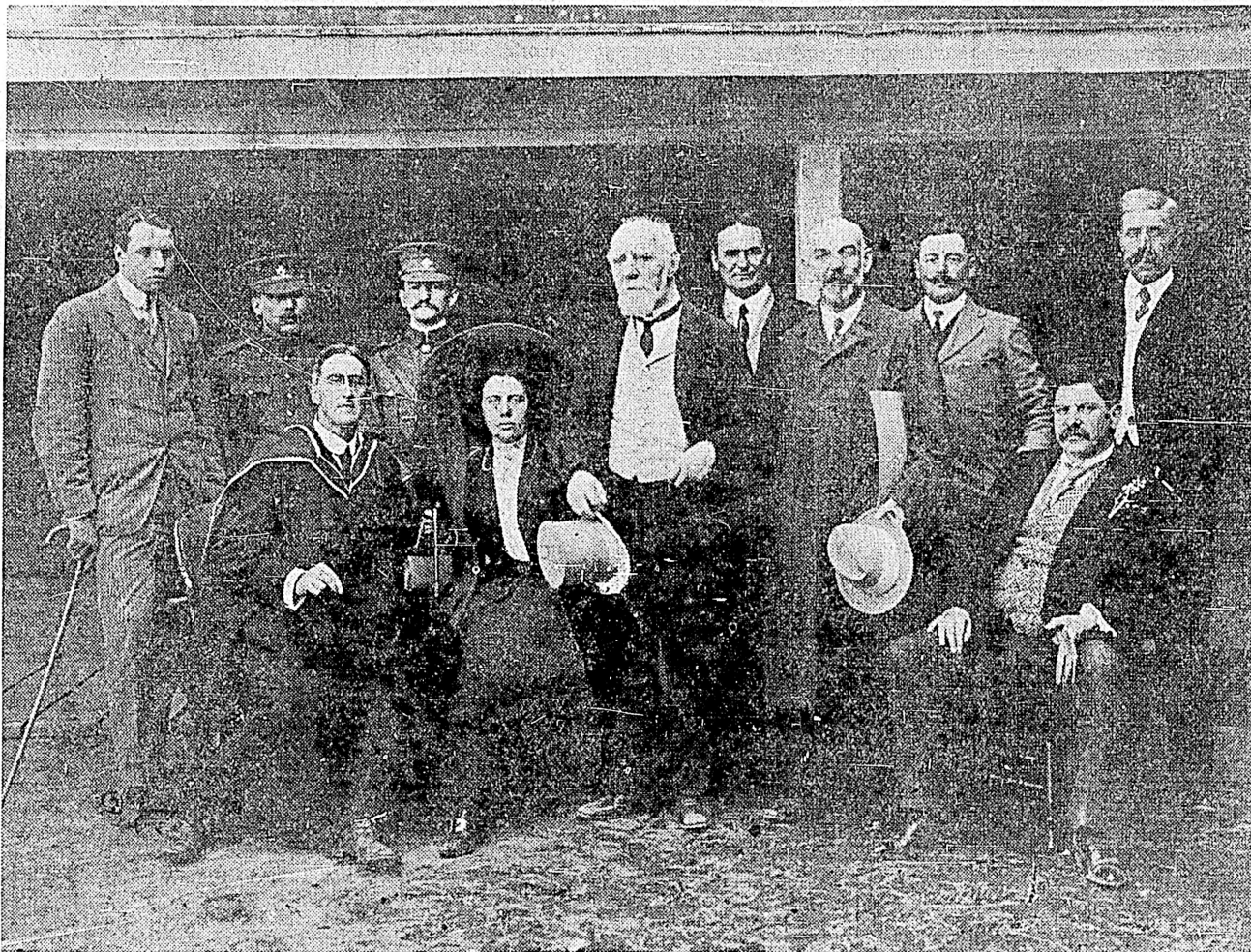
The French work shows a good grasp of fundamentals. Williams i and Evans were first and second.

English Grammar and Geography were not so satisfactory, but Evans and Marr did good papers in the latter subject. The History was fairly well done; Evans and Matson i were best.

The Spelling was distinctly good, half the class obtaining over 80 per cent. The Reading was good, particularly Rand ii and Matson ii. The Recitation work was highly satisfactory, Evans and Henderson ii displaying considerable aptitude.

This form deserves special mention for good Writing, Evans and Matson i being highly commended.

The report on the athletic side



Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal during his visit to the University School last summer.

"The Fifth Form devotes its entire attention to preparation for these, and to the boys of that form we look for our record. For teaching is no sinecure. There can be no apathy about the successful teacher. He must throw an immense amount of nervous energy into the work, and cannot spare himself. But this he considers well spent when he sees the boys responding, and himself richly rewarded when his pupils come out successful in examinations. It is, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure that I am able to record the credit several of our boys have during the past year brought to themselves, their teachers and their school. Two—A. B. Irving and Macdowall—passed into Kingston, Irving being thirteenth out of all Canada. R. Bell-Irving and M. Bell-Irving both passed the McGill matriculation. K. Corsan and T. Corsan passed the preliminary matriculation for McGill. Bowser became a conditional student at that seat of learning.

"Pearse, who passed from this school into McGill, is doing extremely well. At the close of his first year he stood second in his class, with splendid averages. We shall watch with great interest the progress of all these boys, for their success is our success, their advance our pleasure and our pride.

Improvements.

"Since we entered into residence in February last, I may be allowed to note the improvements made on the property:

"The gymnasium, in which we are now gathered built, and fitted up with all essential necessities, some secured locally, others brought from England by Mr. Harvey; the Sergeant-Instructor's cottage erected, with the boy's tuck shop attached. This latter is evidently greatly appreciated by the boys, seeing that at all times and all seasons, save Sunday's, it seems to be fairly

apart from the main building. Not content with our own water supply, we have started a farm, possessing chickens of a high order of merit, but no great layers of eggs; and in our stable two cows, whose record of milk is as remarkable as own progress; also a horse which leaves Maud S.'s record for pace far in the shade when he starts down town on his errands for grub.

"We have also secured for our mail service an option on Halley's Comet, having compressed that formidable and fiery monster within the confines of a motor cycle. Imperturbable our Postmaster sits as he rushes through space, leaving behind him flying hens, shrieking women and horses making madly for the Saanich pound.

"A laundry has been erected in the rear of the grounds, and a small carpenter's shop, changing rooms for the boys, which contain over 100 lockers, wherein are kept the uniforms, the cricket and football clothes.

"We have also to record a much appreciated gift of a flag pole 140 feet in length. I cannot say in height, for it has not yet been erected, but when it is, and the good old flag unfolds to the breeze (and we have breeze to give away to any and all), Victoria need only glance towards Mount Tolmie to see that we are alive. To Mr. Winch, of Vancouver, we owe this specially acceptable gift.

"The playing fields, which, in February were undulating hills and dales of soil have been absolutely transformed. At a very large cost they have been levelled and are now covered with verdure. We shall next football season have a full sized field of play, besides room enough for intermediate and junior games to be carried on at the same time. We have even ventured on a little gardening. The shrubs are as the boys are—young as yet, but they

flights; and the sweet voices of boys pour forth their first nervous lays.

"Our Workers."

"In all these matters it would have impossible to succeed so well, had we not been blessed with a band of assistant workers such as any heads of labor may well be proud of. Not a part of the staff, but the entire staff from the highest to the lowest, have ever responded to our efforts. I can make no selection, for there is not one but who deserves the highest praise and have our warmest thanks.

"For the good of the School seems to be their motto; and on behalf of my colleagues and myself I here publicly acknowledge our appreciation of the way they carry their motto out.

The School Chapel.

"I cannot refrain from mentioning one matter which we have much at heart, and that is our school chapel. We have at present the good offices of Mr. Collinson, of St. Luke's, Cedar Hill, who has warmly welcomed us among his congregation, but we shall not be the ideal school till we have raised our own House of God on our own grounds. With so capable a hand at architecture as our Bursar possesses, there is no doubt of its chasteness and beauty, when it is erected, and we are looking to do the main part of the building with our own hands. No wooden House of God must this be—but stone for everlastingness, and as soon as we can see our way financially we shall begin. We shall raise and train our own choir, and with white-robed singers leading the way, shall regularly "Enter His courts with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

"One of the essentials of a successful school is the type secured of assistant masters. We have been highly successful in our quest. With very great regret

confess that I am useless as a matchmaker. Therefore we have welcomed amongst us Matron and Assistant-Matron, who have been all we could have wished for to the boys. In times, too, of aches and pains, the boys know full well that in Miss Charlish they find no formal nurse, but sympathy, and the little deeds that mean so much to us all.

"One officer we have, whose title and duties puzzle many. I refer to our genial and courtly Bursar. There is a close similarity between bursar and purser, and though of a truth our bursar is our purser, and has an exceptionally keen eye for a dollar, yet his duties by no means stop there but are of a most cosmopolitan character, touching every side of our life, to all of which Captain Cullin brings an enthusiasm which is helpful and inspiring.

"A Special Honor."

"One unique happening in the passing year I needs must mention. I refer to the visit of Lord Strathcona to this school. To the good offices of one of our staunchest supporters, Mr. C. C. Chipman, of Winnipeg, we owe this great honor. Though occupied with many and great public duties, Lord Strathcona gave us of his valuable time, and threw himself into our interests as if they were his own. Then his words to the boys were so simple yet so strong, so wise, and yet so perfectly to be understood, that they formed a perfect climax to a visit that will ever be remembered as one of our Red Letter Days.

"Special Reports."

"You will hear of three essential parts of our life here from other lips: of the work of the school, and our late examinations from Mr. Harvey and Mr. Barnacle, who, though ever keen to develop the bodies and physique of the boys, yet never for a moment lose sight of the greater ob-



of the school was then read by Mr. Barnacle, and follows:

"My lord, ladies and gentlemen:—Mr. Bolton has told you in his report of the progress the school has made, and of the work that is done at the school. He purposely omitted saying anything about games. He asked me to say a few words about the games of the school, and he asked Mr. Harvey to tell you of the work the cadets are doing. I gladly take this opportunity to tell you something of the games of this school, and of the value we place upon them.

#### "Aims of Education."

"It is generally agreed that the real aims of every worthy system of education are: first, a sound character; second, an active intelligence; 3, a healthy physique; and that these three essentials are mutually dependent. The physical powers, therefore, of every pupil must be cultivated.

"Every one of the staff of the University School thoroughly recognizes the value and importance of games, and assists daily in carrying out a time-table just as conscientiously as he works in the class-room.

"We do not consider that our work is done when school is over. We devote daily from 3.30 to 5 to the physical side of education. Every boy that is physically fit must take part in the games.

"Will it weary you, if I give you some idea of our daily time-table?

"First, then, the boys are arranged in three divisions, according to size and strength: seniors, intermediates, and juniors, and every day each division must play football, do gymnastics, drill or school.

#### One Day's Programme.

"Monday: Seniors take gymnastics under Sergeant Adye, an ex-gymnastic sergeant of the Wilts Regiment.

"Intermediates change into their football clothes and play Rugby football.

"Juniors take drill to fit them for the cadet corps when they are big enough, and so on throughout the week.

"I think you will gather from this that the school is endeavoring to live up to its motto: 'Mens sana in corpore sano.'

"A certain gentleman once said to me, 'Are you not giving too much attention to games? If you do not take care, the school will be looked on as a good place to learn football.'

"I told him that we do not allow games to interfere with lessons, and also I might say, that we do not allow lessons to interfere with the games. What we want to strive to get is the best out of a boy when he is in school, and the same when he is on the field, and, as I said before, one depends on the other.

"I should like to tell now something about each of the games played:

"The great game in the winter is Rugby football. Under proper conditions and supervision, I venture to say that this is the king of games. Next term we hope to have our football ground in shape, and then I think we shall play under perfect conditions.

#### The Team.

"The school first fifteen this year is fairly good. They have beaten the Collegiate twice; drawn with the Victoria High School, and been beaten once by them; beaten by the Vancouver High School, but not badly, considering their weight.

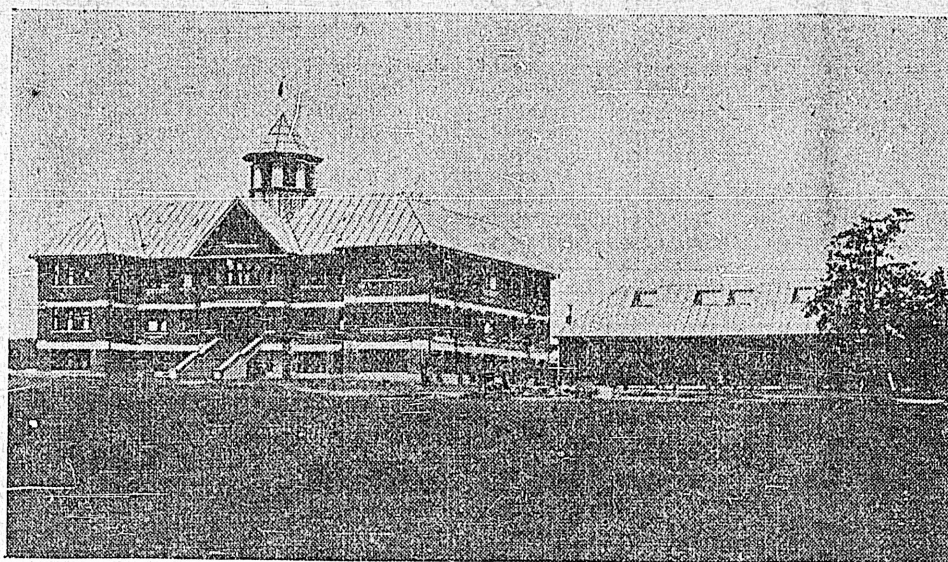
"Here let me say a word about the captain of the school—I mean McGuigan. He makes an excellent captain. He is keen, and has that faculty of getting everybody else keen. He is a really good player. Victoria have offered him a place on their team against Vancouver, and we are all proud of this.

"I do not think that McGuigan's head is at all affected by the honors conferred on him, or that he thinks that football is the only thing worth considering. He is not conceited, and he works hard in school. We shall have great pleasure in seeing his name painted on the shield of football captains.

"McGuigan is ably seconded by Rich, who is a glutton for work in every match; also, he does mathematics well.

"I have not time to tell you how the 'under 14' team were beaten by that good little team from the Collegiate School. The 'under 14's' will have to practice hard to wipe that off the slate.

"In summer we play cricket, and now that we have a good ground of our own, I hope our



The University School

boys will be as keen as they are at football. It is a fine game after you learn to play with a straight bat.

"Mr. Harvey will tell you of the work of the cadets, and of the boxing, fencing and gymnastics.

"I hope I have shown you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are doing something to develop the physical powers of every boy in the school, not as some people think, at the expense of their lessons, but so as to increase their mental activity.

#### Corps Number.

"Mr. Harvey, who has taken such deep interest in the cadet corps, then read the following report on Corps No. 170:

"I must ask your indulgence for a few moments longer, in order to give you some particulars about the work of our cadet corps.

"At a time like this, when Canada is beginning to feel the responsibilities of nationhood and the necessity of being prepared for any emergency, we are proud to feel that we are doing our share as good citizens. We have trained our boys now for two years to stand straight, to shoot straight, to honor the king, and be loyal to their country. But apart from this primary object, of a cadet corps, there is no doubt that this training does as much for the boy himself as his other games. Not only does he acquire a steady hand and eye, and a good carriage, but he learns a very useful lesson, namely to take orders unquestioned from those who are his own age and size, or even less, and what is even more important, he learns to give orders and exact obedience from those under him.

"Turning to the actual work done, we have been able this year to do a great deal more than the ordinary company drill. In the spring and summer considerable time was devoted to skirmishing and scouting practices, culminating with an instructive field day on October 8th, the anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of our school. All the year regular attention has been paid to musketry instruction at our thirty yard range in the gymnasium, whilst the senior boys have been assiduous in their practice at the Clover Point Range.

"Last May we entered a team in a competition open to all cadets in Canada, and took eighth place, beating all the teams which entered from points west of Ottawa.

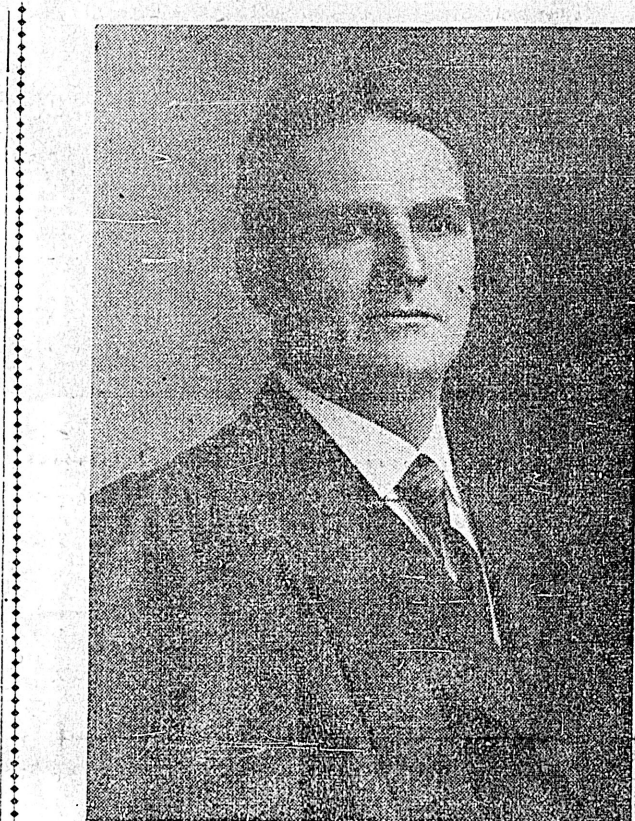
"There is a regular system of instruction leading up to magazine firing and snap shooting from behind cover. The general improvement is shown by the fact that whereas last year the percentage who passed in musketry was less than 25, it is now 40, with nearly twice the number of cadets, namely 71.

"Two cups, presented by Mr. Barnacle and myself, led to very keen competition. Mrs. Marr also has kindly presented a special medal.

"I must lastly refer briefly to the gymnastic work. This is in the charge of Sergeant Adye, who has brought the boys on exceedingly well. They do regular work not only in free gymnasium, but also in the use of the vaulting horse, horizontal and parallel bars. There is a large boxing class, which is doing excellent work, while about half a dozen boys are making good progress in fencing, a form of physical training I venture to say, second to no other indoor sport.

#### Col. Peters, D.O.C.

"The Warden then called upon Col. Peters, D.O.C., to say a few words to the boys. His remarks



Principal J. C. Barnacle, London University

were frequently and most heartily applauded.

After referring to his long-time friendship with the Warden, he spoke of the supreme importance of military training.

He was glad to note that the school possessed an efficient cadet corps, and he trusted that the youthful soldiers weren't slack in their rifle practice. The time might come when learning would not stand them in as good stead as the ability to shoot and to shoot straight. Not enough attention was devoted to the development of strong and capable cadet corps in Canada. This didn't apply, however, so much to British Columbia and he was very much pleased to be in a position to make this assertion. But he wished to impress on the uniformed lads that their duty did not end in the learning of drill, the acquirement of proficiency in marching, or of a thorough theoretical knowledge of infantry movements. They must learn how to handle their rifles with good effect. It was not without the bounds of possibility by any means that they would find themselves in duty bound to shoulder rifles and go to the front to defend the grand country that was their heritage against a common enemy.

#### Presentation of Prizes

The presentation of prizes by Bishop Perrin then followed—each boy being introduced by a few telling and oftentimes amusing remarks by the Warden. The list follows:

Form V.—Form prize and head of the school, J. E. Mathews; French prize (presented by Mr. Alexis Martin), J. E. Mathews; Mathematical prize, J. E. Mathews; Composition prize (presented by Mrs. Watt), J. E. Mathews; Special Mathematical prize, S. N. Rich.

Form IV.—Form prize, K. A. Creery; French prize, C. P. Otter; Mathematical prize, J. G. Tallow; Composition prize, J. K. Cooper.

Form III.—Form prize, R. C. Palmer; Mathematical prize, R. L. Challenor; Composition prize, E. A. Henderson.

Form II.—Form prize, M. A. Bridgman; Composition prize, C. J. Holms.

Form I.—Form prize, J. Matson.

The following special cups and medals were then awarded:

For the best individual shot in the Cadet Corps, Lieut. S. N. Rich; for the section with best record in shooting—No. 2 section, Commander Sergeant Otter; for the section winning the general efficiency competition, the gold medal presented by Mrs. Marr—Section Commander Sergeant Rand.

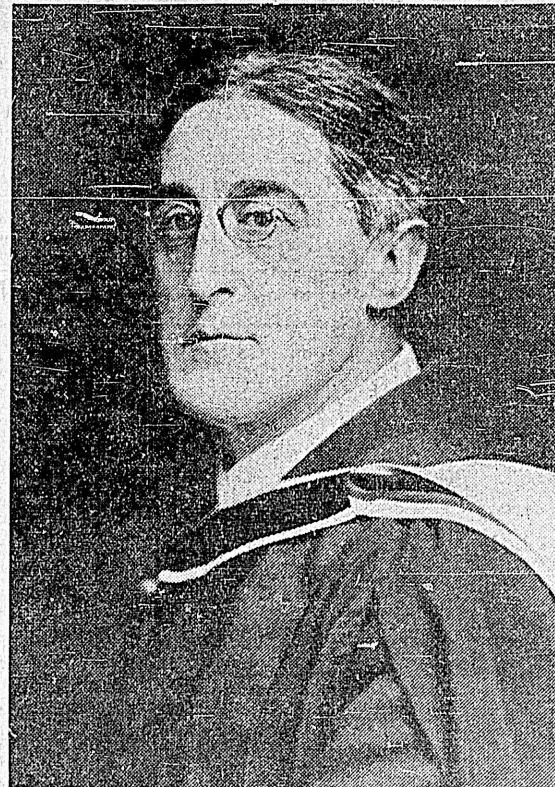
#### Bishop Perrin Speaks.

At the conclusion of the prize giving His Lordship addressed the boys. He opened with the remark that he had been present at many prize givings, and had presented many prizes, but never had he attended such a speech day as the present one. There was a breeziness about it that was both unusual and refreshing. He congratulated the Warden and Principals upon the growth of the school, and the results already achieved, which were so full of promise for the future. He impressed upon the boys the importance of the point made by the Warden, that school meant more than learning lessons; it meant the building up of a manly Christian character in every boy who attends the school. He went on to compare the excessive strictness which prevailed in schools of his own day, illustrating by an amusing experience of his own boyhood, with the tendency in modern days to let boys have a good time. At the same time, he was sure that the discipline of the University School did not err in either of these respects.

At the conclusion of his address a very hearty vote of thanks, moved in a few appropriate remarks by the Warden, was accorded His Lordship.

#### Amateur Dramatics

The boys then gave a short dramatic performance in costume. The first item was a scene from Sheridan's "Rivals," including the well-known duel scene. The part of Bob Acres was very well done by C. Spencer; K. Creery was good as Sir Lucius O' Trigger, while the other parts; Jack Absolute and Faulkland were satisfactorily filled by V. Sutherland and S. McGuigan respectively. The



The Warden, W. W. Bolton, M.A., Cambridge



Principal R. B. Harvey, M.A., Cambridge

boys were word-perfect in their parts, and their enunciation was admirable. The second piece was a selection from Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth." The scene was laid in "The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, and represented an ancient half-timbered room, with beamed ceiling and heavy oaken door. It may be mentioned that the whole of the scenery was designed, built and painted by the school staff, ably directed by the Bursar, Capt. H. J. R. Cullin. In this play, R. Crawford, as Prince Hal, looked the true Prince, and acted his part well. Rich and Otter, as Bardolph and Poins, played with vigor and animation, especially in the sword play, but the honors of the evening undoubtedly rested with Sir John Falstaff. G. E. Ambery not only looked the ideal of the fat knight, but he put into his acting an amount of spirit and humor not often to be obtained from a boy actor.

When all the guests had gone, the remaining boarding pupils and masters, to the number of 60, sat down to a regular Christmas feast of turkey and plum-pudding, winding up with Auld Lang Syne—hands around the room—and the National Anthem, before dispersing for a well-earned three weeks holiday.

The following were some of the guests of the school: Hon. R. and Mrs. McBride, Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Young, Hon. Thos. Taylor, Right Rev. Bishop and Mrs. Perrin, Rev. and Mrs. Baugh Allen, Rev. H. A. and the Misses Collison, Capt. and Miss Elliston, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Lugin, Mrs. Shaw, Capt. Combe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Croft, Mr. B. H. Drake, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Eberts Col. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Capt. and Mrs. Musgrave, Dr. Wm. Redmond, Dr. and Mrs. Leeder, Mrs. and

Miss Wylde, Mrs. Creed, Mrs. Tuckie, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Ambury, Capt. and Mrs. Tatlow, Mr. and Mrs. McAnally, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Palmer, Mr. and the Misses Tolmie, Mr. and Mrs. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. Alexis and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Bass, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. Bone, Col. Peters, D. O. C., Dr. and Mrs. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. C. Lowenburg, Dr. H. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. J. Manning, Miss Saunders, Mr. Dobson, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Miss Frampton, Mr. and Mr. John Douglas, Mrs. Stanley, Lady Heron, Judge and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Bagshawe, Mr. and Mrs. Galer, Mr. and Mrs. Munday, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Rogers, Capt. and Mrs. Worsfold, Mr. Challenor, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman, Mr. C. A. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Kingham, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ker, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Errington, Mr. and Mrs. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Rattenbury, Mr. and Mrs. H. Young, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Holms, Mrs. Marr, Mr. and Mrs. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Rebbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Garrard, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Le Maistre, Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

#### THE GHOSTS

They tell me that the dead who roam in shadowland, where all must go, can look down from the starry dome and talk with mortals here below. It is, in truth, a cheering thought, but one would

think that when they speak, their words would be with wisdom fraught, and not be frivolous and weak. I heard a rhyme not long ago, dictated in a darkened room, and was assured that Edgar Poe was beating his own "Ulalume." O, it was simply awful junk, the fiercest that you ever read! If Edgar's work is now so punk, he should have quit when he was dead. A message came from Tom Carlyle, who used to wear a mighty brain; he talked and mooned for quite a while about the likelihood of rain. He said that next year's crops will fail, and we'll be stuck to pay our tax, and then discoursed of drouth and hail like some of last year's almanacs. King George the Third then talked a spell, and said some very tawdry things; he said that he was doing well, but didn't like his pair of wings; he has, he said, a pleasant berth, a million miles behind the sky, but he would like to visit Earth, and paralyze a mutton pie. And so it was with all the bunch; they reeled off statements by the mile, but never handed us a hunch on anything that was worth while.—Walt Mason.

#### THE SCION AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The Scion of a noble house had consented to address a meeting of working men on the merits of "Tariff Reform and the Villainies of the Budget." The meeting is described by the London Chronicle, without names, and we quote a part of it.

The Scion had a mild tenor voice, a debonaire manner, and a really charming smile. But there was more than a slight nuance of condescension in his tone. It was as if he said: "Forget who I am, dear people. Think of me—for this night only—as being human like yourselves, in all things—save only in that god-like quality of omniscience which sets me and my race apart. Believe me, I regard you as most admirable creatures. I cannot enter into your piffing social ambitions, of course, and your apeing of gentility is a trifle grotesque. But as the class that bolsters up my class, that votes for us, and looks after our property, and so on, I feel most amiable toward you." All this interpreted into terms of political commonplace.

He was subjected to interruptions, to impertinences. He began to feel that he had been wantonly misled. A sense of injury, of grievance, of resentment swelled and rankled in his breast.

He suddenly altered his tone. "It may surprise you to know," he said, "that I am a working man myself. Indeed, I daresay I work as hard—"

"Well, it is hard work, making bricks without straw," said some one, in mock sympathy.

"Besides my ordinary profession—"

"And your extraordinary professions?"

"I have to attend the House of Commons, and sometimes to sit up all night."

"Yes, it's Lloyd-George who makes you sit up isn't it?"

And so it went on. The Scion took offence. He wanted the horrid ordeal ended so that he could get away.

As the crowd filed out, one disgusted politician said to his mate:

"And you told me he was clever, Bill!"

"No," was the shame-faced rejoinder, "What I said was: 'Clever ain't the word for him. And it ain't.'"

Harry Lauder, before he departed after his third American tour, was asked at a dinner given him what he regarded as his funniest stories.

"They are not what you might call the funniest," he answered, readily, "but I'll tell them to you with pleasure. The humor in a story is in the point of view of the hero or heroine of it, I say. For instance, there's the canny Scot, whose neighbor met him flitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop a wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street.

"So ye're flittin'," says the neighbor.

"I am; I want to be near my work."

"And where's yer job?"

"I haven't got one yet."

"And the woman who paid a visit of condolence to her widowed neighbor. She carried a parcel of consolation, and when she opened it up, this is what was in it: 'You belong to a benefit, and they paid up didn't they? Well, then, you have a dead man and \$100. What more d'ye want?'"



# Some of the Coming Events at the Victoria Playhouses

Max Figman and "Mary Jane's Pa" are two very delightful names to conjure with in comedy dramatic circles, and will probably mean capacity audiences at the Victoria Theatre on Wednesday, December 29. Mr. Figman is a sincere and winning artist, and has only needed a great play to establish him the best drawing card among American comedians. In Edith Ellis' story of Indiana "Mary Jane's Pa" he has a vehicle that will bring out his best efforts and demonstrate his remarkable versatility. Furthermore, he will be supported by an unusually strong company, including that brilliant young lady, Miss Helen Lackaye, and Messrs. Edwin Chapman, Franklin Seagrave, Tony West, Charles Merriwell, Thomas C. King, Ernest Warde, David Marlowe, G. H. Stewart, the Misses Dorothy Phillips, Nina Ainscoe, Helen Hartley, and last, but no means least, the wonderfully clever child actress, Gretchen Hartman.

"Mary Jane's Pa" by all accounts is a very lovable fellow, and made friends by the thousands in New York City for six months, in Chicago for three months, in Philadelphia for one month, and since, in a number of cities and towns has become a great favorite. Described by Edith Ellis, he is a tramp printer from a small town in Indiana, and bears the prosaic name of Hiram Perkins. His ambitions are too closely confined in the dwarfed Indiana village, so, in answer to the call of the wanderlust in his nature, he departs one day from his home, wife, and children, and wanders around the world for eleven years. When he returns to another village, he finds his wife a woman developed with remarkable business capacity; his children grown up, and his own memory almost dead to them. His wife, though true to him for all these years, has begun to form other attachments, which his return so unexpectedly seriously complicates. Her woman's instinct of charity prevents her turning him out when in need and yet she does not feel justified in acknowledging him as her husband either to the children or to the world. Remembering that he was an expert in the kitchen, she offers to let him remain as cook at stated wages, and with certain conditions, thinking he will refuse. Struck by the audacity of the proposition, and with a keen appreciation of the possibilities, he accepts. With this as a beginning, a story is developed that is full of strong heart interest and delightful comedy. The scenes are laid in the Perkins' home and in the print shop of Mrs. Perkins, where the great newspaper scene is enacted. The locale affords opportunities for some splendid character sketches, and Edith Ellis has made the

most of them. They are all true to life, and lend to the picturesque completeness of the play. The character of little Mary Jane, whose love and sympathy are the ultimate cause or the reunion of the parents, is admirably played by Gretchen Hartman, and has aroused the enthusiasm of the

region called "The Land of Nod," with its castle of cards, its pepper-mint river, and candy bridges, its mushroom trees and curiously shaped hills and mountains in the background. The palace of the Sandman, which is astonishingly unique in its formation and furnishment, is another quaint

among these curious personages are "The King of Hearts," "April Fool," "The Welsh Rarebit," "The Weatherman," "The Jack of Hearts," "The Sandman," "The Telephone," "The Alarm Clock," "The Man in the Moon" and his wife, "Rory, Rory Alice," and "The Chorus Girl," full of

their graceful dancing and rhythmic evolutions. In this general setting of splendor, the spectator is entertained by plenty of bright, wholesome, and genuinely good comedy, and a musical score rich in melody. The company this season is said to be even larger than last

"The Motor Girl" and Eddie Foy's company; William Morgan, Adilaide Harland, George Fox, Lillian Boyd, E. D. Coe, also Riley, and Robert Lalonde. Many new scenic novelties will be introduced, and the musical score is almost entirely new. From all accounts, it will be the best performance of "The Land of Nod" ever given on any stage.

"Why not let him try it, if he thinks he can do it?"

"Do you want to have the boy killed?" snorted Holman. "We haven't time even to give him a rehearsal."

"I don't want a rehearsal," I replied; "I know the part as well as Ben does."

"I played Alessio that night. It was, of course, a slavish imitation of Ben Holman, but I got just as much applause as Ben ever did, and I never stumbled or faltered once. Ben played the next night against the doctor's orders, had a relapse, and died in Utica. The company didn't play for two weeks, and then Ben's costumes were all made over to fit me, and I took his place permanently."

## PIRON AND VOLTAIRE

Some dead author is always the man of the hour in France, and now it is the turn of Piron, to whose memory a monument has just been unveiled at Dijon. He is chiefly famous for the epitaph which he composed for his own tombstone:

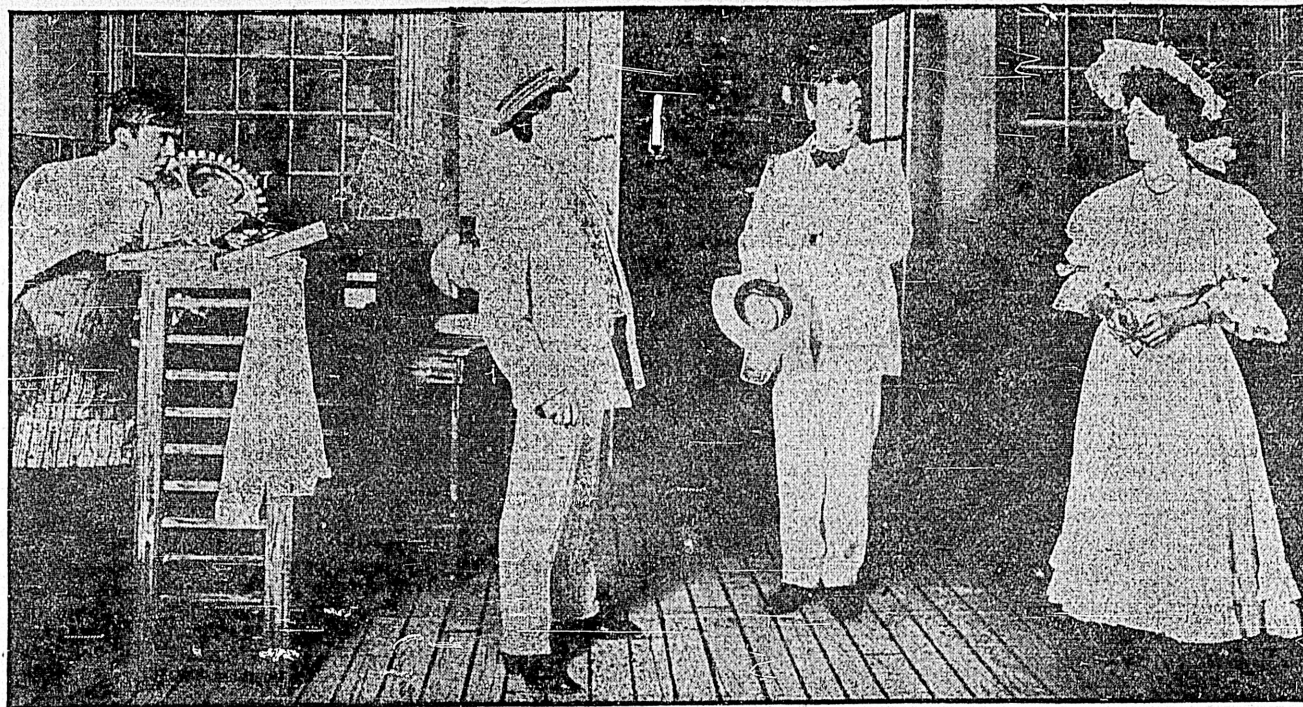
"Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien, Pas meme Academicien."

He also said of the Academicians that there were forty of them, and that they had about enough intelligence for four; but it was not on account of his gibes that he failed to be elected. The forty fully meant to invite him to join them; but Montesquieu had the unpleasant task of telling Piron that the King had interfered, and, having heard that he was the author of certain indecorous verses, would not hear of his being admitted to so select a company. Piron and Voltaire were great rivals, and one may even say great enemies. They assailed each other with jests and epigrams during their lives, and Piron was afraid that Voltaire would attack his memory after his death. He, therefore, took his precautions, and wrote 150 epigrams against the Sage of Ferney, instructing his literary executors that, if Voltaire breathed a word to his discredit, they were to be posted to him, at the rate of one a week, until the stock was exhausted.—T. P.'s Weekly.

President Ross, of the Dominion Coal Co., has to sleep sitting up. The presidents of most coal companies, however, are in the habit of making the public do any of the sitting up that there is to be done.

Emperor William is satisfied to let the Wright Brothers be monarchs of the air. If he can be lord of the land and of the seas that will be enough for him.

The Canary Islands have been shaken by several earthquakes. Canaries should never be shaken; any bird fancier knows that.



Max Figman, in scene from the big New York-Chicago comedy success, "Mary Jane's Pa."

press and public everywhere. Mr. Figman is under the management of Mr. John Cort, who is now regarded one of the most important and liberal producers in the country.

## "LAND OF NOD."

Samuel E. Rork's original production of the musical extravaganza, "The Land of Nod" will be the offering at the Victoria Theatre on Monday, December 27. This announcement will be received with more than ordinary interest by those who witnessed the performance last season, and by those who were unable to secure seats. No attraction seen here last season made a more distinct hit than did "The Land of Nod," and the unusual interest manifested this season is thoroughly justified. The production is massive, beautiful, and fashioned upon absolutely original lines, not only as to scenery, costumes, and electrical effects, but in the matter of character creations. The whole performance, after the introductory prologue, in which the child Bonnie, lying asleep and dreams, depicts an imaginative



The Madcaps with the Musical Extravaganza "The Land of Nod."

and fantastic conception. The people who inhabit these strange places emphasize and preserve the od characteristics of the author's scheme. Distinguished

laughter and animation, and the current Broadway slang. A stage full of beautiful girls, clad in all manner of dainty, vari-colored costumes, enliven the scenes by

year. Prominent names in the cast are Neil McNeil, and Anna McNabb, who were featured with "The Red Mill" last season; Bessie Merrill, late prima donna of

"Well, Ben Holman became sick at Williamsport. The house was sold out; there was no understudy for him, and his father, who was manager, didn't know what to do.

"I can play the part," said I, with great assurance. There was nothing of the trembling young apprentice about me. I was as full of gall as a wet sponge is of water.

"Mr. Holman looked at me with unspeakable disdain, and didn't condescend to answer. His wife seemed to have confidence in me, and she was not anxious to lose all the money in the house, so she said to her husband:

## HOW LANDMARK GOT ITS NAME.

When tourists come by hundreds to Victoria every summer to see and admire the many beauty spots of this city and the surrounding districts, there is no place that excites more admiration than Beacon Hill, where is situated the naturally beautiful park.

And yet there are few of them who know how the Hill got its name. And even among the residents of Victoria there are many who could not do more than make a shrewd guess if they were asked.

Back in the time of men who are now grandfathers, on a certain Christmas morning, a bark swung in from the Strait bound for Victoria. On board there was a skipper and a crew who had been away from home for months. They were almost within the clasp of their families, and it Christmas morning! But the weather was thick and the bark moved slowly.

"Tarnation! I wish it would clear enough for us to see the beacon," exclaimed the skipper.

The look-out strained his eyes anxiously. Then he made out the beacon on the top of the hill, the upper beacon. He called out to the men below, and they waited for him to sight the triangle on the foreshore. Suddenly he picked that up too. Then getting the two in line, the helmsman steered his course true, and brought the homeward bound bark safely into port.

The hill on which this beacon or mark in truth, stood, was called Beacon Hill. The name wasn't born; "it just grewed." But it has stuck and it is an agreeably appropriate name too.

Some of the old timers tell humorous stories about the beacon on the hill top, the upper beacon. It consisted of a large barrel set up on a post. The barrel made an excellent mark when a hunter desired to try his sights, and it was sighted almost as often by hunters as it was by mariners.

Eventually it became literally riddled with

shot holes and finally had to be removed and replaced by a new barrel which, however, soon became as much of a sieve as its predecessor.

## DE LEMON CHRISTMAS DAY.

J. E. Newman

"So dis is Christmas mornin,"  
Called an urchin from his cot;  
"Seems like any other mornin,  
When der'es nuttin in me sock  
Seems dat Santa's always busy,  
Dat he can't call once on me,  
And as long as I can member  
He's been kinder mean to me."

I've tried wit all me might to leave,  
Dat smoking gag alone,  
And I did it just fer Mudder  
Yes, just fer her alone,  
But she said I'd be rewarded,  
And I tot dat Santa'd come,  
But once again he missed me,  
An' I tink dat kind of bum."

"We've lived in dis here bedroom,  
Just me Mudder and meself,  
Since de day me drunken Fadder,  
Laid his tickets on de shelf,  
And I'll tell yu dat we've worked some,  
To meet all de little bills,  
But now were doing dandy,  
Wid a little left for frills,  
But again old Santa missed us,  
So we'll have to cut de play  
And its kind of tough to always  
Get a lemon Christmas Day."

## HE CURED THEM.

There was nothing old Pomp enjoyed more than telling stories of the importance of his position in the days "befo de wah," when he was a conspicuous figure on a Southern plantation of the best sort. "I brung up Marse Charlie an Marse William," he often said solemnly. "Deir own fam'ly lowed I saved bofe

deir lives once, besides all de res' I done fo' 'em."

"Twar jes' like dis—Marse Charlie an' Marse William, dey bofe tuk de mos' 'grejus fancy to a young lady dat come a-visiting de house, an' somebody had fill deir foolish haid all up wid talk about duels; an' dey jes' promulgated to hab one, an' find out which ob 'em was to hab de young lady."

"Marse Charlie he was sebenteen, short and fiery, an' Marse William he was sixteen, slim an' cool; but dey was bofe sot an' 'termined on de duel."

"Course dey didn't tell me 'bout it, but I 'spected it, same as I always did, 'kase I looked after dem boys fo' deir paw an' maw, when dere was comp'ny."

"So I watched out, an' I follered, an' I crep up to where dey was beginning to take p'sition fo' de duel, an'—an' I jes' broke it up."

"How did you do it, Pomp?" each listener is sure to ask.

"How did I do it, chile? Why, I jes' emptied a pail o' water right on Marse Charlie's haid, an' I tuk an' spanked Marse William—dat's how."

## UNUSUAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week was not without its unusual news. The News Editor found time amid the recording of Christmas cheer in many places, to make notes of several items that are not ordinary.

At Toronto the Newsboys' Union held a meeting and decided to vote \$25 as a Christmas gift to the Sick Children's Hospital of that city. They also took up a collection amounting to \$16.22 for the same charity.

When one of the long transcontinental trains pulled into Winnipeg with its crowds of returning easterners bound home for Christmas it was discovered that there were no less than fifty-eight babes in arms aboard as well as almost one hundred infants under five years.

A skeleton was found in the attic of an in-

sane asylum at Newark, N. J., and the investigation resulting recommended the removal of the superintendent as incompetent. The skeleton was that of a woman who probably died in the attic without having been missed.

In the Russian village of Voiskaya on the island of Saghalin smallpox broke out and the ignorant villagers, thinking it a "Holy Sickness" did nothing to combat it. Sick people and healthy mingled together. Finally the disease gripped the whole community and when news of the epidemic reached the outside only one man remained of the population of 1,100. The "village of death" will be burned to the ground.

At Spokane when Harry Dunwoody was accidentally shot by his father his mother sat beside him in the hospital while a bloody operation was performed and her assistance probably saved his life.

At Kingston, Ont., a son has been born to Bombardier Hardwick with two perfectly-formed thumbs on each hand.

Just prior to sailing for Europe Dr. Horace Fletcher, the food expert declared that in five years it will not be respectable to be sick. He added "You may feel like ridiculing the idea that it is well to chew your soup. I will, however, ask you to try it. It will improve the soup and help you."

The Dominion museum at Ottawa has been made a present by Wilson Foster, a Klondike prospector, of 10,000 specimens of Klondike minerals, including many precious stones found in the gizzards of ptarmigans and grouse.

At Muncie, Ind., when the will of the late Mrs. Sarah Ditto was probated it was found that she had requested that she be buried in a cream-colored satin or silk robe.

Charles Farr waited at the Dominion land office in Regina from Thursday night until Saturday morning with his hand on the knob of the door handle. On Friday night friends brought him a chair and an oil stove and blankets to ward off the bitter cold. Farr

was the first to reach the counter when the time arrived to throw open a certain home-stead for settlement. He secured the plum which is worth about \$1,600 at the present time.

## THE BALLAD OF THE OTHER WOMAN

(Written for The Colonist)

Earth's marriages, in Heaven made  
(The bonds unblest are tied in Hell)  
Suggest that seraphs tire of trade  
And fling the series out pell-mell,  
Results are quaint! Mere men rebel  
Or squirm beneath their spouses' thumbs,  
But stand secure (where David fell)  
—Until the Other Woman Comes!

The Youth enamored wins the Maid;  
The Sexton jerks the marriage bell;  
Oh sweetly is the bride arrayed,  
And richly rolls the organ-swell!  
The honeymoon scarce breaks the spell  
(Dear period of sugarplums!)  
He's good as little Samuel  
—Until the Other Woman Comes!

So honestly our plans are laid,  
We scarcely catch the funeral knell  
Of bridal passion. Prim and staid,  
We half forget the Paphian dell.  
Primordial promptings men may quell,  
Count him a craven who succumbs,  
Temptations righteously repel  
—Until the Other Woman Comes!

## L'Envoiy

Penelope! We love thee well  
When brisk at eve thy spindle hums!  
Sincere our spousal vows we tell;  
But then . . . the Other Woman comes

—G.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at last of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.—James Russell Lowell.